

# All The Way 'Round

by

Edith Ogden Harrison



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"O ye who tread the Narrow Way  
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,  
Be gentle when 'the heathen' pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura!"

# ALL THE WAY 'ROUND

*THE STORY OF A FOURTEEN MONTHS' TRIP  
AROUND THE WORLD*

By  
EDITH OGDEN HARRISON

Author of  
*Below the Equator, The Lady of the Snows, etc.*



CHICAGO  
A. C. McCLURG & CO.

1922

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Published December, 1922

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*Printed in the United States of America*

DEC 26 '22

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To my husband  
**Carter H. Harrison**



## FOREWORD

**I**N SENDING forth this record of our fourteen months' journey around the world, I wish to acknowledge my debt to my husband, a vigorous guide and splendid companion, who has generously provided me with the photographs, taken by himself, from which the illustrations are made.

—E. O. H.





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# ALL THE WAY 'ROUND



## CHAPTER I

EUROPE; FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SPAIN

A DESIRE for knowledge is inbred in us all. To visit strange people, to see curious sights, to study unusual customs — who has not thrilled at the thought? Small wonder, then, that when the call came to us we started, filled with enthusiasm, to encircle the globe. We would sail across the seas. We would linger in ancient temples and glory in their beauty. We would stand on the edge of the towering Himalayas, and from the rim of the world peep across at the great Indian plains. We would visit the land of Confucius. We would study the bland, sleek Chinaman; and in the country of the little people — lovely Japan — we would revel in beautiful scenery. How the restfulness and joy of such a trip appealed to one who, like myself, had led so busy a life! The thought was bliss.

Such was the innocent belief of a woman setting forth on a fourteen months' tour around the world! I found the ease and comfort of such a journey to be wholly theoretical — the work about the hardest I had ever done in my life. I had in my husband a strenuous guide — one who had set forth fully determined to see all that there was to see. Nothing in the line of travel was to escape him! I may say right here that his plan was

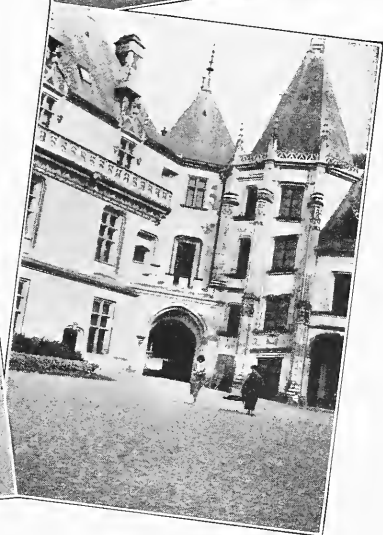
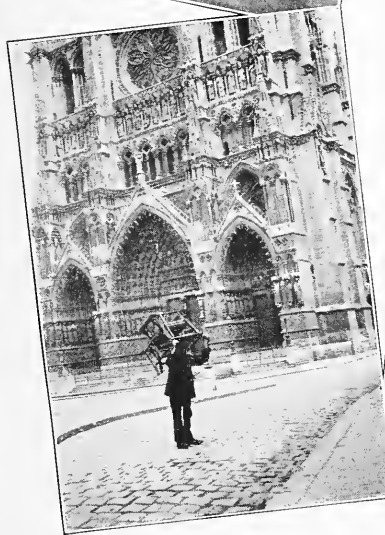
conscientiously carried out; and although we lost flesh and were at times almost exhausted in our efforts to see and learn, we had not a day's illness.

*To India via Europe*

The lure of the Orient was upon us. India and the Far East were our objective points. But we knew that the Europe of today is not the Europe of yesterday, and as my husband's war work had not permitted him to see much of it while there, and as I had remained at home, we decided not to let the opportunity go by without visiting some of the famous places.

During his long years of service as Mayor of Chicago Mr. Harrison's one relaxation was found in his fondness for art. Almost all of his spare moments when in Chicago are spent at the Art Institute, and he had a longing to visit again the famous galleries of Europe. This decided us. So one day we gathered our little clan—children and grandchildren—about us, had a royal feast and gaily bade them *au revoir!* We sailed from New York on a French liner—a slow voyage of ten days which we greatly enjoyed—landing in Havre toward the end of May. We had had a beautiful sea voyage, felt in fine feather and made our first stop at Rouen, *en route* to Paris.

We considered ourselves fortunate to have reached Rouen just when we did. The people were celebrating



Château of Chenonceaux

Chartres on the Eure

Amiens Cathedral

Chaumont



Château Blois, France

Façade, Louis XII wing,  
Château Blois

A Bruges nunnery in which lace is made

the anniversary of the execution of Jeanne d'Arc. The cathedral was beautiful, and for the first time since the war they had taken out of hiding all the precious and wonderful relics so long and so carefully guarded. The oratorio had been written especially for the occasion and was a thing long to be remembered. We were fortunate enough to obtain seats in the cathedral and therefore enjoy it to the fullest. The art treasures alone here are worth a king's ransom; the embroideries and tapestries, shown also for the first time since the war, are priceless. The whole scene was impressive and magnificent. It formed a delightful *entrée* to France. Then came Paris with all its indescribable beauties, the greatest city on earth. In its beautiful galleries and gardens, on its wonderful boulevards, we lingered and loved it. For Paris is the city of enchantment — a fact conceded by all who have been there. During the sunny glare of the day or under the brilliant lights of the night, it is ever the same beautiful, dreamy city, with a character all its own. Everybody finds satisfaction in Paris, from the lover of art who seeks pleasure at The Louvre and the Luxembourg, to the *gourmet* who haunts restaurant and café, from the *couturières* — the world's most finished artists of dress — to the playgoer who spends all his spare time at the opera or theater.

We passed a month in the smaller towns of France. Here we might perhaps have been saddened because of

the ravages caused by the war. But it was not so. For right alongside of, and in the midst of them, we were constantly witnessing France's tremendous and splendid recovery.

*Adventure in a Music Hall*

We went from Paris to London in order to secure a better passage to Bombay. Here I had a funny experience. It was in a crowded music hall. Seated so near to us that our chairs jammed against each other, were a dapper young Englishman and a Russian woman. From the quarrel in which they were engaged I gathered that they were married—but not to each other! She was reproaching him violently for having broken an engagement with her. The angrier she got the more embarrassed he became, and at last he said in excellent French, "Please speak French or Spanish. *This American woman* next to you understands every word you are saying!" Now, as I was born and brought up in New Orleans I speak French as well as my mother tongue, and I was highly indignant at this impertinent Britisher's insinuation that Americans are uneducated and capable of speaking only one language. My husband and I manage to make ourselves understood in several, and we are not at all unusual! So after this speech the entertainment ceased to attract me. Boiling inwardly, I just had to sit and hear them quarrel, in a language I understood quite as well as my own. At last, unable



to contain myself longer, I turned to them and said as coolly as I could, "If you wish to exchange confidences in public and do not desire your neighbors to understand, perhaps it would be well to choose a language which they do not speak! I speak English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, and have quite a smattering of Indian dialects. You might try Chinese. I do not speak that!" My husband heard my sudden outburst and was appalled. He had not heard their conversation. When later, still somewhat flushed and ruffled, I explained, he laughed immoderately. I may not have been able to give this imprudent young couple a lesson in morals, but I think my words proved a lesson in manners, for, chagrined and somewhat aghast, they took their departure a few moments later.

### *A Warning Against Cold Beer*

After the polo games and the usual sight-seeing in London, we ran over to Winchester to visit the great cathedral which we love. All these edifices have been so often described that repetition is useless. But in the adjoining graveyard we came upon a curious inscription which interested us greatly. It read as follows:

In grateful remembrance  
of  
THOMAS FLETCHER  
aged 26

A grenadier who died from drinking cold beer when hot.

Placed here by his loving comrades.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,

Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.

Soldiers be wise from this untimely fall,

And when you're hot drink strong or not at all!

An honest soldier never is forgot,

Whether he die by musket or by pot!

It was a queer thing to inscribe upon a comrade's grave, but for over 200 years it has stood there—mute testimony to the dead man's imprudence, and to the love of his friends. Winchester is an interesting old town with quaint houses. One of the latter is known as "The House that God Begot." It was built in the year 1000 and was given by Queen Emma to her son, Edward the Confessor.

### *Visiting the Norman Churches*

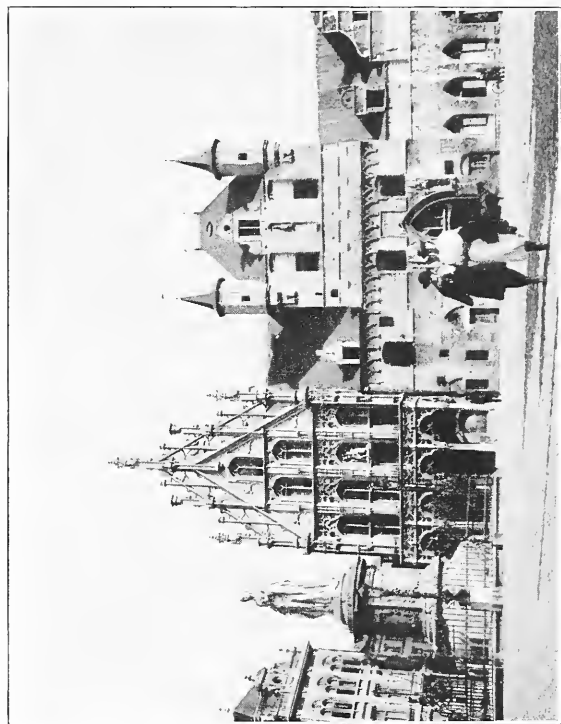
Back to Havre we went, taking from here to Caen a wretched little boat on which, for the first time in our lives, we were seasick. At Caen we visited those two absolutely perfect churches, built by William the Conqueror and his wife, Matilda, about the year 1062. He, Duke of Normandy and King of England, had committed a very great crime in marrying Matilda who was a near relative, but they loved each other and had therefore committed the sin against the church deliberately. Afterward they sought to buy God's forgiveness by erecting these two exquisite churches. The husband, William



Broodhuis, Grand' Place,  
Brussels

Cathedral of Ste. Gudule,  
Brussels

Hôtel de Ville, Louvain



Cloth-hall, Mechlin, Belgium

the Conqueror, built St. Etienne and the adjoining monastery. His beautiful French wife founded a nunnery and built La Trinité. St. Etienne is pronounced by Baedeker the finest specimen of Norman architecture in the world and a sight of it quite repaid us for all our trials in getting to Caen. La Trinité is likewise perfect. It is a gem—a perfect dream of beauty. The Queen's tomb in the crypt is so arranged that the sun never ceases to shine upon it, small windows being cut through the thick stones encircling it. They builded well—those old kings! To them labor was as naught. What pleasure have they given to the world!

### *Germany's Historic Spots*

We paid the usual respects to the châteaux, picture-galleries and museums of France, spending delightful weeks in so doing. But before leaving home we had arranged to meet my husband's sister in Germany where, forty years ago, they were in school. It was a country full of memories for them. Not only had four or five years of their youth been spent there, but in this country their mother had died and been buried, her body having been brought back later to rest in her own land. On our way we stopped at Trier, Strasburg, and other points of interest. It was my first visit to Germany and I found it wonderfully beautiful throughout. It is always scrupulously clean, and even in the hotels we found true

the story we had always heard of the exquisite care given to her linen by the German housewife. We met our sister according to arrangement, and that same night attended a ball given by General Allen, then in command of the forces stationed at Coblenz. Of course we motored a good deal and while doing so saw all the historic spots of which I had read and heard; Bingen on the Rhine, the haunt of the Lorelei, etc., were just as beautiful as my dreams of them had been. The magnificent scenery, to say nothing of the superb forestation of this country quite thrilled me. My husband and sister, of course, saw many changes. Who would not, after forty years of absence? In Heidelberg and Altenburg, where they had been in school, we lingered longest while they looked at old familiar places and asked for old friends.

It is only the personal and individual experiences one has while traveling, which can be offered as an excuse for writing about a journey through Europe. So much has been said and written of every country there that I can add nothing. Each deserves a volume of its own. But I have always had a reputation for having unusual experiences, and my fourteen months of travel were filled with them. The splendor and the beauty of Berlin, the galleries of Munich and Dresden—who that has seen can ever forget them?

We spent a night in quaint old Nuremberg, and here I had one of the experiences already referred to. Being

Sunday morning I announced my intention of attending Mass in one of the lovely churches for which Nuremberg is famous. My sister-in-law, although she is not a Catholic, said she would like to accompany me to listen to and enjoy the music. Engaged in arranging for our departure that afternoon, my husband was too busy to go, but gave us explicit directions as to how we should find the church. As it was not far distant we decided to walk and enjoy the cool morning air and the sights of this charming town. When we arrived at the church the Mass, apparently, had begun. After the sermon my sister turned and said to me: "Does there not seem something strange to you in the service of this church?" I replied that there was, that I had observed it as soon as I entered. However, I looked about me again. There were the priests, acolytes, incense, vestments and holy water fonts—every evidence, in fact, that I was hearing Mass. I dismissed the strangeness, attributing it to the mere fact that we were in a foreign country. When we were on the train, however, I recalled it and spoke to my husband about it. He roared with laughter—told me that I had not heard Mass at all. I had been in a *Lutheran* church!

### *Failed to Meet Cardinal Mercier*

I had looked forward to our visit to Belgium, not only because of the wonderful museums and churches to be

visited there, but because I wished to see again and in his own country that splendid man, Cardinal Mercier, whom we had had the pleasure of meeting in Chicago. But I was doomed to disappointment, for he was not at home while we were there, much to our regret.

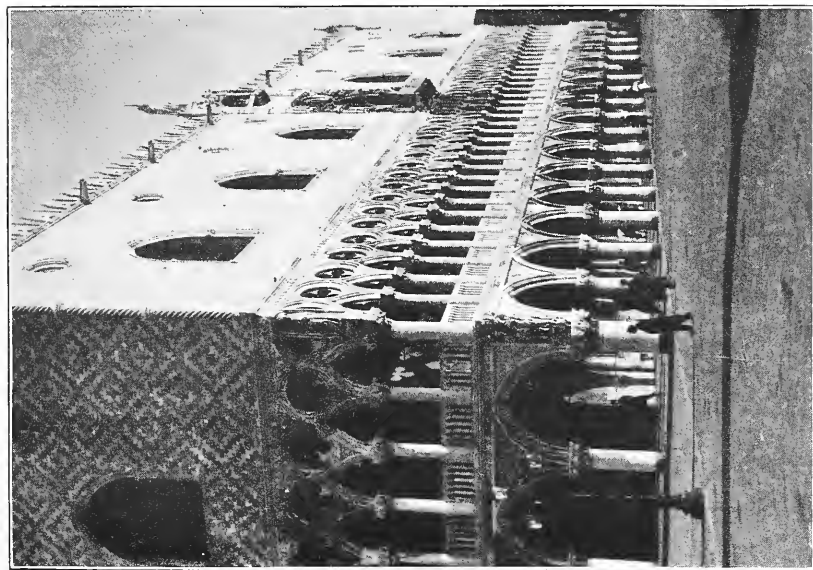
We chanced to get into Holland just at the opening of parliament. We saw the king and queen, in full regalia, riding in the celebrated golden coach, an equipage truly regal. In this little country, however, it is not the parliament, neither is it the museums, the galleries, nor churches which stand out most conspicuously in my memory. It is the perfection of the hotel at which we stayed in Amsterdam. The poet who sang that

*We may live without poetry, music or books,  
But civilized man can not live without cooks!*

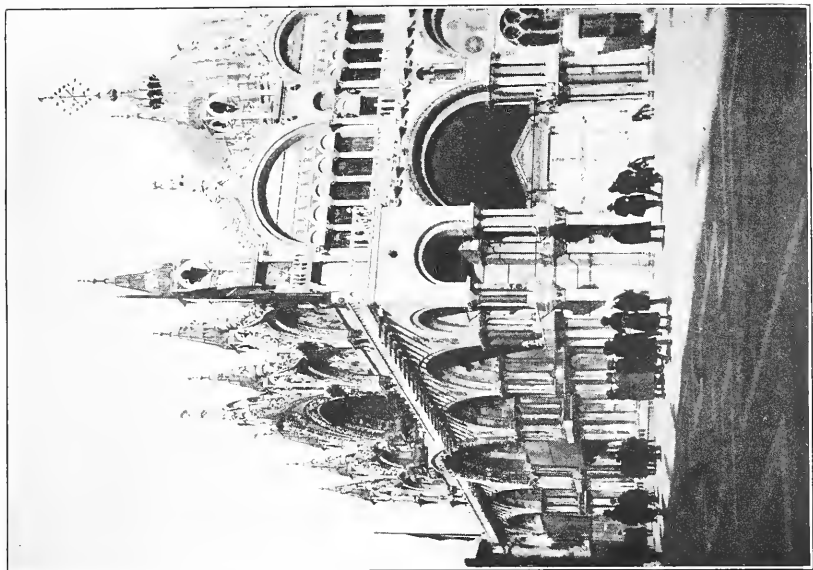
must surely have had in mind the Hotel Doolen. The sumptuousness of its service, its rooms, fine linen and perfection in food are things one can never forget.

Before leaving France, I, as a good Catholic, made my pilgrimage to Lourdes. Irrespective of the devotion which all Catholics show for it, this spot is certainly a thing of beauty. Lourdes is superbly situated in the heart of the Pyrenees, and the view from an old château on one of the mountains is simply magnificent. The mountains seem so close. They are most imposing and the gorge very picturesque. The Grotto itself, with its





Doge's Palace, Venice



Façade, St. Mark's, Venice



San Nicolás de la Villa,  
Cordova

Burgos Cathedral

Santiago del Arrabal, Toledo

Cordova Cathedral was formerly a mosque

many pilgrims annually, its hundreds of crutches which have been discarded, has been too often described to need more than a mere mention of its name. But the sublime beauty of the place, its glorious churches and all its sacred history, these combined to make it linger as one of the high lights of my year of travel.

### *The Spanish Cathedrals*

We spent a month in Italy, which country we never fail to visit on every European trip, feeling that what it has to offer in art, age cannot wither nor custom stale. This time, however, we did not go beyond Florence, for the reason that we had never been in Spain and wished to spend at least a month in that country. So we had to forego southern Italy. Running over from Biarritz, we entered fair Castile by way of St. Sebastian, the celebrated watering-place where the king has his summer home. One of the prettiest harbors I have ever seen is here, famous for its bathing facilities and much frequented by wealthy Spaniards. From here a few hours' run through a beautiful country brought us to the famed city of Burgos, where we had our first view of a Spanish cathedral. In Spain the cathedrals are certainly unique. We visited them all—Segovia, Toledo, Seville, Granada, Cordova and many others; all so well described by every guide book, and traveler who has gone before me, that I refrain from adding my words to theirs. Only one I

cannot help referring to—this is the first one we saw, at Burgos. It is a marvel. The lantern, as the central tower is called, is large and round and short, and both outside and inside is the loveliest thing I have ever seen. The carving is superb, the ceiling giving the effect of starlight. We spent many hours here, returning to it twice.

Burgos is said to be both the coldest and the hottest city on earth. It was only October, but we were frozen almost stiff at the hotel (which never has any heat), with all our wraps on. Our blood was congealed. Here, also, we discovered for the first time in our lives we could not eat when we pleased! The American traveler is a spoiled somebody! I admit it openly. In a first-class hotel in our own country one can, if he wishes to pay the price, get anything at any old time. Not so in Spain. We were informed that here the dinner hour, even in the small-town hotels, was from nine-thirty to twelve P. M. Until this hour the dining room is never opened. It grew dark a little after five. Shivering and unhappy, we would sit in our rooms, my husband with his hat on, freezing and waiting for the dinner hour. When the dining room was opened, of course we lost caste, as we were always the first to be served! Many a time while here did I go to bed to keep warm and then, too tired to dress for a ten o'clock dinner, dined upon crackers and milk in my own apartment. All dinner invitations in Spain,

even those at the Embassy, bear the hour of ten-thirty!

*Granada and Seville*

We reached Seville on what is known as mantilla day, a day on which all women and girls wear the mantilla. They made a pretty picture, and it was interesting to watch them. We remained in Madrid about two weeks—wonderful old city with its glorious cathedral—then on to Granada, most wonderful of all, home of the Alhambra. Only a Washington Irving can adequately reveal the wonders and the beauty of this place. It far exceeded anything we had anticipated or expected. One cannot believe that mere human hands could have carved such dainty, lacy things from cold, hard marble, cement and wood. The Court of the Lions is superb, the Myrtle Court almost prettier, the room of the Two Sisters exquisite, and the celebrated Hall of the Ambassadors most magnificent of all. The honey-combing effect of the ceiling is beyond description. It is a marvel of color; reds, greens, blues, fairy shades. One cannot but be enthusiastic over the Alhambra, in fact, over all Granada. In one of the churches here are to be seen the tombs of the great Ferdinand and Isabella—the carved figures of the king and queen are simply marvelous, the heads resting on marble pillows and that of Isabella looking as if she had just pressed her head into it.

The cathedral at Cordova was formerly an old mosque.

Therefore it is unique. It had hundreds of pillars, colossal in size. Some wonderful stones were once in this mosque, but the Christian in restoring it has not improved it.

*The Story of Three Charming "Youngsters"*

We had a wretched trip to Cordova. The Spanish trains are invariably filthy, but the journey was relieved by an experience. We met three charming youngsters. A derailed engine delayed us six hours, and while I was trying in my "perfect" Spanish to gather from the brakeman when we should start again, a very beautiful blonde girl of about twenty-five, in rapid-fire Spanish obtained the information for me and turning toward me gave it to me in the purest English! For the last hour I had been speaking German with her and her brother and sister-in-law who accompanied her. So I exclaimed, "Why, you speak all languages!" "Oh, no!" she replied. "I am German, as you see. But my mother is Spanish. Naturally I learned her mother-tongue, and we were taught French and English at school."

I replied that to have mastered four languages at her age was certainly a triumph. The youngsters proved very agreeable, and we spent much of the six hours that we were forced to wait walking about the town arm-in-arm. She had asked me to send her some post cards of our trip around the world, and this necessitated my ask-



House of El Greco, Toledo



Court of the Lions, Granada



Roman aqueduct, Segovia



ing her name and address. She replied, "I am the Princess Pilar, of Baiern (Bavaria). This is my brother, Prince Adelbert, and his wife."

The latter had told me that her mother was a Spaniard and that she had left her baby with her family in Madrid. They were on their way back there. Something prompted me to ask, "What was your mother's name?" She answered, "She is the Infanta M—, of Spain." I then woke up. "Why, you must be the niece of the Infanta Eulalia!" I exclaimed. "Yes," she answered. "Do you know Aunt Eulalia?" Then followed explanations and reminiscences. She also had heard of us from this same royal aunt, whom we had entertained during the World's Fair in Chicago. The *family* with whom the baby had been left were the king and queen of Spain! And the Infanta Eulalia, who now lives in Paris, was at this time in Madrid awaiting the family reunion. The wife of Prince Adelbert, a charming little creature of about twenty, was the great-granddaughter of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

When we returned to the train the youngsters insisted on coming into our compartment and crowding two upon one seat until we left. They seemed to enjoy our society quite as much as we did their lovely youth and spontaneous sincerity. A mutual friend in Paris had written the Infanta Eulalia that we were to be in Madrid. On our arrival there we found letters inviting us to tea,

where we would meet the king and queen of Spain and see the family. The youngsters had told us that we would receive these invitations, and we had told them that we should be forced to decline, as we should be only a few hours in Madrid. Therefore, when we received said invitations in Madrid (where we were obliged to remain five days in order to get a *wagon lit* out to Barcelona), my democratic husband insisted that I adhere to the declination, as we had no suitable clothes, and permit them to believe that we had spent there only the two or three hours we had intended. On the night of our departure we sent a special message to the palace expressing our deep regret that we were unable to accept this very beautiful courtesy. It is our hope that they of the royal family did not learn of our extended stay in Madrid. But our friend in Paris, Miss G—, an intimate friend of the royal family, *did* hear of it and was quite caustic in her criticism, as she had taken great pains to write them of our coming and ask them to be nice to us! The little Princess of Bavaria continues to write me, and this evidence of her friendship is one of my very pleasantest memories. Her father is Carlos Ferdinand, Prince of Bavaria, a most distinguished surgeon.

## CHAPTER II

### THE GREAT EAST; THE FRONT DOOR TO INDIA, COLORFUL BOMBAY

THE Great East is fascinating to most people. India and Ceylon have been slow in their progress in the past and they will continue to be slow in their progress in the future. This fact, together with the strangeness of their customs, their absolute difference from those of the other parts of the world, is perhaps their greatest enchantment. China, although she is now rousing herself, is also sluggish. But Japan is alert and watchful. This is evidenced by her career and her progress in Manchuria. Although she still clings to many of her old customs, she has already taken her seat among the great nations of the world.

Years before the birth of Christ men were considering the uniting of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. A Persian king named Neccho came near undertaking it, but superstitious predictions frightened him and the plan was abandoned. When Ferdinand De Lesseps opened it to the world the Suez Canal prospered beyond the dreams of the most sanguine. India became easy of access.

#### *Christmas on Shipboard*

On Friday, the twenty-third of December, on a perfectly glorious day and after a delicious luncheon of sea

food at Marseilles, we boarded the *Kaisar I Hind*, an English P. & O. boat. She was a beauty, with every modern convenience and filled to capacity with charming, first-class passengers. Under these delightful conditions we steamed out for our fourteen days' sail to Bombay.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth we were reminded that the Birthday of the King was approaching, and we visualized that everywhere on shore night lights would be glowing in honor of the Christ Child. We determined to honor Him on shipboard, also. Preparations were made by those of different Christian beliefs, and for these celebrations the first cabin was reserved. Then followed a most disagreeable episode, one which, to me, was inexcusable. The Catholics were told that their priest must celebrate the Midnight Mass, with which the Catholic services at Christmas-time are ushered in, in the second cabin! We had persuaded ourselves that we are living in an era of liberal religious belief, but I could not help wondering whether the God of all Christians was flattered at this discrimination! The next morning all devotees of other faiths held their services in the first cabin. However, all the Catholics in the first cabin went to the service in the second, where an episode contributed by my good Protestant husband, who had accompanied me to the Midnight Mass, caused some hilarity. The young woman who was leading the choir approached and asked if I would be a member. Now, for

some reason my singing voice has never been appreciated by the members of my family! Remembering this, I turned to Mr. Harrison and said, "Shall I join in and help them?" Quick as a flash came the answer, "Not unless you want to break up the meeting!"

*'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis*

Passing numerous islands, seeing smoking Stromboli in a fountain of flame after dark, in due time we reached the Straits; Reggio, Italy, on one side and on the other Messina. A charming sight they were, with their brilliant lights, but we realized that we were in dangerous waters when we stopped for over an hour in order to let two steamers pass. We were in the famous Pass between Scylla and Charybdis. On the morning of the twenty-seventh we had a high sea, but as we were approaching Crete the waters became calmer and the sun began to shine. In spite of the turbulent, corkscrew motion and the fact that many of the passengers were ill, the amusements on deck were many. A beautiful fancy-dress ball was among the loveliest things I have ever seen.

On the twenty-eighth we reached Port Said. Here those who had planned to go to Cairo, Egypt, were forced to abandon the trip because of the rioting in which, according to the papers, fifteen hundred had been killed. A charming young widow from Australia was going,

with her father and mother, to visit the grave of her husband, who had been an army officer stationed in Cairo. They could not continue and were compelled to go on to India on our steamer. When first I heard her story I thought it a sad circumstance and was filled with sympathy. Later, however, when she was pointed out to me, a young girl in her early twenties, flirting and dancing, I decided that my sympathy was wasted.

### *Tagore as a Prophet*

Many distinguished people were aboard. Dr. D—, a famous surgeon of Chicago, was very popular. Another was a very charming woman belonging to the Blavatsky School of Theosophy in Madras. There was one most attractive woman, nearing fifty, who was going over to visit India's celebrated mystic, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. The year previous he had spent two weeks in her house and during that visit he had made her promise that should she ever be in trouble she would come to him. With a loving husband, with children and grandchildren, she had laughed at the time, as no premonition of disaster had ever come to her. Now, however, she was firm in her belief that he possessed second sight, for since that time her husband, after thirty-two years of absolute devotion, decided that he had met his affinity! This woman was Mrs. Van E—, of Holland. She belonged to one of the richest and most aristocratic fami-

lies in the country. She was an associate of the queen and of Holland's most intellectual set. With tears streaming from her eyes, she told me that she loved her husband still, and although she had given him a divorce she was holding to her promise made to the famous seer of India.

The Suez Canal proved very interesting. Long rows of pampas grass fringed the shore and men in white garments, with shrouded white heads, squatted on platforms before their rush houses and plied their crafts, some making mats, some otherwise occupied. As we were carrying the mail, other steamers tied up along the shore to let us pass along the ninety miles of the Canal. Swarms of tiny flies and gnats boarded the ship occasionally, but they did not bite. It was very warm and sunny, and paradoxically enough, the Red Sea was exquisitely blue! The cool breeze was a delightful surprise, as we had anticipated intense heat. It was quite thrilling to realize that Mount Sinai, where Moses received the Ten Commandments, was near at hand and might have been clearly seen had it not been for the haze which lay over the water on this particular day.

Our next port was Aden, Arabia, picturesque but very hot. Here we had to wear our sun tops. It was treeless and barren, but the English living there say it is healthy. It seldom rains. Three great tanks cut out of the rock (said to have been the work of Moses) furnish

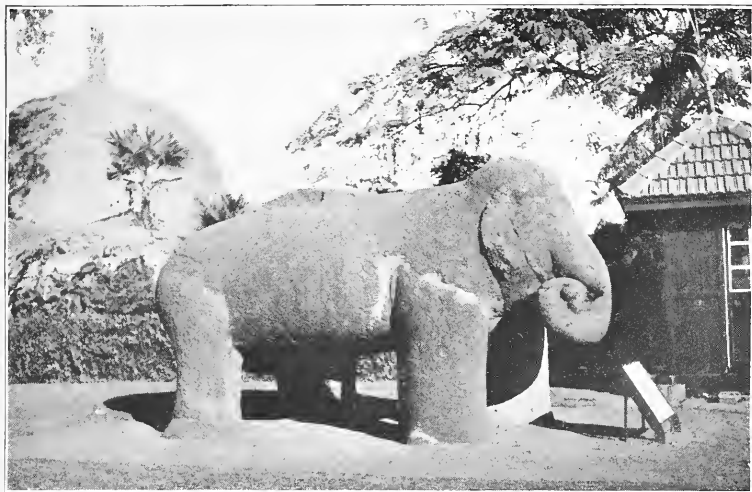
the water supply. The bazaar was interesting, but the heat overpowering, and we were glad to get back to the steamer.

*Bombay and Towers of Silence*

On the fourteenth day, January 6, we reached Bombay. Here we were simply prostrated by the heat. I, who had never had a headache in my life, was almost blinded by one. Both of us felt wretched, and concluded that if this was our introduction to India, we should not be able to stand it long. Friends meeting us told us that we must wear colored glasses, as the headaches were caused by the glare of the sun. We procured them and never suffered thereafter during our entire stay in that country.

Bombay, with its million or more inhabitants, is one of the handsomest cities we have seen. Buildings are of sandstone, or olive-tinted rock. On a pretty bay, overlooking the ocean, the first view impresses one most favorably. Malabar Hill is where the Governor has his residence, and at the extreme other end of this hill is the burying ground of the Parsees, the celebrated Towers of Silence. The grounds surrounding these Towers are exceedingly beautiful, the Towers themselves most impressive, one of them having been in use continuously for three hundred years. Within it are three compartments, one for men, one for women, and one for children. When a body is brought to the Tower two men employed

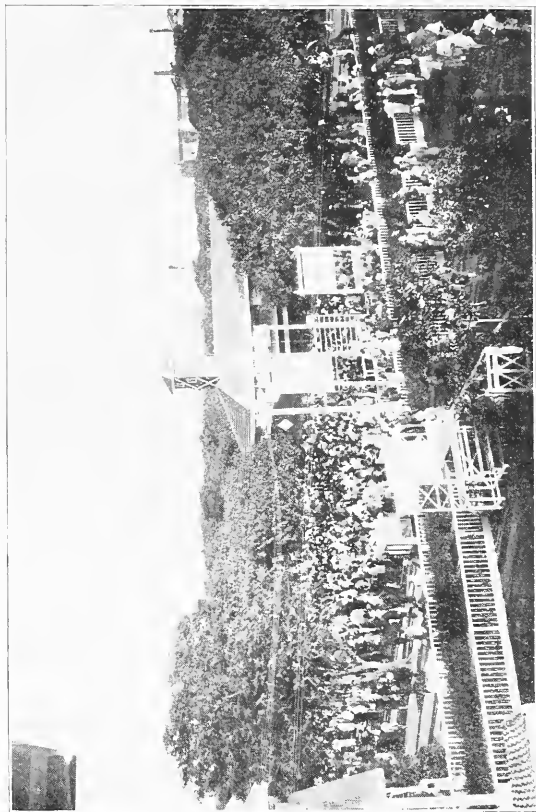




Stone elephants, Victoria Gardens, Bombay



Entrance to the Victoria Gardens, Bombay



Everybody attends the races in Bombay

for the purpose (none others ever enter there) bear it through a small opening. All ornaments, all garments, even, are removed. "For," says Zoroaster, "naked you came into the world. Naked shall you go out!" Having placed the body inside the Tower, the bearers retire. Within one hour every vestige of flesh is removed from it by vultures! The bones slip down into a vat of acid which destroys them also. What a terrible way to dispose of one's beloved dead!

### *Rites that Appall*

It was eight o'clock in the morning when we went to visit this place. Already many of these mournful birds were perched upon the Tower awaiting the daily funerals which usually take place at about ten. We were told by the attendant that these birds live in the jungle, many miles away. But every morning, for from fifteen minutes to half an hour before the bodies begin to arrive, they line the Tower awaiting their grewsome feast. Horrible as the idea is, it is the faith of the Parsee. We learned, however, that the modern Parsee millionaire, with his twentieth-century education, is beginning to dislike this method of disposing not only of his family but of himself, and that he oftentimes tries to evade it. We heard of one wealthy man who, whenever he was taken sick, immediately boarded a steamer and left his native land, because in foreign parts he was not bound by this

custom. Many times his physicians would forbid his going, but he heeded them not. Finally he died in England, thus escaping the fate of his ancestors. An interesting thing is the "Everlasting Fire" of Zoroaster, kept burning in perpetuity in a small temple near the Towers of Silence.

The Hanging Gardens of Bombay, which are built over the water supply and which are so celebrated, were constructed because of these horrible vultures. The Gardens deserve all the fame they enjoy. Limited space alone prevents dwelling upon their magnificence. They are the most beautiful things imaginable. Years ago when the uncovered water supply was tested, after a long siege of cholera, the authorities found that the vultures, disgorging after their feast, had dropped flesh and bones, fingers and toes, into the water, polluting in this most revolting fashion the city's drinking supply. To guard the water and for the safety of the public health, the Gardens were built as a protection. The vultures, however, still continue to make trouble. Not long ago a millionaire decided to hold a picnic in the spacious grounds of his home. In the open gardens the guests gathered about the festal board. An overfed vulture alighted on one of the tables and vomited. The odor was terrific and spread for miles around. The guests fled!

The Parsees are generous and everything in Bombay is dominated by the Parsee element. Every charitable

institution, every public statue, seemingly, is maintained or has been presented by them. They are enormously wealthy, richest of all the Indians. In the financial and social world they shine resplendent. We met many. They are superbly educated, very accomplished. Their homes are palaces. The smartest motors are driven by them. In society in Bombay the Parsee name is an open sesame. The women are pretty, charming, cultivated, never in *purdah*,<sup>1</sup> as the other women are. One feels that although a strange people they are wonderfully agreeable. They mix rather freely with the English, but the latter never mingle intimately with the Indian races. It is the unwritten law, and they hold themselves aloof. The natives have their own clubs, and although at hotels and public places they mingle *ostensibly*, the races never become intimate. The Indians never belong to the English clubs. Occasionally they visit them, but it is always a formal visit.

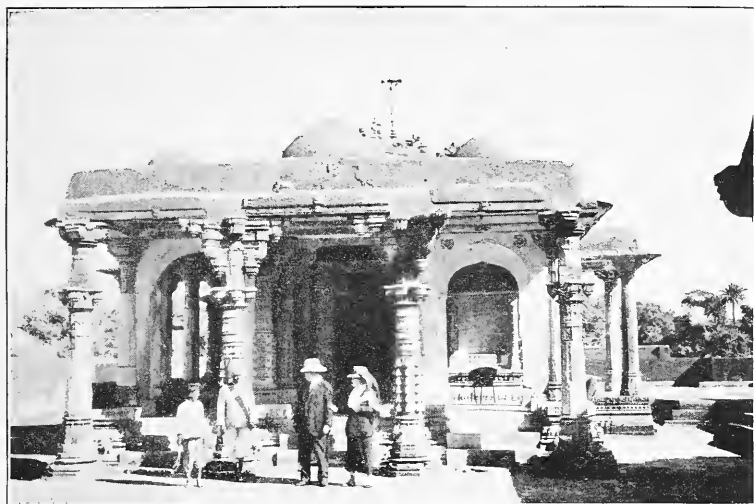
While in Bombay we were constantly learning singular things. One of these was that more sunstrokes occur on cloudy days than on clear ones. When first we heard this, the statement seemed so remarkable that we could scarcely credit it. Yet it is true. The explanation is that in India the clouds, although superbly beautiful, are dazzlingly white. They darken the skies very little. Sunstroke comes through the eyes, and, because of the

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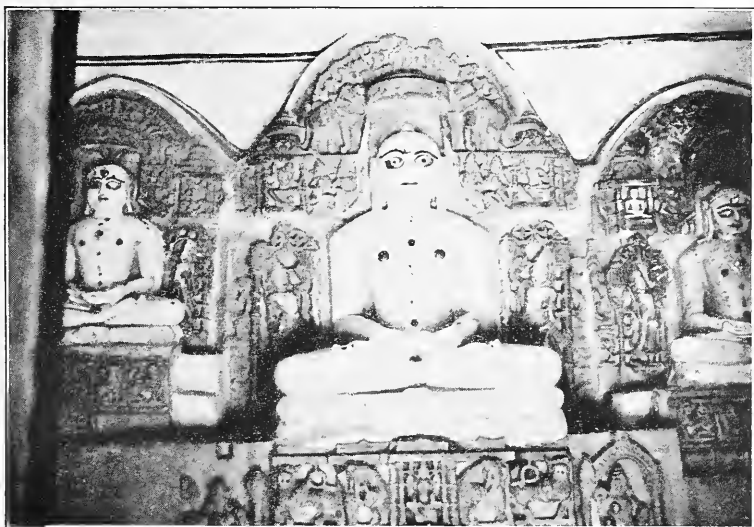
<sup>1</sup>A veil used in India to screen women from observation.

intense brilliancy of the light, glasses must be worn, we were warned, *always* on cloudy days, even if one were rash enough to lay them aside on clear ones. Another singular thing which we learned was that the slanting rays of the sun were much worse than the direct ones. From nine to eleven and from three to five are the most dangerous hours of the day so far as the heat is concerned. Whether these statements are true or not, we decided to take no risks. We wore the sun topis all day, until five o'clock, as well as the slightly smoked glasses, and after the first day we were never again bothered by headache while we were in the tropics.

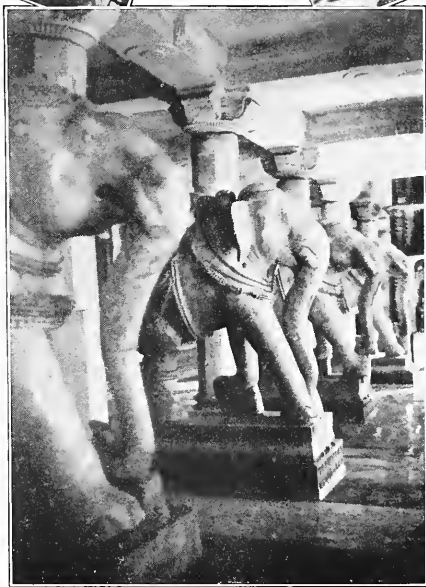
A great feature during the season in Bombay is the races. Everybody attends them, from "the Colonel's Lady" to "Judy O'Grady," as Kipling puts it. The natives, however, always remain outside the gates. The club and grounds are beautiful, and the day we attended it was estimated that the crowd aggregated thirty thousand. We watched for an hour, then went to the bazaar, for, after all, the races were not what we had gone to India to see. But—that colorful bazaar! The streets, filthy and odorous, were scarcely visible, so densely were they packed with shrouded figures and animals; elephants, camels, donkeys, to say nothing of shrieking drivers of small, one-horse conveyances such as our own, called *tonga*. Little shops, with brassware, jewelry, and brilliant clothes, lined the way. This visit to the bazaar



A Dilwarra Temple



A Jain shrine in a Dilwarra Temple



An interior view, Dilwarra Temple

Pillars of a Dilwarra Temple

Huge elephants of alabaster in a Dilwarra Temple



in Bombay (which city, by the way, is known as the Front Door of India, as Calcutta is known as the Back Door) was our first glimpse of the real India. The clamor, the color, the teeming population, that fascinating *something* which broods over the Great East—who that has seen can ever forget?

### *Sad Lot of Women and Babies*

But the indelible impression which every observant woman carries away with her from any foreign country is the lot of the WOMAN of that country! This is particularly true of India. One morning, a few weeks later, I was horrified to read in a Bombay paper the following excerpt, which I quote *verbatim*:

#### INFANT MORTALITY IN BOMBAY

The high death rate among children in the city was the subject of a discussion at today's municipal council. According to figures supplied by Mr. Byramji, who initiated the discussion, the death rate of babies of less than a year old in Bombay is no less than eight hundred and eight per thousand! A report from the Commissioner for remedying the evil was called for.

This terrible statement haunted me until I was sickened and depressed. Later, however, I accepted it without surprise. Daily I saw fatigue, almost insufferable, on the part of the native woman who, though delicate in form, often carried on her head huge baskets of stone to be used in building! The poor women of India, carrying these burdens beneath the blazing sun, can scarcely

be expected to bear strong children. Alas, the feeling of depression never left me during all the time I was in India. Later I shall have much to say of the unfortunate condition of my sex in this country. From the princess in the maharajah's *zenana*,<sup>1</sup> laden with the rarest of jewels, to the poorest of women on the streets with her silver anklets and rings on every toe and finger, woman in India is but the chattel and the slave of man. He may have as many legal wives and all the concubines he is able to support. He can divorce his wife by merely speaking the words "I divorce you!" and even in these, our modern times, he can do away with her with very little trouble and less criticism. What does life hold for woman here?

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<sup>1</sup>The part of a dwelling in which the women are secluded.

## CHAPTER III

THE LAND OF TEMPLES AND TEA; THE FROZEN PEARL OF AGRA

WE HAD thought Bombay colorful. In fact, all India is so. A night's ride by train from this large city on the Arabian Sea brought us to the spot where we had arranged to take a motor to Mount Abu, one of the hill stations. This is a summer resort and arsenal. Here are situated the famous Dilwarra Temples, four in number. Never have I conceived of anything more exquisite than these. Even the approach to them is not to be ignored. Wonderful winding roads, vistas of valleys and mountains here and there, led us to the interesting villages of monkeys in the jungle. To the tenderfoot this is an amazing sight. Unlike the unkempt animals which we see in captivity, these are the prettiest monkeys, with soft gray fur, light in color, strikingly black nose, mouth and ears, and bright eyes; they range in size from the baby of scarcely a hand's span to the full-grown animal of fully four feet. They scampered about on the rocks, munching leaves and nuts, and they gazed at us absolutely unafraid.

### *Miracles in Carving*

At Mount Abu we spent two days, studying these wonderful temples which can never be adequately described even were one to spend days in the attempt. They are Jain temples, and I shall speak of the principal one

only, which contains fifty-two shrines. Each shrine is a complete little temple in itself, built of pure white marble and containing statues of gods and goddesses. The center shrine is the Holy of Holies. No stranger is permitted to enter. One may stand before the door, however, while an attendant holds a light by means of which one may see the whole interior. The double row of aisles before the shrines are supported by white marble pillars. These pillars are certainly amazing in that thousands upon thousands of figures (some of them as small as the thumb nail) of people, animals, birds, and flowers are carved upon them, the carving being perfect to the smallest detail. The arches overhead are wonderfully done, so thin that the lace on a woman's gown seems scarcely finer. When one contemplates the rude instruments employed by those who long ago carved these figures, they seem little short of miraculous. A side room of this same temple contains twelve figures of huge elephants (life size) of alabaster. These also are perfect in detail; servants, we were told, of the gods and goddesses bestride two of them.

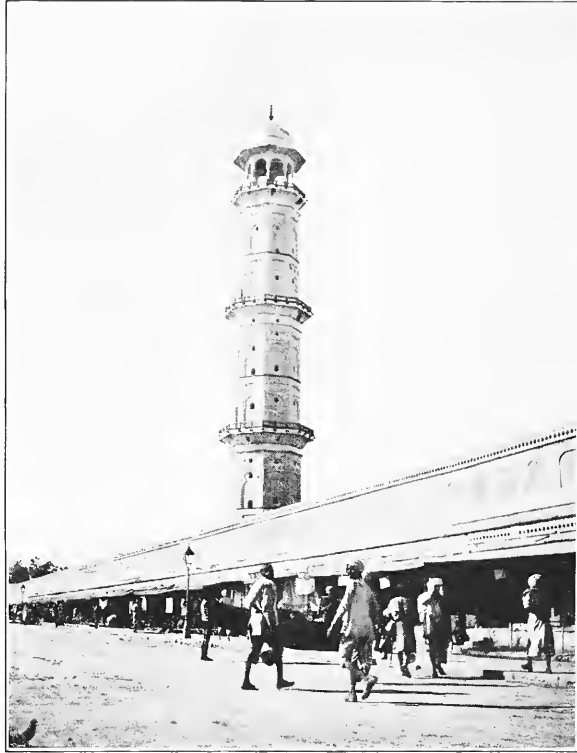
There was no quarry within hundreds of miles of Mount Abu. What inconceivable labor must have been required to carry this marble such a distance and to such heights! The grandeur and perfection of the work, and the richness of it are all the more overwhelming when one recalls these facts.



A busy corner, Jaipur



Gate to Jaipur, the "Pink City"



Minaret piercing the sky, Jaipur

*A Princess at Prayer*

While we were in this temple a woman came to make her offerings to the gods. She was heavily veiled, only her bright eyes showing; very richly dressed in silks, heavily laden with magnificent jewels. From wrist to elbow was a solid mass of gold bracelets studded with precious gems. She wore many heavy gold anklets. Her feet were bare, every toe covered with rings. Her short, native dress enabled us to see all this distinctly. Kowtowing, bowing, praying in chant, she entered the Holy of Holies. Finishing her prayers there and continuing her bowing and chanting she made her offerings before each of the fifty-two gods in the temple, her hand-maidens going before, carrying the gifts she wished to place before each. We seemed to arouse her interest quite as much as she excited ours, and despite her apparent devotion we were conscious that she was trying to show all of her face that she dared, especially to the members of the masculine persuasion who accompanied me! Young and graceful she undoubtedly was. And she was well aware of it! For presently she deliberately turned her back upon her hand-maidens and lowered her veil completely. Just for an instant we had a view of a very beautiful woman and later we learned that she was a member of a princely house.

The contrast between the heat of Bombay and the cold of Mount Abu was marked, but our native servant

made us comfortable by means of small stoves. By the way, this native servant, our bearer, in his picturesque dress looked like a prince. He was a Hindu, and with his white, shrouded head, his air of graceful hauteur, often made me feel that an ordinary command was out of place. Fortunately for us his knowledge of his own duties was such that we rarely felt it necessary to give an order. He was forty-five years old, married, and had nine children. We paid him fifteen dollars gold a month, out of which he supported them and fed himself. He considered himself well paid, but when we left, we felt so badly over the smallness of his remuneration as compared with the service rendered us that we thoroughly enjoyed giving him something to remember us by.

*Jaipur, the "Pink City"*

Our next journey was to Jaipur, a railroad ride through the jungle. We made it most comfortably in a compartment intended for four but occupied by us alone. It had fine bath tubs and other conveniences for a night's journey. As we rode along we saw many wild antelopes and hyenas. The birds of gorgeous plumage made us realize that we were in India. Jaipur is a beautiful city, more Indian in character than any we afterward visited. It is known as the "Pink City" because of the unusual color of the houses and other edifices. It is so strictly Indian that the memory of it still clings strongly. Its



fascination still remains. In the city of Jaipur there were no whites except ourselves and two men who served the government and lived there. As there was great unrest in India, and much talk, I whispered to my husband that should there be an uprising while we were there we should at least be spared a struggle for our lives. Awful as that thought was, there was a certain calmness in it. In such a contingency the Inevitable would be ours. But we three (Dr. D—, of Chicago, was with us) were so perfectly enchanted with our adorable hotel, so native and so comfortable, managed by Ibrahim, so interested in the city and its unusual sights that we never thought of fear and spent several days of the deepest enjoyment. The *Sahibs* and the *Mem Sahib* will never forget those memorable days spent in Jaipur. It was here that we were shown the man-eating tigers. How terrible and yet how magnificent they were, so different from the caged creatures we see in our zoos and menageries. These we saw had been captured but a few weeks and were still the wild creatures of the jungle. Each of them had killed at least one man. What terrifying roars they uttered! And how violently they shook the bars as they tried to get at us! I knew that they were well caged, of course. But I shivered at the sight of them.

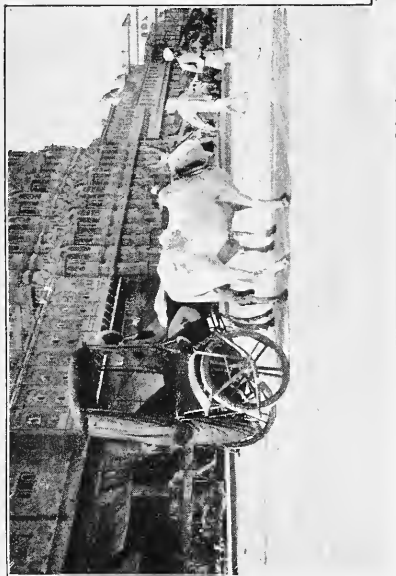
The streets are broad, the bazaar a blaze of color, and there is ever that restless motion which character-

izes all the peoples of the East. The Palace has decorations of unusual style in black and white. The beautiful gardens surrounding it gave evidence of the wealth of the sick maharajah who lay within it. A physician, we were told, was paid a thousand dollars a day to cure him, but as he has been paralyzed for four years I fancy that he has little chance for recovery. His four legal wives, his eight hundred concubines and his innumerable children will, at his death, be left on the hands of the government.

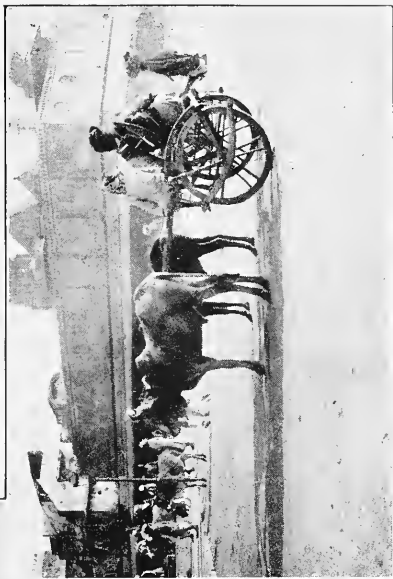
### *Visit to the Deserted Cities*

It was here that I had my first elephant ride on the hugest beast I have ever seen. In this manner we traveled to the deserted cities of Amber. On a hill commanding a wonderful view of the surrounding country were located these ancient places and their marvelous carvings were a delight. The women's *zenana*, with its lattice-work of marble, was especially exquisite, but one is so overwhelmed by the amazing richness of all the temples of India that to spend time describing them is futile—only a repetition of what thousands of others before me have tried (and failed) to do. To view one single temple door with all its matchless carving is well worth a trip to India.

In this deserted city I first came in touch with the *fakir*. I had heard much of *fakirs* and their marvelous



A coach, Jaipur



A carriage, Jaipur



A temple at deserted city of  
Amber

Detail of an old temple at  
Amber

Transportation to Amber

performances, and although afterward I saw many interesting demonstrations of their work, I think I never witnessed any to equal the one we saw here. He played with poisonous cobras, charming them with music! He commanded water to flow and to stop flowing while he was ten feet away from it! He placed a smoking rag in his mouth and shot out fire in sheets of flame nearly three feet long! These things he did five or six times in succession.

*Sublime Beauty of the Taj*

One of the high-lights in the experience of every traveler to the Orient is, of course, the day when first he or she looks upon the Taj Mahal. The beauty of the Taj by moonlight! Words are too feeble; rhapsodies, even, would be inadequate were one to attempt a description of the sublime beauty of this white marble dream. We have seen it beneath the glitter of the Indian sun. We have seen it when the moonlight lay upon it soft as a caress. It is difficult to say which view was the lovelier. Into this tomb is written the greatest love story of the world, that of Shah Jahan and his adored and beautiful wife, Montaz y Mahal. It stands, like a frozen pearl, on the banks of the Jumna river, in the midst of a lovely garden. It is guarded by four minaretted towers, and it is the one work of art in the whole world which has never yet been criticized. Ever since

the Taj was built the stream of visitors has been constant. There has been but one exception. Some two or three years ago when the epidemic of influenza was at its height, reaching out its deadly fingers till they touched the uttermost parts of the earth, it was found impossible in Agra to provide for the burial of the dead. The bodies were thrown into the Jumna river and just back of this tomb of exquisite beauty they were piled high, awaiting burial. The odor was not only intense but deadly and the Taj had to be closed temporarily to visitors, the only time in its history. In Agra we saw also the block of marble where formerly stood the two jeweled peacocks, their spreading tails heavily inlaid with valuable and precious stones. Through all India we had observed that at each station there were two drinking fountains—one for the Mohammedans and one for the Hindus. So strong is the system of caste that it could not be otherwise.

### *White Women in Peril*

On our last afternoon in Agra we motored to Futtipur-Sikri, the city builded by Akbar but deserted soon because of malaria, fogs, and lack of water. The tomb of Akbar is superb. It is at Secundra, two miles from Agra. Our special guide (not our servant) refused to leave me here alone while my husband climbed to the top, and when urged by me to tell the reason finally

admitted that there had been many cases of the disappearance of white women left for a few moments alone with the priests stationed here, and that no amount of investigation had been sufficient to locate them. This, by the way, is one of the horrors of India. As a further illustration of it the following story has been related to me. A party of tourists (English and American) were given permission to visit the interior of one of the temples. It contained small enclosures, covered by hangings, similar to the confessionals in the Catholic churches. The attention of an American gentleman was attracted by something in the expression on the face of the man who had given them permission to visit the inside of the place. A swift glance passed between him and the man who was to guide them through, and he did not like that glance! In the party was a beautiful young Englishwoman. Looking first at her and then at the guide the man at the door said sternly, "No nonsense!" thus giving the impression not only of watchfulness over the guides but of safeguarding the travelers. Something in that glance caused the quick-witted American to become instantly alert. It had the appearance of a tacit understanding, and scenting danger he stationed himself beside the young woman, walking close by her side. A few moments later he realized that his intuition had not played him false, for as they passed one of the curtained stalls a strong hand reached from behind the hanging

and attempted to draw the young lady inside. Quick as a flash the American threw himself upon the priest concealed within. In a moment there was pandemonium. The fight which followed was vigorous but brief, and while the authorities *appeared* to be intensely wrought up over the episode, it was altogether too apparent that this was not the first time it had occurred! Visitors to the temples of the East should *never* visit them alone, and when they do so in groups the members of the party should be *known* to be responsible and trustworthy. Among the priesthood of the Far East moral responsibility is an unknown quantity. This story can be verified if necessary.

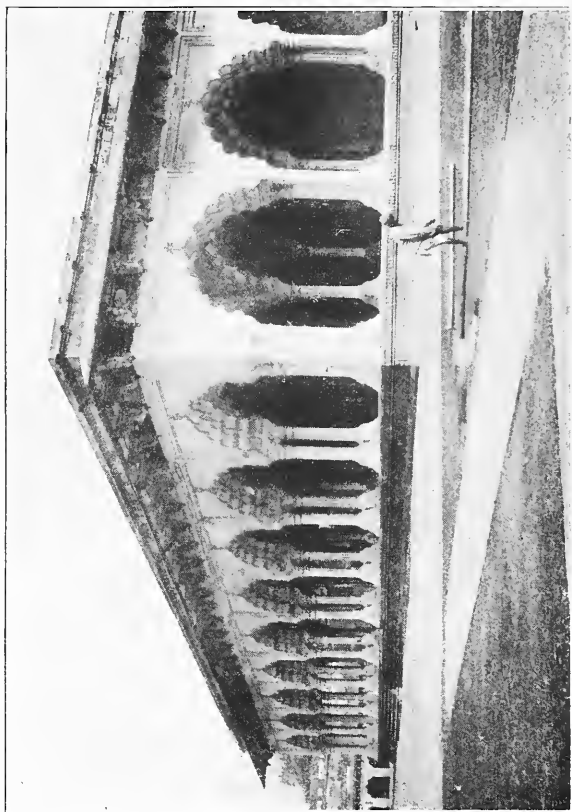
*At the Pearl Mosque*

We spent a part of each of our ten days at Agra at the Taj, and on our last evening went to see the beautiful Pearl Mosque where Shah Jahan, imprisoned by his son, spent his last lonely years, attended and cared for by his devoted daughter, Jahanara Begam. Voluntarily she shared his exile, for she was the daughter of his love, Montaz y Mahal, whose tomb he was ever watching in the distance. Montaz was the very highest type of Indian womanhood, and her daughter was quite equal to her in respect to love and devotion. Jahanara loved her mother's resting-place, too, but she expressed a desire that when she died nothing but the green grass should cover her. Her wish was respected. She sleeps





Taj Mahal: a white marble dream



Jain Temple, Agra

at Delhi, under the softest of green mounds. Opening before the mound, however, are two exquisitely-carved gates, her monument.

Perhaps, after all, the unhappy status of woman in India is not to be wondered at. In certain sections they still hold to the custom of sacrificing the goats instead of human beings, as formerly, and to other religious rites and ceremonies long since abandoned by more enlightened people. Saddest of all is the fact that in districts where the missionaries have not yet penetrated, women, at certain seasons of the year, still offer themselves to licentious priests as penitential sacrifices. So common is this practice that a missionary once told me that at times she could not bear to glance out of her window! For when the fanatical penitents are not sufficient in number, emissaries of the priests do not hesitate to go abroad in the city and lure or force others to the temples. The British government has made strenuous efforts to put a stop to this diabolical practice but as yet these efforts have been without visible effect.

### *A Royal Romance—and Tragedy*

A case in India which arouses the sympathies of all who learn of it, however, is that of the beautiful daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Kapurthala. Himself an educated man, possessing many wives and a thousand concubines, he determined to try an experiment

with his son, the heir to his throne. He sent the boy to England to receive an European education, to absorb European ideas and customs. With the exceptions of a few vacations, his youth, from ten to twenty, was spent in England where he became a perfect linguist, a thoroughly trained young man. During these years of his education, his future maharanee—the girl chosen to be his wife—was being brought up in a similar manner. She was a brilliant creature—young and lovely—and the two young people were thrown together at certain intervals to become acquainted. Soon they were devoted lovers and friends. The maharajah withstood every request to marry them at the early age usual in India, but when she was nineteen and he twenty-two the marriage took place. The maharajah himself was as much infatuated, seemingly, with his new daughter-in-law as was his son. He permitted her every privilege in the palace. She was never compelled to remain in the *zenana* in *pardah*. She was as free as any American or European girl. She received and entertained his many guests and proved a delightful companion both to her husband and his father. During the ten years which followed her marriage she became the mother of three lovely little girls, perfect replicas of herself and the idols of the whole palace. Follows the tragedy. The law of the land demands a male child, an heir. She has none. And although her father-in-law is as devoted as ever he has

notified his son that he must take a second wife. With his modern education and ideas the thought is as abhorrent to him as it is to his wife. While we were in India the young wife's influence was still sufficiently powerful to hold off the evil day. But, for how long? We who had the pleasure of visiting the palace could readily detect beneath the smooth surface of life the deep waters. In the midst of gaiety seemingly spontaneous, in the midst of love, joy, and pleasure, one felt always the presence of a lurking skeleton in the closet. These two young people, so devotedly attached to each other—are they to be sacrificed to the laws of India and the necessities of state? If so—why the need of modern education? And just how great is the influence of modern thought upon an ancient people?

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PROBLEM OF ENGLAND IN INDIA

INDIA, the keystone of England's far-flung dominions, is on the verge of revolt. The land which holds so much of romance and of mystery is facing its most serious crisis. That India is seeking freedom from the yoke of Britain there is no question in the minds of the traveler of recent years. The depression which seized us on our entrance to the land two months ago is still with us. Will it ever leave us? I wonder. It is a feeling caused and ever intensified by the hopeless attitude of the people. Two hundred and twenty-five millions, ruled by forty thousand English, plus eighty thousand military! These figures are given out by an army officer and are therefore likely to be correct.

It is the fact that one can never get out of his caste which is the prime factor in the hopelessness of the situation, but the appalling thing to the liberty-loving, fair-minded American is that England has done and is doing nothing to help them out of the Slough of Despond. She claims that she will not interfere with India's religion! What a poor excuse!

#### *England's Opportunity*

Her reasons, I think, are far graver and stronger than this. By their very ignorance, of course, she holds them

in subjection, and the caste faith is her strongest foothold. I know full well that India could not do without England. God forbid that she should ever lose England's support! England is India's safeguard—her only one. Left to herself she would be a thousand times worse off than she is. But my question is—having done so much for India and having done it so well, why cannot England do more? Why not rise to sublime heights and even at a sacrifice tell these groveling millions some plain, every-day facts which, even though it took years, must eventually show them the folly of their ways? This question I should like to have answered.

England is now educating some of the natives as physicians. To what purpose? When they return home they are of little service to the community. They can practice only among their own caste! Besides, we computed the number of these doctors. It provides *one* physician for *eighty thousand people*! What folly! The number should be multiplied many, many times, and then there would be altogether too few! No wonder that when, as already stated, it became known that out of every thousand native babies more than eight hundred died annually, Bombay decided to sit up and take notice!

### *Sing Praises of Ghandi*

The Ghandi movement has certainly aroused them a bit to their responsibilities in India. He is the out-

come of England's inhuman treatment of the people. He has brought about a great unrest in India. Wherever we went we saw, felt, and heard it. Little children scarcely able as yet to talk, had learned to sing "*Mahatma ji Ghandi q'jai!*" which means "We wish victory for Ghandi!" These words are the logical result of long years of oppression and suppression. Ever since the English have been in possession of India she has treated the natives like dogs, a few rajahs and maharajahs excepted. But even this higher class is never permitted to belong to a white man's club. Received by the king and queen of England—for political reasons—these native potentates are denied admission to their social life.

Until England learns to treat these people fairly she will never own them. The rabble—the rank and file, as it were—have no rights at all. I have seen the British strike and beat these poor unfortunates for the slightest mistake. They kick and curse them, and the poor devils crawl away without the least show of resentment. Yet I am told they would cut the Englishman's throat in a second if they only dared, and it is apparent that this is so. Until the English change their methods (and will this ever be?) the Indians will always be an unhappy people. A bit of kindness could not hurt, and a stratum of rich gratitude might be uncovered under the sweat of these unfortunates. Often I had occasion

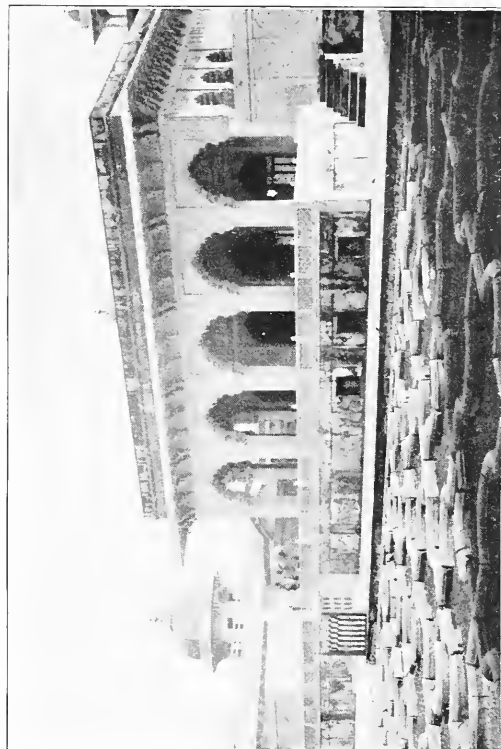




An interior view, Pearl Mosque,  
Agra

Jasmine Tower, Agra

Pearl Mosque, Agra



Khas Mahal, Agra; Jasmine Tower on the left

to feel that the haughty Englishman went out of his way to be nasty and that he really enjoys the servility and obsequiousness which the Indian invariably offers. A thing like this is utterly detestable to the American. We like respect. We command it. But we hate that cringing obsequiousness that one sees in India.

*Instances of Arrogance*

I recall one act in particular which impressed me most unfavorably. Coming from Ceylon, a native, distinctly a man of education and culture, came on board our ship. We ourselves had not spoken to him, but his manner, address, and natural ease had attracted our observation. We were told by an Armenian, a young man who also had been educated in France, that this native was a man of some consequence in his own country. He was a man of means, it seems, but had been so subjected to insult whenever he approached an Englishman that although he had paid for a first-class passage he never went near a first-class passenger.

This arrogance evinced toward one who by every right is an equal is a thousand times intensified toward an underling. On this same boat came a native to show his wares. A line was marked on the deck beyond which he must not go. The poor fellow, seeing a cabin door open just across the line, poked his head in and said "Won't you buy?" In a flash the Englishman was on

his feet and with a rolled newspaper—the nearest thing at hand—struck the man a cruel blow across the face. He reeled, but he never spoke a word. The swift motion of his hands to his face alone revealed his hurt. He picked up his pack and slunk off, like the pariah which the Englishman thought him. Such sights as this we saw constantly and they did not tend to decrease our disgust for the nation which permits her representatives, whether official or unofficial, to inflict them.

Now and then, however, one gets a glimpse of the other side. One meets very surly looks among those who dare show their real feelings. We, of course, were classed as Europeans wherever we went. As a general thing they put us down as citizens of the nation which they hate—not without cause. We instructed our guide to declare our nationality whenever and wherever he could. Proud as I have always been of my Americanism and my country I think I was prouder of them in India than ever before.

### *Visit of the Prince of Wales*

Of course, the unrest was tremendously accentuated by the visit of the Prince of Wales. Every precaution possible was taken to protect this young scion of royalty. To be fair, he seems to be a fine, splendid example of wholesome life and youth. Love for outdoor sports is characteristic of his race and in this he shares heartily.

But—he has seen the unrest! He knows it thoroughly. One has but to look at him to be conscious of this fact. At Agra, for instance, and at Delhi, too, at the great garden party during the *Durbar*, he was very nervous. Try as he might he could not conceal it.

The outbreaks in Madras and Bombay were awful. Everywhere he went he feared similar exhibitions, and all the magnificence of his surroundings could not conceal from him the undercurrent of anger against his country which pervaded India.

The sight of the rajahs and maharajahs in gorgeous silks and all bejeweled would fill volumes. Many of the women were in *purdah*, of course, and could not appear. But many, freed from this restraint, did. Diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones flashed their fires everywhere, all equally brilliant and beautiful. The turban of one fat old fellow was a perfect mass of diamonds. It seemed to be solidly encrusted with genuine stones. Another had one of diamonds and emeralds, huge pendants of the latter suspended from it. One woman had wrapped about her body a scarf heavily embroidered with jewels and she carried a large peacock fan brilliant with precious stones. All these “nobles” had gathered to greet the Prince.

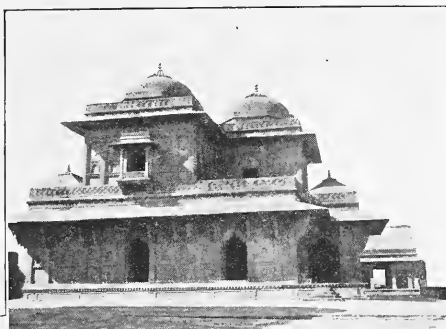
That the young royal guest had killed his tigers and his elephants has been time and again recounted—just exactly as the English desired. But the Prince was

reading between the lines, and reading intelligently. He had seen. He knew. What has been his confidential report since his return to the bosom of the royal family of England? That he has told some interesting stories I feel sure. But these the newspapers have never printed.

*Difficult to Change Tactics*

The Ghandi movement has been of benefit to England in that it has opened her eyes to her intolerable and brutal treatment of the natives. So long has this continued that now (since the Ghandi movement) that the order "Treat the natives with more consideration" has gone forth, her representatives in India will find it hard to obey. Not easily can they mend their ways or change their methods. To say "please" or "thank you" now is simply impossible. They who live there say it would not only ruin the coolie but create insubordination. And after all these years of ill-treatment perhaps it would.

The English have a difficult problem to settle in India, but the time when it must be settled is rapidly drawing near. The native priests are all with Ghandi in sympathy and they are pretty outspoken in their views. In the India of our memory and our dreams we are trying to forget this terrible spirit of discontent, to carry in our hearts instead the remembrance of a wonderful land of tropical vegetation and wondrous



Birbol's Palace, Futtipur-Sikri

Miriam's Palace, Futtipur-Sikri

Diwan-i-Khas, Futtipur-Sikri

Elephant gate, Futtipur-Sikri



Sheik's Tomb, Futtipur-Sikri



A general view of Futtipur-Sikri



Hindu temples. At times we almost succeed. In southern India, where we found the cocoanut and the toddy palms (real toddy is made from this tree) which grow about Madras and Madura, where the superb *gopuras* (Hindu temples are called *gopuras*, Mohammedan temples are *mosques*) are unrivaled, we felt that we were in the real India, the India of our imagination and our dreams.

## CHAPTER V

### THE GANGES; GHANDI, THE GREAT REFORMER

IN ONE of our various motor rides we passed through many villages in which the people, living with and like animals, were much more like the latter than like human beings. In one of these we came one day upon an old man sitting upon a stone. He was naked, and was eating his meager lunch. His picturesque gray beard made my husband wish to photograph him. We were amazed at the result. The poor old man began trembling and crying, pleading pitifully in his, to us, strange language. It was only with the greatest difficulty that our guide at last made him understand that we merely wished his picture. He thought we meant to beat him! This episode occurred just a few miles out of Agra and is typical. Cruelty has made them afraid. The amazing ignorance of this huge India! How long would any other people put up with what they endure?

#### *The Barrier of Caste*

There is no question but that England's problem in India is colossal. The fathomless, bottomless question of caste and the natural opposition to the establishment of anything new—in the face of these, will she *ever* be able to accomplish anything? As has been said, there

are graduated each year in India thousands of young physicians, fully equipped for the intelligent practice of medicine. Of what real use are they? Each can practice upon none but the members of his own caste. The hospitals and nurses are competent, but just as helpless in the face of this enormous stumbling-block. True, they are enthusiastic. They are even optimistic. But the visitor from other lands sees little to warrant optimism. A beggar may be a member of a high caste. But he would be forever ruined were he to touch something which a man of such high standing as the king of England, even, had used!

As we went to Delhi we came upon a funeral. Four men bore the body, which was swathed in bandages, like a mummy. They carried it uncoffined, high above their heads, to the jungle where it was to be left to be devoured by wild animals. This is the burial custom of the Mohammedans in this section of the country. While in Delhi we rode a great deal in a *tonga*, in which one sits with one's back to the driver and is thus enabled to enjoy the sights. And speaking of sights—we were much amused to see many men with their beards dyed red, such decoration being regarded as a mark of great beauty among the Indians.

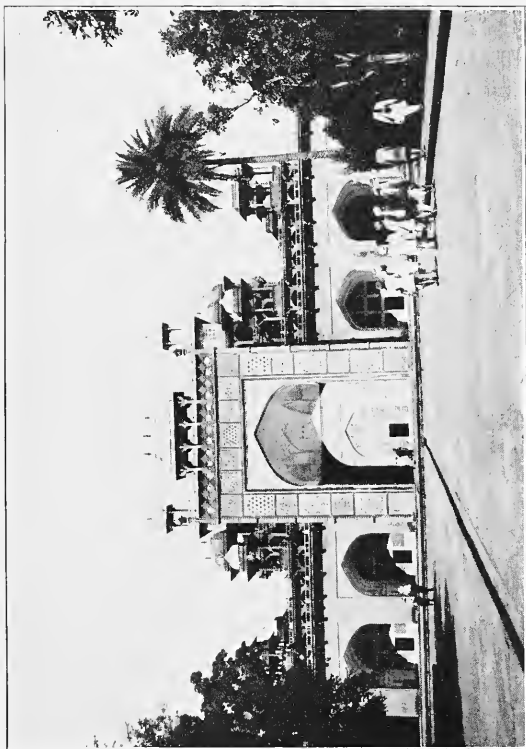
A repetition of the beautiful temples was to be seen, of course, in Delhi. The Jami Masjid and the Pearl Mosque fascinated us. In one of the mosques we were

shown the coffin where Dargah, an emperor who died six hundred years ago, still lies in state, buried under fresh roses which are brought daily by devotees. The delicate and delicious perfume from these flowers gives evidence of the place he holds in their memory.

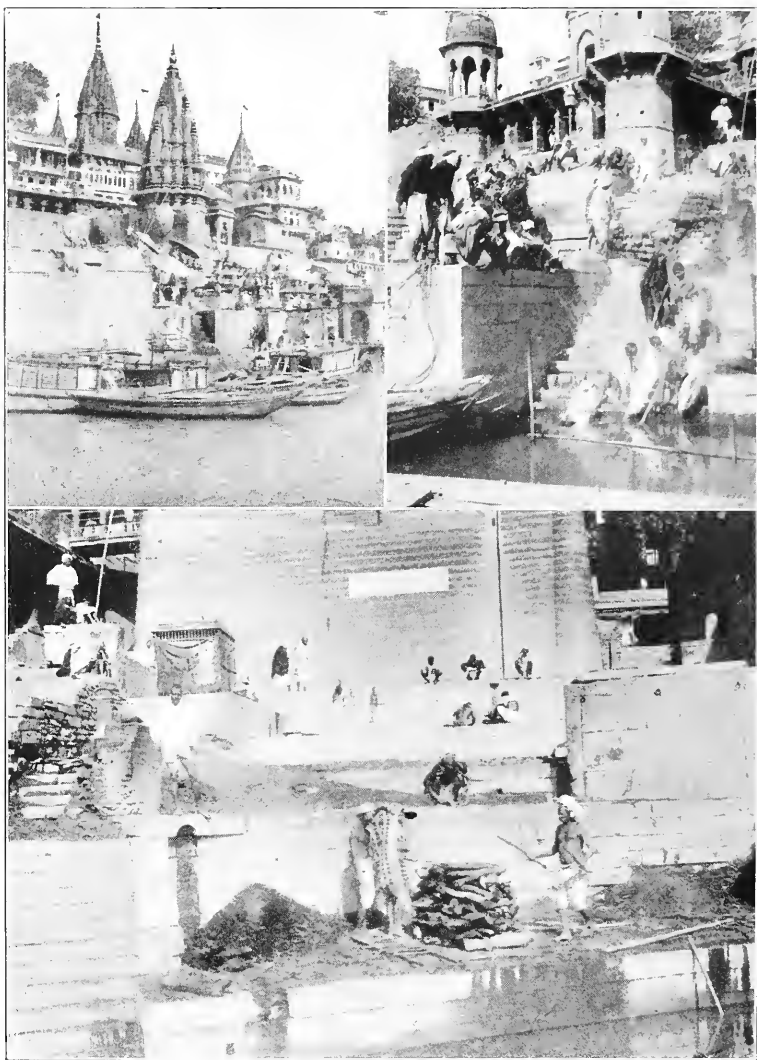
*Benares, the Holy City*

Reminiscences of my journey through India would, if fully recorded, fill volumes. They can be touched upon but briefly here. Both interesting and horrible was Benares, although we found interest in visiting its brass works, its monkey temples, and its sacred cows. I would hasten on to its Mecca, the Ganges.

Once in life, at least, every Hindu hopes to come here and wash in these filthy waters. Should he die in Benares—he goes straight to heaven! If he dies across the river he becomes a donkey, etc. Just why this is so is a question which the traveler finds it impossible to answer. For Benares is incredibly, unspeakably, indescribably dirty. Sewers belch filth constantly into the Ganges. Dead cats and dogs float everywhere. Bodies are burned and the charred remains pitched into the river. Thousands of pilgrims wash in the Ganges daily, yet thousands drink the water from it constantly. From the palatial residences surrounding it the multimillionaires send their servants to bring this water with which to make their afternoon tea!



Akbar's Tomb, Secundra



Benares, the Holy City

A corpse being immersed in the  
Ganges before burning

A funeral pyre, burning ghat, Benares

We spent many hours on the river before the *ghats*<sup>1</sup> watching the fanatical but interesting life depicted there. On the elevation alongside the river were platforms on which sat the priests, receiving the offerings of the pilgrims. One offering every pilgrim has to make. He must buy a cow and present it to the priest! For said cow the wealthy will pay any price. The poor pay but a few pennies. Now, remembering the numerous pilgrims who come daily, one will readily realize the difficulty of supplying the demand for cows for this purpose! For the convenience of the pilgrims a cow is kept close at hand. Festooned with bright garlands it is ever ready to be bought and rebought. It changes hands many times daily! On the day we were here a crazed priest created much excitement by running madly up and down the shore. But here a crazy person is regarded as sacred. No one touches him, and usually he dies of exhaustion.

*Pilgrims Give Till it Hurts*

We heard it stated that there were more than two hundred thousand Hindu gods represented at Benares. The number may not be accurate, but certainly they are there by the thousands. The insinuating priests who line the river banks to catch the unwary pilgrim with a well-lined purse know their business well. Rich and poor, high caste and low, all come to the sacred city. By

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<sup>1</sup>A landing place with descending stairs.

elephant, by camel caravan and by rail they cross India to the waters of the Holy River. Is there elsewhere in the world so wonderful a line of devotees? Or such a band of thieves awaiting them? Every pilgrim gives all that his purse affords, and on these gifts the greedy priests fatten. The rich give colossal sums, and even the poor give generously. Seeing the filth and squalor which constantly surround the latter, one wonders where they find the means to do so. But they do. And the amount is oftentimes surprising.

The Hindu custom of burning the dead, repulsive as it is, is far less objectionable, in my estimation than is that of the Parsee who permits his to be devoured by the vultures. No one ever really sees the Parsee burial, but the very idea is loathsome. But we did see the destruction of the bodies by fire, and the sight was sickening. A clatter of cymbals announces that a funeral procession is approaching. The corpse, fastened upon a simple bier made of bamboo sticks, is carried on the shoulders of four male relatives. No women ever come to these funerals. If it is that of a man, the body is swathed in white. If a woman, in red. The body is immersed in water, then left to be rinsed in the holy(?) disgustingly-filthy river while the relatives stand on the bank and bargain for firewood. This obtained they build the pyre. The body is placed upon it, the feet pointing toward the sacred river. The chief mourner lights a



torch, walks seven times about the pyre, then lights the wood. The mourners then withdraw a little distance and watch it burn, the chief mourner returning frequently to push an arm, foot or other portion of the body back into the glowing flames. It is a horrible sight! And if the people are poor the body is usually only half burned because they have been unable to buy sufficient wood. These half-charred bodies are then thrown into the river, where the hungry dogs of India have, like the vultures, learned to wait along the banks for them, and where the crocodiles devour them as they float down stream. Is it any wonder that cholera flourishes here? At the time we were here this deadly disease was raging within fifty miles of us.

*No Laughter Among Women*

One morning we personally witnessed fifteen burials such as I have described, right among the bathers. On questioning these benighted creatures they assured us that the water of the Ganges could not be polluted—that it was absolutely pure! The power and the magnitude of this ignorance and fanaticism! Is it to be wondered at that the feeling of depression which took possession of me when I entered India never left me? The hideous skin diseases, the blind, the maimed—one meets them at every turn and their number is appalling! But even this did not equal in magnitude what I saw in the eyes of every woman I met in the streets. The hopelessness

in those eyes! Centuries of subjection have crushed her spirit utterly! One could see it in the face of the youngest child! From the babe of six months (who frequently wears the nose ring) to the woman of extreme old age; there is no light or laughter in the face of the woman of India! The nose ring, by the way, is ostensibly a mark of personal vanity. To me it is the symbol of savagery and degradation.

For the coolie woman of India there is no rest. She does the same labor as the man, only more. For even when she is carrying stones for building, and performing other such arduous tasks she is never without her children. If the child is not carried upon her hip while she works, or strapped upon her back, then it is sure to be seen playing about her feet. She is never free from the care of it. As for the man, although he performs the same heavy tasks and shares the poverty of the wife, he does *not* seem to share her hopelessness and her degradation. He is much more cheerful of countenance than she.

#### *Efforts to Better Woman's Lot*

Criticism is always easy. But the solution of so gigantic a problem as England has to solve in India calls for tolerance of opinion and sympathy. Whatever her efforts, and I am sure they have been great, she has never made any appreciable improvement in the condition of woman. Now, however, the propaganda is

undoubtedly there that the life of the native woman *must* be bettered. We met some cultured Parsee women and with them I had some interesting conversations on this subject. Some of them were employed by the government and were just returning from England, whither they had been sent to make a study of the conditions surrounding the women of more enlightened countries. One thing I must say. This is, that no matter what criticism may be offered as to the policy of England in India the spoils system has not entered there. It is true that we saw in this country magnificent estates, wonderful palaces, palatial homes. But each and every one was owned by a native! Among the latter there are many multimillionaires, and they spend their wealth lavishly. The English residents, on the other hand, most of them army officers and government officials, live simply in bungalows and modest homes, all that their meager salaries will pay for. This is commendable and does England and the Englishmen credit.

All tourists will relate that, throughout all India in many of the temples, the sex worship is the thing most marked. But at Benares there is a small Nipolese temple devoted entirely to it. No woman is permitted to enter. To the masculine visitors, however, lewd, vulgar, leering priests point out in detail the disgusting features of their rites. To the mind of the Christian such a thing as this, masquerading under the name of religion, is

a peculiarly revolting form of hypocrisy.

I have already spoken of Ghandi, the great reformer. The propaganda which England later came to view with foreboding, if not alarm, was well under way when we were in India. In his belief that he could lead his people to emancipation he had aroused great fanaticism, and the feeling of aggressiveness against England was greatly accentuated by the knowledge of the vast amount of money which was being spent in preparations for the *Durbar* and the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales. Surely, England is living on the edge of a volcano here. The natives hate the English to a man—a fact revealed at every turn. The undercurrent of malevolence is very apparent—so much so that our guide was constantly announcing that we were American, not English! We could not but realize that should a leader ever appear who can weld together the masses it will be the end of English rule in India. Her eighty thousand soldiers would stand little chance when pitted against India's three hundred and twenty-five million malcontents!

Whatever Ghandi's religious views, whatever his ambitions for his people, it must be conceded that personally he is a wonderful man. Cultured and intelligent, educated in Europe, living the life of an ascetic, his very picturesqueness appeals to his followers. He has taken a vow of silence. One day each week he spends in bed, and no amount of solicitation will move him to break this

vow. A newspaper man told me of a remarkable interview which he had with him during which all Ghandi's answers were written. He had chanced to call upon him on his day of silence.

Despite the harsh criticism from the outside which has been hurled upon him, to the people of his own country he is a god. They believe him to be absolutely, unselfishly sincere, gifted with powers almost divine. And after all, these are the attributes of a great leader. What England should have done in the beginning, and did not, she did too late. His influence had become too powerful. At last England had him arrested. But—the pebble had been thrown into the pool. The waters were already violently agitated. The circles widened every day. The seed which had been quietly planted began to bear fruit. It was too late to stop either the agitation of the pool, or to destroy the abundance of the harvest. The propaganda goes steadily on. We were warned that travel in India at this time was not without danger. But aside from occasional riotings in the streets, we escaped anything unpleasant. Friends who had preceded us related that they had seen people killed more than once.

### *The Monkeys of Benares*

I have spoken of the Monkey Temple of Benares. It is very curious and pretty, dedicated to Kai, the goddess wife of Siva. It is infested with monkeys. How anyone

could worship in this place is quite beyond my comprehension. The image of the goddess is hideous. It is black and has a fiery red tongue which reaches to her waist. She is dripping with blood, crowned with snakes, and hanging from her neck is a chain of human skulls! She demands blood sacrifices, and if such are not frequent, disaster is sure to follow! Such a cheerful proposition! Every Indian town, I am told, has a temple to this terrible goddess. I presume that at one time the sacrifices in these temples were human ones, but this is not now permitted by the government. But the sacrifices are always alive when offered. What a strange religion which worships demons rather than the gentler gods! The usual sacrifice now is a goat, but it is claimed that at times of pestilence, famine, or other disaster it is not unusual to find a human head—generally that of a child—lying at the feet of the goddess! The monkeys which surround one who enters here are the fattest and the ugliest ones imaginable. They are so clamorous for food that one has to be continually pushing them away. In its desire for the bit which I had in my hand one snatched at it, tearing my glove. The surgeon from Chicago, who was with us, anxiously looked at my hand to see whether it was scratched, but fortunately this was not the case. Really, one can imagine nothing more disgusting than this horrible Monkey Temple with its nauseating customs, hidden under the cloak of sanctity.

*England's Formidable Task*

As has already been said, whatever the intelligent thinker may see to criticize in England's policy in India, one thing should be kept in mind. Wherever there is work to be done there is always opportunity for criticism. It is so in this case. India could not live without England, and God help her should England, either willingly or because of revolution, desert her!

India has been called the land of topsy-turvy. It is a fitting name. We were both surprised and amused to find things done in exactly the opposite way to which we were accustomed! For instance, one of our rules of health is to keep our heads cool and our feet warm. The native of India has the opposite idea. He carefully covers his head to keep it *warm*, and bares his feet to keep them *cool*! When he enters the mosque he carefully removes his shoes. But he would never dream of removing his turban! At his meals he takes his sweets first, and, with the exception of the Parsees, the men never walk with their women. The latter follow along in the rear! When a man beckons to you he holds his hand not upward but downward, and he clucks to his horse not to make it go but to make it stop!

*Some Indian Customs*

The fruits of India, such as the *mangoes* and *man-gosteens*, are celebrated the world over and the rosy red

bananas are delicious. The dress of the Hindu woman varies according to the section of the country in which she lives. But from the landing at Bombay all the way through the land they are always found laden with jewels and ornaments, the nose ring playing a conspicuous part. The ordinary woman wears the *saris* of cotton draped about her limbs and a broad shawl over her shoulders, or else a skimpy bodice which reveals all the rest of her toilet. They are fond of color, especially the blues and greens. Of course, the richer women wear silk skirts, sketchy bodices, and the voluminous white *chadar*. Ankles, toes, hands, and ears are covered with all the jeweled ornaments they can possibly get on them, and the little girls are miniature copies of their mothers. Two Indian customs annoy the traveler greatly. One is the habit they have of removing their shoes and placing their feet on the seat right in front of your face. The other is the horrid custom of chewing the betel-nut, the red saliva running down the face in a most disgusting manner.

The climate of India always proves a surprise. One naturally expects heat there. But the coldness of the Punjab night is a thing long to be remembered. In January and February it is quite usual for shallow pools to freeze. Travelers must guard against malaria, and the mosquito bite here, as elsewhere, is poisonous. Malaria is one of the deadliest things which India has to fight. Its history is a tale two thousand years long. When it is



estimated that malaria kills three hundred and fifty thousand each year in India alone, the deadly surgical work of the mosquito is easily understood. We took no chances. No matter where we went we slept under mosquito bars. Neither did we wish to take any chances of contracting that other deadly thing—cholera. So, from the day we entered the East, we tasted no uncooked food, drank no unboiled water, the only exception being when we reached Baguio, in the Philippines, where the government has charge of everything. Difficult as it was to refuse the delicious strawberries and the delectable fruits, we found that it paid. We had not a day's illness.

### *An Unpleasant Experience*

Everyone knows the deadliness of the sting of both serpents and insects in India. Near Benares one day I had a terrible fright. As I was preparing to retire at night I found my undergarments saturated with blood, and on one of my limbs a small spot resembling in size and shape a silver dollar. It was inky-black and right in the center was a tiny opening resembling the prick of a pin. For protection against such contingencies we had carried a bottle of iodine with us, but in my fright I forgot all about it and fled to the apartment of the Chicago surgeon to whom I have already referred and who was traveling with us at this time. He admitted that he had never seen anything like it but advised me to make

use of the iodine and await results. I had felt no pain at any time, nor did I then feel discomfort. But the place certainly looked angry and that black spot remained for weeks and weeks. Even now a slight discoloration reminds me of it. Having heard so much of the poisonous insects of the East, my perturbation was great. I was quite sure that I was doomed! India is not, of course, the only country where one frequently loses his life from the sting of a tiny creature. But when one recalls the appalling fact that the plague, usually called the Black Death, carried off seven millions of people in fourteen years in India alone, anything at all out of the ordinary sets one thinking! Like the object which one sees ahead in the fog, a slight accident becomes distorted in shape and magnified in size!

## CHAPTER VI

### THE "BACK DOOR" OF INDIA: CALCUTTA

OUR next stop was Calcutta. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my nephew who has been connected with a large American company there for some years. On our travels we had met the president of this company and his son, like ourselves making a tour of the world. Meeting thus in Calcutta, we spent many charming hours, and no matter whither we journeyed we had one constant illustration of the manner in which people are deceived by what, for lack of a better name, we know as "Public Opinion." Public opinion, so called, is a huge joke! It may be opinion all right, but it is seldom the opinion of the public! Here was a case in point. In spite of the talk which was general over the whole world as to the hardness of the times and the economic depression, no matter where we went or how we traveled, we found every hotel filled to capacity, even to overflowing. It was almost impossible to get satisfactory accommodations *anywhere*. Every hotel was filled with travelers, and among these Americans predominated. It was most inconvenient.

#### *A Country of Surpassing Interest*

In looking back over our journey we concede that India was by all odds the most interesting country we

saw—even in spite of its terrible poverty, its loathsome diseases, its ignorance. Only one hundred in every thousand can read. But its superb Himalayas, its magnificent temples, the richness of the carvings which fairly overwhelm one, its problems of caste and social inequality, its customs, different from those of any other part of the world, its air of mystery—all these things work together to make the real India. Yet—it is not a white man's country! The two elements which seemingly do not trouble the natives at all, namely, the sun and the food, are the enemies of the white race. One never sees an European or an American who has not that pasty, bloodless look which speaks of ill-health and lack of vitality. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the well-known fact that every child born of European parents in this country, precociously developed because of the climate, must be sent back home before the age of six. It is quite common to hear some father or mother say, "I have just said good-bye to my children. It will be four years before I can get to England to see them again!"

None of these foreign residents ever dare deviate for a moment from the rule I have mentioned in regard to uncooked food and unboiled water. Should they do so, they never fail to rue it. The consequences are severe, often fatal. While we were in Calcutta a sad accident of this character occurred. A young man with a very

charming little wife had been living upon a meager salary in England, but having proved competent above the average, he had been transferred to the Calcutta branch of the house at a very handsome salary. For the first time in his life he had no financial worries. He had bought a pretty home, had a fine motor car and plenty of servants. For three months they had been the happiest of couples. But ten days before we came, being inordinately thirsty, he one day broke the rule and against the advice of his employees drank a glass of cold, unboiled milk. During our stay he died. Cholera is ever present in Calcutta, but the bubonic plague, so deadly in other sections of India, is not bad here. I was unable to learn why this was so.

### *Calcutta Too Modern*

We did not find Calcutta as interesting as the other Indian cities, the reason being that it is so modern. One need not travel to the Orient in order to see a modern city. It has broad paved streets and many other modern adornments. The Buddhist Pagoda there, called by some the great Jewel Box of the World, was to me the least interesting of the temples that we saw. True, it is a marvelous elaboration of the goldsmith's art. It is chiseled in a lacelike pattern, covered with mosaic made of marble and mirror glass. This reflects the light in such a manner that it has the effect of being encrusted with dia-

monds. Everybody visits the Pagoda, of course. But it is too ornate for the lover of beautiful art and architecture to really admire.

The fine hotels, the delightful people, the splendid clubs on the outskirts of the city—these are our pleasant memories of Calcutta. In this city we had friends and our enjoyment was thereby increased. At the clubs mentioned the usual sports were indulged in. Tennis and golf were played. Here, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, the social life of the city is to be seen at its height. And right here I would say something which I find to be a subject of general conversation among returned American travelers. Due, perhaps, to my Puritan ancestry, I find myself unable to get rid entirely of the distaste instilled into me when young for seeing a woman smoke. But my objections, if not removed, were certainly dulled while journeying around the modern world this time. At the clubs referred to, everybody, both men and women, smoked. Also, each had his and her whisky and soda! The custom, seemingly, has become universal. No city that we visited but had its feminine users of the weed. They are fully as numerous as the men, and in some places the customs are such as to provoke much mirth. For instance, in Burma, the women smoke huge, black, thick cheroots. The men use tiny, delicate cigarettes! So much for the progress and enlightenment of the woman of the twentieth century. Another thing we

learned was that in this warm country no liquor or stimulant is ever taken before five o'clock. After this hour, however, all who wish indulge to their satisfaction. But the traveler who wishes to take a cocktail at luncheon can never persuade the resident to join him.

### *The "Brain Fever" Bird*

I have spoken at times of the depression which follows one almost constantly while traveling in India. There are moments, of course, when one forgets it, or is able to put it temporarily in the background—when the sheer beauty of the land, the picturesqueness of the life, are the things uppermost in one's thoughts. But even during these moments one is likely to have some unusual experience. On one occasion I was sitting at one of these beautiful clubs, just idly watching the changing scene which spread out before me. Through wondrous and gorgeous palms I was watching a red sunset that I can never forget, and after it had passed the brilliancy of the stars which came creeping out, the "forget-me-nots," as Longfellow calls them, "of the angels." Everything that was sad or troublesome seemed very far away. But suddenly, right above my head, I heard the most mournful cry of a bird. I had thought our American whippoorwill the most weird of the feathered flocks, but its lone cry cannot be compared to that which I heard on this night. Greatly startled, I asked, "What is that?" The reply was, "It

is the Brain Fever Bird!" "But," I insisted, "what is its *real* name?" Again I was told that that is its correct name, and certainly it is correctly called. For it says distinctly, over and over again, in constant repetition, the words, "*brain fever*, BRAIN FEVER, BRAIN FEVER!"

To the resident the first cry of this bird is the signal that the extreme hot weather is approaching, bringing with it the ever-recurring epidemic of brain fever which always attends it. I was told that to those who were ill of brain fever the constant repetition of the cry of this unusual bird is maddening. Needless to say that, in spite of the gaiety and beauty of the surroundings, my depression returned. Those who live there, however, seem not to mind it.

There was so much that one must miss in India. What we saw we saw very thoroughly, but we feel that some day we must surely go again. Any story of a trip such as we made is of necessity sketchy. The half can never be told. Besides, the varying climate prevents covering all the country in one journey. The celebrated Vale of Kashmir, famed in song and story, we could not see. The road to it was impassable at the season that we were there. So its eternal snows, its mighty peaks, its meadows of flowers, and its strange inhabitants must wait another time.

One of our greatest disappointments, however, was not a failure to see beautiful scenery. There is probably



no section of equal extent in the world which has produced so large a number of deep religious thinkers as that section in northern India watered by the Ganges. It is one of the anomalies of India that her people love their religion with a deep and passionate love, although the two greatest of those religions — Hindu and Islam — are opposite poles in thought, practice, and character. If the history of a country is molded by its physical geography and climatic conditions, then surely the character of its people is molded by their religious beliefs.

*Tagore a Great Force for Good*

As one passes through the land he cannot but be impressed by the influence which that great scholar and thinker, Rabindranath Tagore, has had upon his people — not only upon the intellectual and educated element, but upon all of them. They all know, respect, and love him. We in America who have only met him, who have perhaps listened to his readings, and been enthralled by his beautiful and lofty philosophy, can form no idea of the power he wields in this, his own land. About ninety miles from Calcutta he has established a school, where he is endeavoring by education and correct living to uplift and elevate his people. Highly educated himself, he is the most modest of men. He lives the simplest of lives in his tiny bungalow on the grounds, and although in his seventies, he is vigorous and sturdy, attending to his own

personal wants, going so far, I am told, as to keep no servant. He has, however, an able secretary, who attends to his immense correspondence. He permits himself little time for rest, works continuously, spends all his personal money and the many gifts sent him upon the school in which he is so deeply interested.

We carried letters to him from dear friends in America, the H— family of Santa Fe. They wrote us, “Please, *please* see Dr. Tagore. He is one of our dearest friends and will welcome you cordially, because we have written him.” We looked forward to seeing him in that tiny home of which we had heard so much, such a home as all great men love, surrounded by a little colony of earnest workers and thinkers. We found as we went our way that this home of Dr. Tagore’s, small and insignificant as it is, is known throughout the world. He wrote us cordially, and then wired, asking us to be his guests. But our plans so arranged themselves that at the last we found it impossible to accept. Much as we desired to see him, our stay was too limited for us to spare the three days necessary to reach him and his little colony. Most reluctantly we relinquished the journey, and the regret at not seeing him still lingers. We cannot help feeling that truly we lost one of the most interesting experiences that all India could offer us.

## CHAPTER VII

### BEAUTIFUL DARJEELING ; MOUNT EVEREST, ROOF OF THE WORLD

IN THE heart of the Himalayas, about four hundred miles from Calcutta, lies the beautiful city of Darjeeling. It is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was well for us that we had taken a nice rest in Calcutta, for in a way it prepared us for one of the most trying journeys we had to make, although the roads were fairly good and the trains most comfortable. The railroad officials, however, seemed absolutely indifferent as to the convenience of the traveler. Even at the risk of being tautological (I have referred to the same thing in my book on South America), I must speak again of the fact that foreign countries are one hideous succession of uprisings and rebellions. We can certainly testify to the *uprisings*. Every old train, starting to every or any old place, never left later than five o'clock in the morning. When, with what my husband insisted was feminine impertinence, I protested to the officials, I was given the information that in order to reach Darjeeling we should have to ride over roads of three different gauges, broad, regular, and narrow gauge. Such a thing as a through train, evidently, has never occurred to them, and at one of the changes from broad to narrow one must needs rise at four-thirty A. M. Once more I protested in a loud voice. And I am still protesting. In the twenty-four

there are, I am confident, other hours at which one might easily depart and arrive. Uprisings and rebellions! They were many and violent.

*Andes Dwarfed by Himalayas*

Once on the way, however, my irritation would disappear. We who had crossed the Andes six times and who thought that nothing could equal, far less surpass, them in sublimity and grandeur, stood breathless in the presence of the Himalayas and the magnificent approach to Darjeeling. We were carried through the seemingly limitless and boundless plains of India of which so much has been said and written. No language can exaggerate the wonder, the curious and interesting blending of this plain, with the rugged, stern, and arid mountains. The winding railroad, one of the finest pieces of engineering in the world, twists, turns, loops, and once in its progress describes the figure eight, giving vistas of unusual beauty, showing glimpses far below of large rivers, which, when looked down upon, seem but tiny ribbons.

After taking the narrow gauge road, we passed across a level grade containing a dense forest, where, we were told, tigers and elephants abound, and into which the natives never venture. In our hours of travel we passed beyond the altitude of bamboo and banana and left back of us the great Darjeeling tea plantations of which the world has heard so much. We passed through so many

mountain villages where we saw new races of men—bright, active, Nepaulese men and women. I was horrified to see the latter so heavily laden. They wear a band across their foreheads to support the packs upon their backs. They were good natured, although some of them were very filthy, and all had beautiful white teeth. Their cheeks were painted a brilliant red. They were loaded with jewels, carrying all their wealth in corals, silver bracelets, and anklets. Stuck on one side of the nose were round, jeweled discs, some of which were twice the size of a silver dollar. Among the richer class these discs were made of gold, so beautiful and so expensive, that I decided I could not afford them. Frequently all that a woman is worth will be put into these gold discs to be worn in the nose.

### *A Cold Hill Station*

The boundary line of Thibet is here, just beyond Darjeeling, and in these picturesque villages one sees this fine type of people—sturdy, open-faced, and in strong contrast to the Bengalese rice pickers and the other weaker inhabitants of the country. The extreme cold of Darjeeling makes it one of the favorites of what is known as the Hill Stations of India. These hill stations may well be called the lungs of India. How necessary they are when the extreme heat comes, only those who can flee to them know. Every one who can possibly manage

it goes to Simla, Darjeeling, or some other hill station for the extremely warm weather. We did not get to Simla. It was winter when we were in India and the place was closed. But we could well understand from seeing Darjeeling, surrounded as it is by perpetual snows, what the cool breath must mean to those who swelter in the torrid heat of the lower places of India. I can truly say that I was never so cold in my life as I was in Darjeeling. Wrapped in furs and the warmest of clothing, I shivered continuously and could *not* keep warm.

On these heights we frequently met with most interesting experiences. One of these was the fact that the porters were all women. The climb from the station is a hard one. We made it in *jinrickshas*, but the women made it afoot, bearing heavy luggage on their backs, held in place by the strap fastened across the forehead. As usual, though, they were laden with bracelets and rings, and they were soft-eyed and pretty to look at. In the bazaar, especially on Sunday, is to be found a seething mass of people—thousands of them, from many quarters—Bhootan, Thibet, Nepaul, and other places. They bring small stocks of wares for sale, small because they must climb over the pass of eighteen thousand feet in order to reach this market. Often they travel two or three days, sleep on the bare ground in the cold, and when their stuff is sold they have received for it but a few pennies. Yet they look happy and contented.



Mighty Kinchinjunga towers 28,000 feet above sea level



Another view of Kinchinjunga



*View of Kinchinjinga*

We saw here a curious old Thibetan temple. Outside were rows of poles, from each of which fluttered a slender pennant—the offerings to their gods. On the inside were their priests, following their weird custom of beating gongs to accompany their petitions. We found the bazaar very interesting. Darjeeling is a summer resort in the fullest meaning of the word, a picturesque town, summer home of the lieutenant-governor of India, who is also governor of Bengal. It has a barracks and a hospital. English troops are, of course, stationed here. Perched upon the side of the mountain, the city's front yard is the great valley which spreads out below, and out of which rise peaks eight, ten, twelve thousand feet high. The sky line is magnificent. Beyond, forty miles away, mighty Kinchinjinga, twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty feet high, lifts its lofty head. Next to Mount Everest, it is the highest peak in the world. Often in my life I have sat and mused upon whether one's dreams ever come true. Sitting here, looking out upon this glorious panorama, I no longer wondered. I know they sometimes do.

*Glorieſ of a Sunset*

Oh, the wonder and the glory of that first sunset at Darjeeling! We had taken *jinrickshas* and ascended to

a sight-seeing point. Huge banks of snowy clouds lying with peculiar effect below the mountain tops like soft, billowy blankets, rolled slowly down the sides. It was a curious and interesting sight, because the tops of the range were uncovered, the clouds below them. As the sun descended the clouds became crimson and gold, lighting up the snow-crested Kinchinjinga and the neighboring peaks with wonderful brilliancy. Suddenly, however, as if touched by the hand of a demon, the scene was transformed. The soft, rose-colored clouds below the mountains became an ugly gray. The wondrous heights of Kinchinjinga loomed angry and forbidding, almost black. Despite this, however, the scene was even more beautiful than before, for all this gloomy change was outlined against a sky of flaming brightness.

Our real object in coming to Darjeeling was to visit Tiger Hill. It is six miles farther on and at an elevation of nine thousand feet. Here we were to obtain, if the gods were favorable, a sight of Mount Everest. As this mountain is twenty-nine thousand and two feet, very little beyond the height of the great Kinchinjinga, and as it lies a hundred and fifty miles away, one gets but the slightest peep at it, even if he is lucky enough to see it at all. Many people remain for weeks and for months, and are then compelled to leave without a sight of it. We were fortunate. The peak was in full view for the entire three days that we were there, but on the fourth

day it was covered again and remained so for weeks.

It is a time-honored custom to see Mount Everest at dawn. I have already referred feelingly to the various *uprisings* which attended my trip through India. But if I had thought the previous ones trying, I certainly received the shock of my life when we visited Tiger Hill. I was informed that this uprising would take place not at dawn but at two-thirty A. M. Now, I had already discovered one thing, namely, that they always have a reason for everything they do, even the most disagreeable things which they require of the tourist, and I was soon to learn the reason for this. We *were* to see Mount Everest at dawn, but in order to do so we must make a climb of six miles to the top of Tiger Hill, from which the view is to be obtained. It was necessary, therefore, that each be in the *dandy* at three, sharp.

### *On the Way to Tiger Hill*

These little conveyances are reclining chairs. Entering ours, we were carried up the steep mountain, a truly wonderful feat being accomplished by our bearers, who made the six miles in two hours. After a cup of coffee and a piece of toast we made the start promptly at three. Never in my life have I experienced such a chill. Here in the heart of the Himalayas one surely finds himself in Nature's ice-box. Although prepared for the trip, armed with fur coats, warm woolen underwear, fur rugs

above, beneath and around us, we were simply chilled to the marrow of our bones, as are all who make the ascent at this time of the year. In a *dandy* one lies at almost full length. What I that night looked out upon was a sight the like of which I shall perhaps never see again. The glitter of the stars! Never before had they seemed so near. On this six-mile trip up the mountain I saw fifteen shooting stars. Sirius, like a small sun, was sending down a brilliant line of light, and there were many other luminous stars unfamiliar to me. Overhead were the Big and Little Dippers, and Orion seemed an old, familiar friend. As we moved through the forest, in which, although dark, the trees being absolutely straight, I had glimpses of the starlit sky. But in the open spaces this jeweled firmament became a vision of pure delight.

The Darjeeling men wear long hair, while the women chop theirs. This peculiarity, and the fact that my six stalwart bearers were such strange-looking men—a type I had not come in contact with before, formed the reason why I did not observe that they had picked me up in my *dandy* as if I were as light as a feather and that I was already a mile up the mountain ahead of the rest of the party. My husband has always claimed that for a woman who has as much self-reliance as I have, who is always at ease and certainly unafraid in her own country and who (as he laughingly claims) rules her household with a rod of iron, develops an almost unbelievable timidity

the moment she crosses the ocean. He declares that only in Europe or some other far-away continent is he really master of the family *ménage*—that there his word is absolute law to me, that I never so much as cross the street without his permission.

*Panic-Stricken in the Dark*

With this *sub rosa* picture of our domestic relations you can well understand the wild panic which seized me when I realized that I was in the dense forest, in the heart of the mountains, with six men of a tribe recognized as the boldest and almost the most savage of the Thibetans. With the knowledge of the great unrest in India, with the hostility openly evinced toward the English, for whom we were constantly being mistaken, one can understand a little of my state of mind. I realized my helplessness in case of danger. My cries and calls to my husband received no answer. My haughty commands to these creatures to put me down and await the *sahib* met with absolutely no attention. I was simply frightened to death! At last, however, reason came to the rescue. Like many other women, nervous, timid, frightened and worried over the small things of life, I seem always to regain my poise in the emergencies. These emergencies, like the hill stations of this country we were visiting, may be few and far between, but also like them, they bring coolness and tranquillity and restore me to my normal state. So,

reasoning with myself I accept the inevitable, no matter what it is.

As I became less agitated I felt assured that these men, with their weird, incessant chant, were not, after all, intent upon murdering me on the way to Tiger Hill. Once the thought came to me I leaned back serene and calm in my little *dandy* and thoroughly enjoyed the beauty of the scene. But until we reached Tiger Hill, where I waited for fully twenty minutes before the rest of the party joined us, I saw not a soul. And for once I had a laugh on this redoubtable husband of mine! He had to confess that he had passed through a similar experience, his calls to the drivers and to me remaining unanswered. He was almost as disturbed as I had been. Of course, he says that he was troubled only because he knew of my nervousness and feared the effect of such an experience upon me! Anyway, when he reached the top, he was distinctly and unmistakably glad to see me.

### *The Monarch of Mountains*

On Tiger Hill we paused for the view of Mount Everest. Breathless we watched. Kinchinjinga stood out, absolutely cloudless, and when the sun, a red ball of fire, came up out of the rosegold mist it topped these lofty peaks until they resembled golden domes. Nothing can equal the glory and the beauty of this picture. No words can describe it. In South America we had crossed at

sixteen thousand feet (at the Cerro del Pasco mines) the Andes. Here now were the glorious Himalayas, spread out before us in heights of twenty-seven and twenty-eight thousand feet. And towering above them all, at the height of twenty-nine thousand feet, rose Mount Everest, king of peaks! In Bolivia, Lake Titicaca had shown us many glories. But here, between us and the great uncovered heights, lay the lower range covered with clouds, pink, yellow or rose according to the way that they were touched by the rays of the rising sun. This imposing lower range is Kinchinjinga and her companions, and thrilled as we were at sight of it we were much more affected when, turning only slightly, we obtained our view, and a perfect view it was, of the very top of Mount Everest—white-crowned monarch of the giant range. Unrivalled it stands before the world. Although wrapped in furs and almost freezing, we lingered in the radiance of this early dawn and were fired with enthusiasm. The Himalayan king and his snow-crowned subjects! Who that has seen can ever forget? We looked across vast chasms to that far-away line of perpetual snows. A glittering wall of white lay before us, rent now and then by enormous masses of bare granite. The grandeur of this scene, glorified by the golden, spear-like shafts of light cast by the rising sun, there are no words in the language to portray. The sunshine heightens the beauty of the scene. By moonlight it is exquisite. Glorious as are the temples, the

*gopuras*, the rivers and the plains of India, nothing can exceed the beauty of her mountains, nor can any words convey an adequate idea of the many marvels which here exist.

*Beggary in the Midst of Beauty*

But with all the delights, all the strange beauty which we have seen, the plaintive dejection of the natives haunts me yet. Half of India is begging. Her indigent are not only poor—they are filthy and diseased. Crippled, blind and maimed—you simply cannot go where they are not to be seen. They gather about you all the time. The people have the appearance of just seeming not to care! What is, must be! This is their hopeless attitude, and to look upon them takes away the pleasure of traveling in India. But—it is among this class of people that the teachings of Ghandi, the great reformer, are being most widely propagated. Gradually it is being absorbed. What will the harvest be?

The next few years will tell the tale. If uprisings and revolutions are not born it will be because the English will take drastic measures for reform. The outlook now is one of aggressiveness on the part of the natives. *The people want justice!*

To the American traveler the two hundred and twenty-five castes in India are not only puzzling—they border upon the ludicrous. Had we not had a good guide and a competent servant I fear we should have made many



blunders. To me there is something excruciatingly funny in the knowledge that the street-sweeper may be of so high a caste that the Prince of Wales would contaminate him should he accidentally touch him while passing by! On the morning of our arrival in Bombay we were much mystified at the persistent and spectacular waving of hands by a water-carrier. It was finally explained to us that an apparent beggar standing near wished a drink. He was almost naked and filthy beyond description. But this high-caste gentleman could not quench his thirst owing to our proximity! We cheerfully removed ourselves to a safe distance, moved to do so, I fear, more because of his appearance than because we really felt that we might pollute his drinking supply.

### *Discomfort in Travel*

I have already said that Indian railroads and cars are things to be avoided whenever and wherever possible. The traveler's comfort and convenience — even his necessary information — are not considered. Accustomed to comfortable travel elsewhere, and especially to luxurious travel in America, there were times when we were absolutely bewildered. The train possesses no such thing as a conductor. There is a man who looks at your ticket when you enter the station and again when you leave it. This is always at the gates. There are no porters. The traveler must know where to change cars, where to get

out for meals, where to — well, he has to know *everything* in regard to his trip or else he is completely lost. And when one has to arise at anywhere from two to four A. M. in order to catch a train he must awaken himself — or get left!

After the succession of uprisings to which I have made frequent mention, I determined upon one thing — namely, that I should have at least two good nights' rest before we made the start down from Darjeeling. For, to add insult to injury, that train started back at the same unearthly hour. The next morning, therefore, in the icy cold of those fireless rooms, snugly ensconced in furs, water-bottles and other paraphernalia supposed to produce heat, I lay in bed in delicious languor, smiling to myself in the darkness when I heard the others making ready for the early start to Tiger Hill, completely satisfied that *I* did not have to arise until I was ready.

### *Descent to the Plains*

The descent we found quite as interesting as the climb had been. We retraced our steps past the Darjeeling tea plantations, and on the way down came to a very fine Catholic college or institution of some kind — evidence of the manner in which the church finds its way to remotest heights.

When I say that we feel that we have seen India pretty thoroughly I mean, of course, southern India. In spite of

the drawbacks to travel which I have already mentioned, there is about the country a seductive charm. One always longs to go back. To this longing we are no exception. Already we are looking forward to the next journey when we may visit those parts of the country which by force of circumstances we had this time to forego.

## CHAPTER VIII

MADRAS AND MADURA; HALL OF A THOUSAND PILLARS; GOLDEN

LILY TANK

IT WAS an awful night that we spent on the train which carried us from Calcutta to Madras. At every station natives pounded on the doors to know if we wished anything! They waked us at four-thirty to ask if we wanted *chota-hazri*—the coffee and rolls which are served when one wakens, the regular breakfast coming some hours later. The *chota-hazri* habit, by the way, is very easily acquired. We found it a most agreeable one—except for the early hour at which it was brought.

At Madras we got our first sight of the Bay of Bengal—such a beautiful sheet of water, but filled, we were told, with sharks and the most horrible reptiles. The bathers in it, therefore, are most cautious. These snakes run from two to ten feet in length and are more poisonous, if that were possible, than the cobra. We saw them in the aquarium—and that was quite close enough. Here we saw also what is called the bird fish, because its scales, if so they may be called, look like real feathers. One of these which we saw was most unusual. It was in color like the canary bird and was called the canary fish. It has feet. It walked on the bottom of the tank—the only member of the finny tribe I ever saw that walked on two

feet! These bird-fish are the prettiest things imaginable — the bluebird fish, the butterfly fish, and others of similar name. Even in Honolulu, where the aquarium is so wonderful and the fish so varied, we never saw anything so beautiful or so gorgeously colored as these of the aquarium of Madras. Here, also, were sea horses and cows. These are rather rare. One does not see them often.

### *Taking Up One's Bed*

There was a beautiful drive along the coast of the bay, and we drove to the church where St. Thomas, the doubting Disciple, is buried. I have spoken often of the poor train service of India, but it occurs to me now that I have forgotten to speak of the worst thing of all. There is no such thing in the country as a sleeping-car. One carries his own bedding, etc., a custom which I strenuously resented at first, but which, afterward, I found to be our greatest safety. With our own mattresses, which our bearers carried, and our own pillows, we managed to make ourselves quite comfortable. The otherwise roomy compartments have nothing but hard benches, which must be softened by bedding if one wishes to travel in India in any sort of comfort. The compartments are supposed to accommodate four, but we found that a small tip (in American money) judiciously bestowed, worked wonders here — as elsewhere. What seemed to us like a very small

sum, to them is a large one. We always managed to get a compartment to ourselves. At best, however, one's rest is far from satisfactory and at times the heat, together with my strenuous guide in the person of my husband, combined to render me almost desperate. As an example of the latter—it is the custom in all of these countries to go to bed and sleep from eleven till three. Recuperating in this manner daily, one manages to hoard his much-tried strength. The shops are closed between these hours, but—the temples are open. My husband realized that if we were *living* in India we should have to conform to the custom of the country; otherwise, the climate always gets one sooner or later, no matter how great his virility. The anaemic look and pasty appearance is always present among foreigners. But he insisted that with my extreme youth (I am four times a grandmother!) and his enormous fund of enthusiasm, not to mention the short time at our disposal, we could accomplish *anything*! As a consequence, we went from morn till night. We took no time off. Wearily we fell asleep at night, only to get up and take a fresh start next morning. Finally I found that my enthusiasm equaled his. But it was a strenuous life while it lasted.

### *Blavatsky School of Theosophy*

Near Madras is the famous School of Theosophy headed by Madame Blavatsky. We did not attempt to



Ready for swimming, Madras



Car of Juggernaut, Madras



visit it, much as I should have liked to do, but we were told that she has a large following of earnest students and co-workers, and a charming colony. As we crossed from Marseilles we met one of her devotees on the steamer, from whom we learned much of her and of the faith. There was a time, I believe, when Madame Blavatsky gave the government much anxiety and no small amount of trouble. But of late they have been working in unison for the betterment of the natives, and I frequently heard her school spoken of very highly by Englishmen. The member whom I met on the boat was a charming woman, intelligent to a degree. But I could not, nor can I yet, understand her religious belief. Like the Hindus, the Theosophists eat no meat. They take a vow not to kill any living thing. I longed to ask this dear lady what she would do if attacked by a swarm of poisonous mosquitoes, or in case a nice big cobra should attempt to become intimately acquainted without introduction. But I refrained. I knew it would be useless.

### *Bewildering Array of Animals*

One of the fascinations of India is its wild life. The mischievous gray crow, the tame mongoose (sometimes just a pet running about the house), the jackals walking around the streets of a town, making the night hideous with their peculiar sounds — these are among the common, every-day things that one sees. Calcutta, particularly, is

full of jackals, and they are the scavengers of the city. It is the birds, however, which interest the visitor most. These are so many—gulls, very beautiful in their soft white-and-gray dresses, the parrots, the love birds with their blue and emerald sheen, the loveliest things I ever dreamed of, the paddy birds, the bulbuls, the magpies, robins, humming birds, bee-eaters, the egrets, walking about in the hot sun all day long following the buffalo cows—and many others that I cannot now remember. Of them all, however, the green parrots and the rose-colored lorikeets are the loveliest. Their bewildering brilliancy of plumage is actually so gorgeous that it beggars description. When they fly, gathering in flocks and chattering from tree to tree, it is truly a wonderful sight.

I remember one occasion as we were driving home in the soft glow of the Indian sunset from the Taj Mahal, when we were suddenly attracted by a loud chattering of birds. We stopped to investigate and found dozens and dozens of these exquisitely-tinted creatures resting in a large tree. We sat for a while and watched them as they quarreled and scolded and fluttered about the tree, making a picture we shall never forget. However, the proportion of birds, profuse as they are, is small when compared with the other wild life of the country—the big game, as it is commonly called. Think of what the Prince of Wales (if the paper reports are to be credited) alone killed during his sojourn in India! Tiger, leopard,

rhinoceros, sloth bear, wild bear, black buck, chinchara, spotted deer, demoiselle crane, two kinds of partridge, seven or eight varieties of duck, two kinds of sandgrouse, and many others! Add to this the domestic animals, such as the camel, elephant, buffalo, zebu, two kinds of monkeys, and even after all of these are counted one has but touched the fringe, as it were, of the wild life of India. One might stay in this country for years and yet not be able to see all that it contains. It is marvelous.

*Scenes on the Way to Madura*

Referring to my diary on the day that I entered Madura I find that I have inscribed the classical phrase "Hot as blazes!" This was on February third. From Madras we had been hot, dusty and uncomfortable all the way. The dust was terrific. I was horrified on awakening in the morning to find myself confronted by a tan-colored gentleman. I thought that a native had invaded my apartment. Later, however, I discovered that it was only my husband. And when I called his attention to his personal appearance he assured me that I looked no prettier! But the ride down had been interesting, if dirty. We passed numberless rice fields, saw mountains in the distance as well as many little villages with mud huts and thatched roofs. The natives here are most picturesque, the men, wearing their black hair long, were different from any we had yet seen and were very

savage-looking. Both men and women, however, were handsome creatures. All along the route, also, we passed huge idols, men on horseback with spears encircling them, elephants and other animals, carved either of stone or wood, we could not tell which from the train. Thousands of cocoanut trees laden with fruit met our eyes and whenever the train stopped, so primitive was the location that the monkeys surrounded it, begging for food. With such interesting surroundings and experiences we forgot our discomfort and gave ourselves up to enjoyment.

I have already said that in writing a book on India one could easily run into several volumes, and one of these would surely have to be devoted to her trees. Not one is without interest, from the flowering, flame-colored jungle tree to the superb, lofty umbrageous umbrella tree. The celebrated *Bo* tree, famed in song and verse as the *Peepul* tree—the one under which Gautama sat and which ever since has been known as the sacred tree of India, is surpassingly beautiful. The banyan has been so often described that I shall not touch upon it except to say that the largest one in the world is at Calcutta, the second largest at Madura.

### *Thirty-six Thousand Gods*

Our first view of the Madura temple was at night. It was superbly illuminated. The next morning we saw that its color is a rich, creamy brown. Very gorgeous and



Madura Temple



Coolie girls, Madura

ornate, it is considered the finest example of Dravidian art in India. The fourteen elaborately-carved towers; the four immense gateways, and the golden dome — these are indescribably beautiful. These towers are of enormous height and even the fourteen smaller ones are carved with figures colossal in size, every feature of the human body, even to the smallest toe nail, being perfectly and accurately carved. The labor expended here is simply inconceivable, and one must always remember the fact that these carvings are cut from stone or hard plaster.

In this temple there are thousands of statues of Siva and his wives as well as all kinds of gods and goddesses. One must remember also that there are thirty-six thousand gods for the Indians to worship. And to us it seemed that most, if not all of them, were here in this one temple. The hideous god Ganesha figures largely here. He has the elephant's head, the legend being that he, the son of Siva, was guarding his mother's bed-chamber that she might enjoy an afternoon nap. He was told to let no one enter the room. His father, returning unexpectedly, the son denied him entrance, whereupon Siva promptly cut off his head. Finding his wife inconsolable over the loss of her son, he generously promised that he would restore to him the first head he saw after leaving her chamber. This happened to be the head of an elephant.

*The Hall of a Thousand Pillars*

Every guidebook has described the Hall of a Thousand Pillars. It deserves all the beautiful descriptive language that has been expended upon it. The Golden Lily Tank also, so frequently photographed, is certainly a dream of beauty. But all the magnificence of statued halls, wonderful handicraft, lovely water tanks, etc., cannot hide the underlying filth of India. Ill-smelling, garlanded cows stand about in the temple. This animal, being sacred, is worshipped everywhere. In clusters on the floor the pilgrims are eating their lunch, their offerings of fruit and food, fresh when brought, now lying rancid and spoiled, lending to the already nauseating odor of the place.

One thing particularly offensive to the tourist is the odor of rancid butter, used in a very original way. The devotees, desirous of gaining some particular favor, buy pounds of butter (which is fairly expensive in India) and approaching the god as closely as the railing will permit, throw pounds and pounds of it at him till he is literally covered with it. These offerings, of course, are the perquisites of the priests of the temple, and after the butter has lain there for several days they take it for their use! It is certainly a large contributor to the unpleasant odor of the place. I was so fascinated by this unique mode of decorating the god that I did not notice until my guide spoke to me that a yellow-garbed priest



was motioning me to move away. I was too close, it seems, and was in danger of contaminating the shrine!

*At the Golden Lily Tank*

The Golden Lily Tank, which is unquestionably beautiful, is the center of this shrine. I could not ascertain the manner in which this tank is fed, but it has been so long used by the bathers that its waters are now dark and green. We watched the bathers, and here again was a novel method of taking a bath—even a ceremonial one. They plunge in, dry themselves on a bath towel, then proceed to rub themselves all over with dry cow-dung dust! This is a custom, by the way, which prevails all over India. The dung of the cow is sacred, the people who gather it are professionals. Walking after the cows in the street you can see them constantly, these professional gatherers, waiting for the dropping. It is then dried in the sun and later sold to these fanatical Hindus in cakes for fuel, and for powder after the bath. As was the case at the Ganges, in this Golden Lily Tank the bathers drink this contaminated water, and when I asked if they did not regard it as polluted they replied "No!" They are not permitted, they told me, to use soap. Therefore, they argue, the water is absolutely pure and hygienic! There were a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims visiting the temple at the time we were there, and the scene was one continuous, moving mass of color.

It was in this temple that I saw one more evidence of the dense unenlightenment of the country. On one of the pillars I saw a carving. It was that of a man and woman holding between them a child whose head they were cutting off. Asking the guide to interpret it for me I was told this remarkable story. There was an ancient custom (and it lasted until comparatively recently when England at last forbade it) whereby a childless couple would pray to the gods for a child, promising that should they be granted one of their own, they would at the age of one year, offer it as a sacrifice in order that they might have others! This carving represented this custom, and is but one more specimen of the awful things which have existed in this country of bewildering beauty and dense ignorance for centuries. Fearing to appear prolix and to weary my readers I have not described one-tenth of the sights of the interior of this temple, one of the most interesting we saw in our travels. But I can see it distinctly yet—the kneeling pilgrims, the yellow-garbed priests, the sacred elephants, surely the most enormous beasts that I have ever seen and of which there were more than a dozen in this temple—as I revisualize the scene it seems naught but color, color, color! And though the rest of Madura, with its palaces and other places of interest, was one of the bright spots of our sojourn in the East, I feel that a description of this temple is sufficient as a picture of the place.

## CHAPTER IX

### CEYLON, THE PEARL OF THE INDIES; KANDY; TEMPLE OF SACRED TOOTH

A FOUR hours' ride through a continuously interesting country of rice fields and villages, brought us to the spot where we were to catch the boat for Ceylon. A sail of two hours in the cool of the evening carried us to the latter place where we caught the train for another night's ride to Colombo which was our objective point. Here we relaxed. It was splendid to find in this far-away land the most comfortable hotel we had seen for many a day. Facing the Bay of Bengal, just a few feet from the edge of the shore we had a glimpse of the sunset between those two palms, which have been photographed doubtless oftener than any others on earth. After the strenuousness of our last few days in India it was surely delightful to rest at this luxurious hotel.

Colombo is a modern city, therefore not of so great interest to the traveler as are the ancient and native cities. It has beautiful homes and clubs; tennis and golf grounds, hospitals and stores, and over them all is a great charm. One lingers here more, however, because of the sheer beauty of its location, and our pleasure was heightened by the fact that we met here old friends from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A— and Mr. and Mrs.

Barney G—, the latter two youngsters, all six of us bent upon the same object, namely, to encircle the globe. What jolly times we had gossiping of home, and the birthday of one of the members of the party was here celebrated in great style!

*Gautama's Sacred Tooth*

Of course we went to Kandy to visit the temple of the Sacred Tooth. The tooth itself is shown but once yearly, in December. But we saw the wonderful library and jewelled books. The sacred tooth was, of course, Gautama's, but it is so enormous that the suspicion is, that the original tooth must have been lost and one of a crocodile substituted. The mountain scenery of Ceylon is very beautiful, the peaks are broken and jagged, the slopes and gorges green and wooded. The many winds and curves of the roads over precipices show beautiful valleys below. One day while we were here we took a ride up to Nuwara Eliya. Here were once huge coffee plantations, but now they have been supplanted by tea gardens. Some insect ruined the coffee plants and now very few of them are to be seen in Ceylon.

Not far from here are the celebrated Paradeniya botanical gardens, established by one of the kings of Ceylon. They contain wonderful specimens of the palm—one of them being the talipot, which blooms but once when from forty to fifty years old, the bloom resembling

ostrich feathers. After the blooming it dies. The gardens contain also nutmeg, clove, allspice, cinnamon and a great variety of palm; the rubber tree, giant bamboo (two or three feet in diameter), and all kinds of beautiful flowers. It is a lovely spot, and Nuwara Eliya a charming place to rest, the altitude being a little over six thousand feet.

*Fruits, Flowers and Birds*

All through India we had seen the bullock carts—the little bullock snow white, with horns curving toward each other, which were most quaint and interesting. These little creatures trot madly about, like a pony, and in the picturesque little carts they draw the natives ride. The white man or woman, however, loses caste by so doing. They are the favorite mode of conveyance in Colombo. We were served many fruits in Colombo, such as the mango, but were disappointed in finding the custard apple, so delicious in Spain and South America, as tasteless here as sawdust. We had supposed that we should find it luscious here, but such was not the case.

Many are the beautiful drives out of Kandy and on one of these I saw for the first time the sandal-wood tree. There were also satin-wood, mahogany, rubber, teak and ebony trees. The sandal-wood trees are scarce; at least, if there were many, we could not recognize them. Beautiful parrots and bluebirds flew through these trees, and in addition to the white crane we saw again that won-

derful egret bird which we had seen in India, and such quantities of which we saw later in Burma. It is a curious fact that this spotlessly white bird should be attracted to the buffalo (the cow of Burma) the hide of which is unspeakably filthy from much wallowing in the mud. The egret bird, however, is always to be seen perched upon its back, supposedly for the purpose of picking off and eating the insects. Another tree which grows here bears the jack fruit, great heavy bunches of which hang down and upon which the natives live, also the breadfruit tree—none of the fruit of which we tasted.

### *The Begging Elephants*

One day we went to the river to see the elephants bathe. This was an interesting experience—for more than one reason. The beasts have been taught to beg. We took with us quantities of bananas with which to feed them, but not unlike other beggars they sometimes threw away what was given them and put out the trunk a second time for something else. This second act is a request for money for their keepers and they become very solicitous about the latter. Needless to say we had some money ready. We presented it and promptly fled as they were becoming quite pressing in their demands.

The most interesting sight of the streets is, of course, the people, especially the priests carrying huge leaves from the banana tree as a protection from the rain, after

the manner of an umbrella. Here, too, one sees many specimens of the mongoose which kills the venomous snakes of India. Should a man find a mongoose in his yard he will make every effort to keep it. He regards it as a good omen and thinks himself lucky. Usually the possession of one of these little animals insured its owner against the entrance of the deadly cobra and other poisonous reptiles. Here the odor of the frangipani, a delicious perfume of what is here called the temple flower, was frequently inhaled.

### *Some Wonderful Ruins*

One of our trips out of Kandy was to the deserted city of Anuradhapura. The ruins of Egypt have been visited for years. They have been known for centuries. But these of Ceylon have remained buried in deepest earth until a comparatively recent date. It has been known, of course, that great cities had once existed in the beautiful island, but those cities had vanished from the face of mother earth and now naught was to be seen of them. In the early part of the nineteenth century an Englishman, Lieutenant Fagin (that sounds pretty Irish to me!), came upon some of these ruins and wrote a little about them. This was in 1820. But it was not until 1871 that steps were taken to uncover them. A few years later they were open for all the world to see and admire. It is a curious fact, though, that out of the thousands of

tourists who come annually to Ceylon few care to make the trip to these wonderful ruins. Practically everyone who makes the journey to Colombo goes to Kandy and then on to that charming resort, Nuwara Eliya. But few go to Anuradhapura and Sigiriya, two of the most famous spots of old Ceylon.

To see the moonstones is alone worth the journey. They are so exquisitely carved. These, by the way, are nothing like the moonstones we know as jewels which come from the same island. They are large semi-circular stones sometimes found at the entrances to the temples of southern India. These in Anuradhapura are so very pretty, and are as fresh as on the day that they were carved, who knows how many centuries ago? The figures carved are those of the elephant, strange horses, bullocks and queerly-shaped lions. It has been at least two thousand years since this carving was done, and perhaps much longer, a fact which when remembered cannot fail to intensify the interest they hold.

The drive hither from Kandy is from ninety to a hundred miles by motor. And we made the usual five-o'clock-in-the-morning-start! But the ride was wonderful. We found the country flatter than the climb to Nuwara Eliya had been. There were a few cultivated villages, interspersed with stretches of real jungle—the jungle of the tangled vines and scarlet flowers, thickly mingled with trees, almost, if not quite, impenetrable.



Here, we were told, tigers and elephants infest the place. Sometimes, when we would descend from the motor to view some scene of interest, we were amused to see tortoises feeding on the ground just as rabbits do at home. The place was full of picturesque attractions. The great red pods of the cocoa hang over the road in clusters. The people of the plantations are at work, wearing their red *saris* and long, ornamental earrings, covering the whole of the extended lobe—one could scarcely exaggerate the picturesqueness of the scene.

### *Legend of a Remarkable City*

The story of this city, founded five hundred years before Christ, really reads like a fairy tale. A queen gave birth to ten sons. The eleventh child was a girl who was called Chitta. There was a prophecy to the effect that Chitta's son would destroy all his uncles and inherit the throne. So they ordered her put to death. But, as is usual in fairy tales, she was secretly saved. She grew up and when her brothers discovered the fact they permitted her to marry on condition that should she have a male child she would slay it. This promise, also, failed of fulfillment. Her son, too, was secretly saved, grew up, defeated his uncles in battle and in gratitude for the victory built this city of Anuradhapura.

The brazen palace here is remarkable. It stood nine stories high and contained a thousand rooms. Many of

its sixteen hundred stratified pillars are still standing. The palace of the queen, with its carvings of stone and jewels is wholly in ruins, but the remains may well be studied. At the entrance of the steps is to be seen the famous moonstone peculiar to Singalese architecture, so called because of its shape. There are colossal statues of Buddha, beautifully carved; wonderful elephants and other animals surrounding the temples. The ruins of the two hundred and fifty-six square mile city are so impressive, that one cannot but wonder at the perfection of the civilization which must have existed in this place, the history of which runs back into mythical antiquity.

### *The Sacred Bo Tree*

Passing a calm Buddha we mounted a high terrace, from which we again ascended a flight of steps to a platform which surrounds the sacred Bo tree. They say that this tree was originally on ground level but has been built up this high by the use of rich and special soil and that the roots run far, far below the present surface. Through a set of railings we gazed at the tree which, whether it came from the sacred tree under which Buddha sat or not has attained sanctity on its own account because of its great age. It is known positively that it has stood here for two thousand and two hundred years. A temple was formerly over it. Miracles are recorded of it. Feasts are annually held about it. Pilgrims come

from far and near just to bow and pray beneath it. It is one of the eight sacred sites of the Buddhists. Such a tree cannot fail to inspire, even in the casual traveler, admiration, even reverence.

Monks in yellowish, almost cinnamon-colored robes flit about, monkeys with their babies twisted about them climb the trees. Birds, ever flying and twittering sing above one's head. Pilgrims pass before you to bow before the oldest tree in the world. The natural skepticism of the West toward all such relics is silenced. Even I found myself cherishing the sacred leaf which one of the priests gave me in exchange for my husband's gift to him. In standing before these ancient ruins, recalling the former splendor of the place, one has a sense of deep respect if nothing more. In the midst of her dilapidation Anuradhapura retains her qualities of stateliness. Her wonderfully-carved Buddhas are imposing figures and her goddesses fill one with admiration. The mighty statues and splendid shrines still flank the dead city and bear mute testimony of Ceylon's past greatness. To come suddenly face to face with one of these dark, silent figures, fearful with repressed vitality, startles one, compels the attention. Their very solemnity, to say nothing of their size, is awe-inspiring.

On the return trip to Kandy we made a detour to Sigiriya Hill, also of absorbing interest. It is an impregnable boulder rising above the three- or four-

hundred feet of steps which we had climbed. There I stopped, but my husband went the whole of the way. This enormous black rock, rising right out of the jungle, four hundred feet, on which these palaces, forts and elephant stables have been built, reminded us both of the Black Mesa of New Mexico, near Santa Fe. One who has seen Sigiriya will not, I think, easily forget it. This remarkable rock is an amazing sight, especially when one remembers that away back in the fifth century a king built his palace on its summit! The immensity of the labor! Present-day engineers say it must have been one of the greatest engineering feats in all history. Yet here this king lived in state, with his *zenana*, his courtiers, his elephant stables, governing his people for eighteen years. Of course there was reason, in the olden days, for a monarch thus to protect himself from his enemies. Most of them chose a place for their palaces as nearly impregnable as possible. This particular king, it seems, had committed a great crime and was in constant fear of being murdered. Well—to my modern eyes this looks like a safe spot! How anyone would ever have the courage to climb to the top even to be revenged on one's enemy is beyond my comprehension!

### *The Rose-colored Throne*

In the center of the palace is a wonderful rose-colored throne from which this king (Kasyapa was his name)

dispensed justice. What a farce for a man who had the black sin of murder on his own heart (he had killed either his father or his brother, I do not remember which) to sit there day after day, trembling in fear of his own life and administering justice to those not half so guilty as himself! One day, however, so the story goes, he became either tired or reckless and descended from his lofty domain for a short time — only a few hours. His enemies had waited for this very thing. They surrounded and killed him.

Even the height to which I had climbed presented a wonderful view of the jungle, a charming thing to look upon, with its carpet of green (the purest green we had seen with the exception of that of Brazil), and difficult to see beyond its beautiful scenery the man-eating tigers and other wild beasts which infest it. We were caught here in a tropical rain. One who has never experienced such can form no idea of the sheets of water with which we were drenched. Of course, a little episode such as this did not trouble us. For we had travelled either in clouds of blinding dust or wallowed in sloughs of mud!

### *Wild Men of Ceylon*

At Anuradahapura we were as close as we ever got (and it was close enough!) to that section of Ceylon where the really wild men dwell. As one goes about the world

he will still find many places where these people still live, but in so small an island as Ceylon, one so well-inhabited and so thoroughly cultivated, it would seem as though these wild creatures could be tamed. But I am told that the few who have been captured and forcibly detained have not warranted the attempt to civilize them. The experiment has never been satisfactory. Our civilization, seemingly holds no appeal whatsoever to them. These tribes to which I refer live in trees. They swing from limb to limb, like monkeys, and they live on the forest products as other wild creatures do. The greatest bar to civilization is their unreasonable fear of civilized man. Even those living nearest to them catch a glimpse of them very seldom.

Back in our delightful hotel in Colombo we rested for two days preparatory to taking the steamer. I have failed to mention that bubonic plague, cholera and small-pox are so common in this country that we encountered them wherever we went. We learned here that all steamers were compelling prospective passengers to be vaccinated for smallpox. Before leaving the United States we had been vaccinated at the same time that we took the typhoid serum, but we had failed to bring the certificates which, of course, were now required. We thought, therefore, that this beautiful Ceylon, so up-to-date and clean, would be a good place to go to the English hospital and be vaccinated. The experience was unique. Never

shall either of us forget it! We found at the English hospital *one* English nurse and *no* English doctor! The physicians were all natives! The fact that they had studied medicine in England did not make them English. We found the head man and stated our wish. He told us that all the vaccine was obtained from the same place and that it would be three days before he could get any that was fresh. He added, however, that if we ourselves would go to headquarters we could be vaccinated there in ten minutes. We decided to do this. In our presence he called the man in authority there by telephone and made arrangements for us to come. When we arrived we found there a perfect horde of people, ill of every sort of disease. They were being inoculated for bubonic plague, cholera and heaven knows what other loathsome sickness. The man whom we were to see was nowhere to be found. The attendants assured us that he had not appeared at headquarters at all that day and that they themselves had been there since early morning. But they were most anxious to vaccinate us!

### *The Man of Mystery*

We decided not to take a chance on being inoculated for either bubonic plague or cholera—which chance, under existing conditions, seemed unusually good! Back we went to the hospital. Again we interviewed the man

in charge, and again, in our presence, he called up the individual at headquarters. The latter (we could easily hear the voice through the telephone) assured us that he *was* there and was awaiting us. To headquarters we therefore returned — only to have the whole performance repeated! Again the attendants assured us that the official had not been there all day, that this was the only telephone in the house and had not rung at all. But — again they eagerly offered to vaccinate us! Very much disgusted not only at their deception but their obvious inefficiency we decided to betake ourselves elsewhere. So we left without their attention. And I am still asking myself questions in regard to the episode. Who was the man of mystery? Whose voice did we hear through the telephone? With us the point was that we were en route for China which country would not receive us without this formality being attended to. However, there were other places where it could be done before we reached China. We decided to seek one of them.

Among the very interesting things to be seen in Ceylon one must not forget to mention the waiters at the hotel. They wore very long hair, fastened up with large circular combs having two points in front. The combs are of tortoise shell and very handsome. The points curve outward in front giving an unusual, crown-like effect. This was at the Galle Face hotel in Colombo, and the peculiarity reminds me of a story quite as interesting.



*Crows as Pilferers*

In all foreign travel one must carry one's own soap. Never being able to get accustomed to this, I had several times in the Orient found myself just ready to step into a warm comfortable bath only to discover that there was no soap. This determined me to carry in each and every one of our several pieces of baggage a piece of soap. On my third morning in Colombo I discovered that my third piece of soap was missing. Petty thieving is so common a trait and so annoying that I called the chambermaid (who, by the way is always a *he*-chambermaid!) to remonstrate against this wholesale theft and to demand the restoration of my third piece of soap! Awaiting his arrival I made another discovery. My powder and powder box were also missing, and in the culprit's eagerness to get away he had spilled a lot of it on the floor. This was too much! When the native boy arrived I began reading him a lecture. And it was not an extemporaneous speech either. It had been carefully prepared! Imagine my astonishment and wrath when he calmly denied that he had touched my belongings. Exasperated at his calmness and his denial I demanded, "Well, who did take them then?" He replied, "The crows!"

I could not believe him, but leading me to the window he proved himself innocent. There on the roof below lay my powder puff, soap and various other of my toilet accessories which these dishonest birds had stolen. I was

told afterward that they are the cleverest of thieves. As they never have screens at the windows in these countries, they can come in and go out at their pleasure. The only protection the guests have is provided by small boys who, stationed outside the windows, attempt to keep them away with bows and arrows. A short time after the episode of the powder and soap, while seated on the lawn having tea, one of these feathered criminals pounced down, picked up the napin, sandwiches, *et al.*, and flew away with them! On another occasion I was lying in bed enjoying my *chota-hazri* when I heard a peculiar whirring noise just back of me. Turning I observed a crow perched upon a chair in my room. Had I not been tucked in under a mosquito netting (which we always used) I should have been more frightened than I was at this large, gray-black bird. It looked so enviously at my breakfast that I shrieked and my husband, laughing heartily at my predicament and my fears, came to the rescue and put it out. The crow of Ceylon is a nuisance. It is altogether too friendly and there are too many of them! One simply cannot get rid of them.

#### *Viewing the Toddy Palms*

There are beautiful places to be seen out of Colombo and we made several very interesting excursions. One of these was to Kaltura, about thirty miles by motor. To reach it we rode through colorful bazaars, picturesque villages, forests of mahogany and teak-wood. I think

no excursion that we took, and they were many, showed more characteristic Singalese scenery than this. We skirted the water. We went through the jungle where the toddy palms were plentiful. The latter, by the way, is to be found in India, Ceylon and Burma. And the toddy made from it is real! One sees many small jars, or pots, on many of the trees to catch the sap. The natives love it, and as it is very intoxicating of course they misuse it. But the tree itself which furnished this (to them) delicious drink is a very beautiful member of the palm family. At Kaltura we visited also the school of basket-making. Here were thousands of beautiful Ceylon baskets in every shape and size—also hats of all kinds. They formed a perfect riot of color and we could not help purchasing a few. We had a personal interest in visiting Kaltura. My husband's father had often spoken of the delicious mangosteens he had eaten here. We hoped to be able to get some, but although we found the identical tree from which his were gathered (they claimed to remember his visit!) we got no fruit. The season was over.

On our return we stopped for tiffin at Mount Lavinia, a popular bathing-beach picturesquely situated among the rocks, the chief claim of which is its freedom from the man-eating sharks which infest the Indian Ocean. Many were bathing and enjoying the waters. Most of the beaches of Ceylon are known, however, as about the most dangerous spots on earth because of the sea monsters

already referred to. I, for one, could not be induced to try it, although it looks innocent and enticing enough and the wonderful color of the water in all the southern oceans makes bathing in them alluring. The waters are either vividly blue, green or steel. They look as if they were painted.

*Priests Who Wear Beards*

Mount Lavinia hotel is perched upon a high hill and is really a lovely spot. I was interested in the appearance of the Catholic priests on the island. They were dressed in spotless white and wore long beards, contrary to custom. However, this is for a purpose. They find it necessary to protect their throats from the dampness. I talked with one who had not left the island for twenty years. He was the picture of health and told me that he had never been ill. He was a Frenchman. Not all of them can say as much. Most of them admit that this climate is too hot to remain in it long without a change. I met missionaries of other churches also. They, too, are enthusiastic as to the devotion of the natives when once they are converted to a Christian faith. I went to Mass one day here at which there were hundreds and hundreds of devout natives. But the priest and I were the only two white people in the church.

Ever since coming to India my husband and I had been searching for the Southern Cross which we had seen and adored in South America. We had not succeeded,

however, in seeing it. Either it was below the horizon or else it rose later than we wished to sit up. But one wakeful night at Kandy, looking out over the beautiful little lake on which the Temple of the Sacred Tooth is situated, we caught sight of it. With its four brilliant stars and its fifth faintly pale but distinctly visible this jeweled cross was unmistakable. It was splendidly brilliant. Its two glorious pointers, twin stars even more brilliant than the cross itself, were lying close to it. The astral triangle above, the false cross close at hand, there they lay — these three wonderful crosses for us to admire. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Having discovered them we never again lost sight of them. We watched for them eagerly each evening until we were well up into China.

## CHAPTER X

### FROM RANGOON TO MANDALAY

WE TOOK an English steamer for Rangoon, Burma — a boat of a line of which we had never heard in America, the Bibby Line. They certainly were nice to us. This lovely, clean boat, with a delightful party of people aboard, had not a vacant berth on its return trip to England. But going from Ceylon to Rangoon the list was far from full. There were many vacant cabins, and although we were paying for but one the captain insisted on our making use of two adjoining ones. This we did, thus enjoying our five days' water trip to the fullest. The sailors were Lascars, dressed in white, with red sashes. They went about in bare feet and the boat drill was most picturesque. I always have at sea a little feeling of uneasiness, due to the reflection that there is between me and eternity only a small plank! But down here in the white foamy waters of the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, with a steady boat, I managed to forget it and thoroughly enjoy the sail. At night, when we looked for our three Crosses we found added to them the Big Dipper and the North Star — the first time we had seen them all together since we had left South America, five years before.

#### *A Country of Glorious Scenery*

Burma lies to the east of the Bay of Bengal. It touches China on one side and has Siam on the other. Her great

river, the Irrawaddy, has its head stream in Thibet and is navigable for about nine hundred miles. It has superb scenery, and it was one of our great desires to travel on it a bit, but we were doomed to disappointment. Between catching steamers (which run irregularly), making trains and avoiding the more infested districts of cholera and plague, we were obliged to give it up. We saw the great river, therefore, only from Rangoon and Mandalay. The forests of Burma are celebrated for their fine trees, and although we had seen flowering trees all through the Orient none could equal the beautiful bloom of those of this country. Such masses of flowers! Such glorious color! The henna shades were many and beautiful. The pinks, purples, reds, yellows were innumerable. Every conceivable shade, it seemed, was born between the leaves of the Burmese trees. We sat at the car windows, riding through the rather flat country, and fairly reveled in their beauty. The soil here is said to be very fertile, requiring little or no manure. Rice, tobacco, sugar cane—these grow in large quantities, and of course here, as in India, we saw quantities of chili being dried. Carpets of brilliant red or yellow, depending on the length of the drying of the peppers, would loom up in the villages as the train drew near, making bright patches of color in the landscape.

The quality and beauty of the Burmese silks are too well known to need more than mere mention. Never have

I dreamed of finer, more lustrous and beautiful ones than we saw in Rangoon and Mandalay. They tell us there that they never wear out. Well, I am going to test that statement, as I bought some lovely ones to bring home with me. The Burmese are short and thickly built. The men wear long hair, and they resemble the Chinese. Men and women alike dress handsomely, wearing the finest silks and gayest colors. Most of them—eighty per cent, I believe—are Buddhists, and nearly all of them are superstitious. They worship Nats—the spirits of the mountain forests. The Burman does this to avert misfortune, and he always makes a thank-offering to these Nats upon the birth of a child or at a wedding feast.

The monks are the schoolmasters of this country and are held in great veneration. In 1824 the British government declared war on Burma and though the Burmese fought hard they were conquered. Still, until 1878 the kings of Burma were permitted to govern—of course under British restrictions. In this latter year, however, the king, Minden, died. His son, Theebaw, succeeded him. But he was lax in his administration and showed hostility toward the English. No remonstrance from the government had any weight with him. He declined to change his policy. Finally, after many unsatisfactory episodes in which the English suffered, and a long series of happenings disagreeable to the Burmese themselves, the Indian government decided to interfere. They sent word to the



king, who was living at Mandalay, to treat their representatives with more respect. Theebaw's answer was to call all his own people together and ask *them* to rid him of the English. The result was that in November, 1885, the British went to Mandalay and without trouble took it. The king and his wicked adviser, Queen Supaya Lat, were sent to Rangoon and afterward to India where they lived; he died in exile, his death occurring at a little place near Bombay in December, 1916.

As yet Burma is visited little by the tourist. Traveling is rather primitive except on the main railroad. Except in Mandalay and Rangoon there are literally no hotels. When the tourist leaves the main line of railroad or steamer he must get the government to put him up in some bungalow it owns. And these *dak* bungalows are certainly primitive, just a bed, a chair and a tub. One carries his own bedding and cooking utensils.

The pagodas and monasteries are, of course, the chief things of interest. The former nearly always have a *ti* (the sacred umbrella) over them. The *Pengyi* (priest) dwells in a little building called a monastery, but it is usually only one story high and built of teak-wood. It would be an indignity to a holy monk to have some one over his head.

The approach to Rangoon is considered a very dangerous one. The rapid current of the Irrawaddy contributes to this largely. An average of at least one man is the

toll of death per day. We were told that for two nights before entering Rangoon the captain never sleeps. I find in this statement a splendid Irishism! Would the lack of sleep be for the safety or the danger of those entrusted to his care? In order to reach Rangoon we crossed the Irrawaddy with pilots and went up another small river for about thirty-five miles. It was frightfully hot, and the usual red tape connected with the customs prolonged our entry for several hours.

### *A Domestic Tragedy*

During this long delay I amused myself watching a young couple in whom I had become interested on the boat. He was a good-looking, very fair-skinned Burman belonging to a family which owned rich and enormous rice fields. He was about twenty-five or six. He had been educated in England and was returning to his own country accompanied by a very pretty little wife (she looked not more than twenty) and a handsome child of about two years. When he told her that he came of a family of wealth he had not deceived her. This was true. But—all his people were at the wharf to meet them and the change which came over her face when she saw them was pitiful. I shall never forget it. For *they* were not white, these Burmans! And she was quite unprepared for the contempt which she was now to find bestowed upon them by those of the white race! They all greeted her affection-

ately. But she was in despair. Her husband had solemnly promised to take her back to England in three years, but, his father having died, he was obliged to remain in his own country for that length of time. When in a moment of confidence, and longing for sympathy, she told me that she did not know how she could endure the experience of staying here for that length of time, I advised her to interest herself in the problems of her husband's country—to foster a movement for the betterment of woman here, and to interest herself in kindred lines of thought. In doing so, I assured her, the time would pass much more quickly. She brightened and thanked me and promised to take my advice. Ten days later, however, friends who had seen her since I had, told me that she was in a deplorable state—that the very hot hours of the day in Rangoon when all the family clustered around her (really attempting to be nice to her) were to her the most trying things on earth. She was becoming hopeless in the face of it all. I hope and pray that ere this she may have regained her poise and that she finds herself equal to her difficult task. Poor woman, I know no better example of the tragedy of the marriages (and they are many) which take place between white women and men of the Asiatic race.

When we landed in Rangoon, the British capital of lower Burma and the city so celebrated for its famous pagoda, the Shwe-Dagon, we were quite thrilled, and of

course our first visit was to it. Here we met, however, with another great disappointment. The priest who met us informed us that if we wished to go through it we must do so barefooted. We declined. With leprosy and cancer all through these hot countries, with the bubonic plague right in Rangoon and with various other horrible and unmentionable diseases to be contracted we refused to remove our shoes and stockings. Hookworm, very prevalent in India, by the way, is another delightful thing easily contracted through the feet, and so, despite the fact that we had longed for a sight of the Golden Pagoda of Rangoon all our lives we decided to be wise and forego it.

This rule in regard to the bare feet, I might add, is but a recent one. It is not one of the ancient customs. It is due to the silliness of an English lord who became so enthusiastic over the pagoda that he pulled off his shoes and stockings and walked through it in his bare feet to do it honor. Since this act — only a few months have elapsed — the native priests have made it an iron-clad rule. Hence our disappointment.

### *Relics of Gautama*

The Shwe-Dagon is the finest, the most venerable and the most universally visited pagoda in Indo-China. Its peculiar sanctity is due to the fact that not only are there actual relics of Gautama there but also of the three



A Holy Man, Rangoon  
Golden Pagoda, Rangoon



Great Bell at the Arakan Pagoda, Mandalay  
Burmese women at prayer, Arakan Pagoda, Mandalay

Buddhas who preceded him. For this reason it attracts countless pilgrims from all parts of the world. They flock here from Cambodia, from Siam, from Korea and Ceylon. When we saw the lepers in every state of that terrible disease, even with toes and fingers eaten off by it, and when we viewed all the other loathsome diseases which can so easily be caught we were not sorry that we passed it by, although friends of ours did go through and seemed to feel that they had run no risk! Yet — it takes an hour and a half to walk around the interior! Nothing could have induced me to do it in bare feet. Three hundred and ten steps have to be climbed. Think of all the people who have climbed them! The pagoda is two thousand or more years old, has vast treasures in jewels and is said to contain several of Gautama's hairs. It stands on a hill and its superb golden tower, three hundred and seventy feet high, easily dominates everything in Rangoon.

The tower is bell-shaped and has the *ti*, or sacred umbrella, in gold at the top. It is constantly being regilded. A year or so ago an enterprising Burmese lady of wealth, contributing largely toward the regilding, suggested that the tower should be gold plated. This, of course, will be most expensive but when done will last forever. Her suggestion has been adopted, and all the contributions received are being put into a common fund for this purpose. Up to date it has been finished to the

extent of eight feet, beginning at the top. The interior is a magnificent sight by day. When lighted it is just like fairyland. Row upon row of lights encircle the tower, also, and as one drives about the park in which it stands it is always in view. The base of the tower is on a platform about eight hundred feet square. From a distance, when the sun is upon the tower, it looks like a mountain of gold.

*All Must Pass Through Priesthood*

Every Burman, rich and poor, prince and pauper alike, must pass through the priesthood. Therefore one sees many young boys, dressed in the two shades of yellow affected by the Buddhist priests, picturesque and ornamental. They mingle harmoniously with the riotous shades of crimson and blue which the women wear. The priests shave the head and I believe they live on alms. These little yellow-robed boys go about from house to house with their rice pots, begging food. The novitiate is from one to three years. The Poonghees are very much respected for their holy calling and they seem to be at least a third of the population.

Burma is a country of pagodas — thousands upon thousands of them. They pop up upon the landscape every few minutes. I could not understand the necessity for so many until it was explained to me that a man who builds a pagoda is bound to be saved! There are said to be twenty-five thousand within a few miles of the Irra-



waddy river. The man who gives the money to build one is regarded as holy, and is promised that in transmigration he shall escape from any loathsome and degraded form. Naturally, therefore, everyone wishes to build one, large or small as the case may be.

One of the sights here was that of the elephants at work in the timber yards. This is remarkable. They draw the logs, often three feet in diameter and forty feet long. A man sits on top of the elephants with a stick with which he prods them and by this prodding they are guided in their movements. Huge and ungainly in appearance as they are they step daintily among and over the logs, placing their feet carefully. They never slip.

#### *Another Interesting Pagoda*

Next to the Shwe-Dagon the Sule Pagoda is of greatest interest. The former was built in 588 B. C. But the latter also attracts attention and as it was near our hotel we spent much time examining its curious shrines. There is another of these numerous pagodas of which I find that I have not recorded the name. But it has a huge reclining Buddha in front of it, so large that the cavity of the ear can accommodate three persons. Thousands visit this Buddha every month. The monasteries of Burma are numerous, too, and the shops wonderful, the native handicraft of silver, curious bead work and silks being unusually interesting. Also, every tree common to Burma is

found in the lovely gardens of Rangoon, and here we spent a delightful afternoon with a friend who is a well-known writer—Warren Hastings Miller. He was writing at that time a story the scene of which was laid in Rangoon, and he had come to Burma for color. He certainly got it. We all did. He was so well informed upon the subject of the trees and flowers that it was a delight to listen while he talked and explained them.

As I have said, we saw the Shwe-Dagon only from without. At the entrance are two gigantic leogryphs—queer looking objects resembling colossal lions. On the other side of the entrance is the usual sight—a line of beggars, horrible creatures suffering from the terrible diseases rampant throughout the country—up the flight of steps little shops, a bazaar where they sell the gold leaf to plaster the gods with and curios for the pilgrims. The platform, we were told, is never deserted. Long after midnight the pilgrims still pray there. On feast days it is a joyous crowd, in their gay national dress, youths and maidens singing—one of the finest sights in the world.

### *Burmese are Gay*

To one who has been touring India the sight of the gay, light-hearted Burmese comes as a great relief—a strong contrast to the depressed and oppressed Indian. One is instantly struck with the change. These people are cheerful, happy, contented-looking. They have not

that hopelessness of expression that one sees constantly in India. The women are very pretty, some actually beautiful. They are yellowish of tint, not dark, and both men and women are handsome. They are self-possessed, yet without boldness, graceful and easy of deportment. They certainly are good to look at. They have magnificent hair, long, black, thick and glossy and from the rear one cannot tell whether one is looking at a man or a woman. The dress of the woman is different from that of the man, but from a distance this is not noticeable. Her garment is a strip of cotton or silk reaching from the waist to the ankles wrapped around her figure and girded at the waist. About her bust she has another strip and a scarf fastened over one shoulder and falling under the other so that she can spread it at will. The coolie class cut their hair. The *tamein* is nearly always a brilliant red. No matter what other colors it may contain there is always a predominance of red. The women are coquetish, often wearing flowers in their hair. The men are said to be the laziest on earth. Perhaps this accounts for their good nature! It is said that their long adherence to Buddhism has schooled them to a life of idleness, that their days are so peaceful and quiet that they are never ill-tempered. Whatever the explanation they work only occasionally. They plant their paddy-fields (rice), cover them with water and then there is nothing else for them to do until the harvest. When the man gathers his crop

—the only time when he works with energy—he again returns to his time-honored custom of just basking idly in the sun. And deadly as the tropical sun is to a white man it troubles the native not at all. The women, however, have the reputation of being very industrious. She gets the meals, cares for the children, waits on the little shop and is never in *purdah* as her Indian sisters are. In most cases she is decidedly the boss of the household—as she should be. She wears all the jewelry she can possibly afford, her fingers and ankles and toes are simply covered with it.

## CHAPTER XI

A NEW "SEPTEMBER MORN'G;" BURMA; A BURMESE WEDDING

**I**T IS a joy to see the world. But it certainly makes one appreciate one's own America and one's own Chicago!

Our ride from Rangoon to Mandalay was from five o'clock one afternoon to one-thirty the next—a dusty and for the most part uninteresting ride through a flat country. But the flowering trees in Burma are things to dream of and they were plentiful along the route. They are as large as our southern magnolias or big live oaks, and when they burst into bloom, with all the luxuriance of the tropics, there really could not be a more wonderful sight. The differently-colored birds rest in them, their vivid plumage of green, blue and yellow making a striking picture, and everywhere, by the thousand, one sees the egret. This latter is a bird very much like our white heron—in fact, I thought it at first a small heron. Wherever one sees the buffalo one will see also the egret, although the contrast between the filth of the former and the snow-whiteness of the latter is startling. The buffalo delights to wallow in a muddy stream, and both buffalo and muddy stream are plentiful in Burma.

It does not rain here from November to May. Hence the dustiness of our ride. As to the heat, it was so great

that we were obliged to have the windows open and the *punkahs* going. The night on the hard benches — remember that there are no beds or sleeping cars in this country — we are not likely to forget. Kipling's poem has made Mandalay famous, but the traveler will always be disappointed if he expects to find it as Kipling described it! Still, it is full of interest. The sight of the seven hundred and thirty pagodas is alone worth the visit. These pagodas are small and were built by the king, Theebaw, to preserve the sacred slabs of sanskrit from the weather. It is not only curious but a very pretty sight as one walks among them.

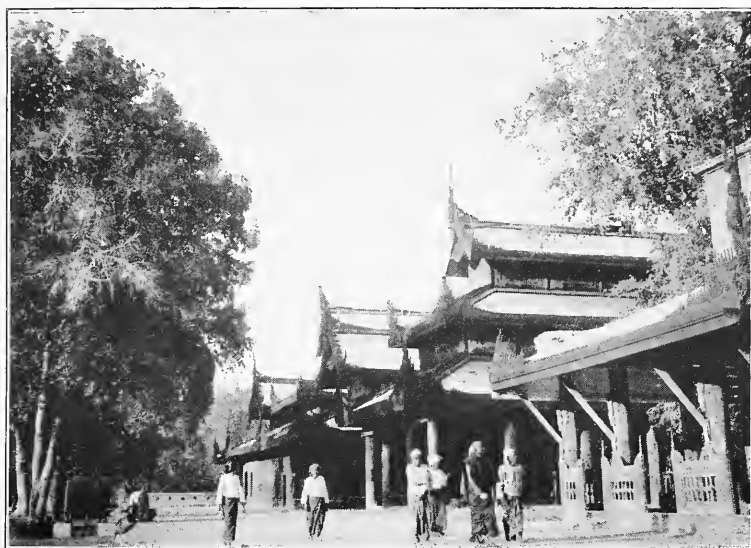
#### *Women Lead as Smokers*

The women with their coal black hair dressed high in a round, turban effect are stunning. But they look so funny smoking their enormous cheroots! For, as I have said, the women all smoke. The largest cigar a man ever used is small in comparison with the Burmese lady's cheroot! Earrings are worn a great deal, and I saw one woman pass who wore a thimble in her ear!

Mandalay inhabitants are nearly all Burmese. In Rangoon the Hindu prevails. It seemed to me quite curious, that here in Burma they called the Hindus natives, while they referred to the Burmese as Burmese. Mandalay's palaces and temples are rapidly falling to pieces. They are built mainly of teak-wood and are handsomely



A palace, Mandalay



Grounds of a palace, Mandalay



Entrance to a palace, Mandalay



carved. Even in their decay, however, they are most beautiful, especially the palace of the queen. It is a mass of exquisite wood carving. Once the figures were all gilded, but now the gold is mostly worn away. There is a lavish richness about these buildings which catches the attention and makes it hard to forget them. They have in Mandalay a wonderful bazaar near which is the large pagoda. This bazaar, the Zegyo, was perhaps the most interesting of any that we saw. The lustrous Burmese silks, celebrated the world over, were here in large quantities as well as much beautiful and artistic handicraft. The interest was heightened by the fact that here were gathered all the tribes from the surrounding countries, come to sell their native wares. Even from China they had come. Squatted in their small stalls they were as varied a gathering of strange, queer and in some cases wild people as could easily be found. We felt here that we were really in the heart of Burma.

### *Putting Up at a Bungalow*

There are no hotels in Mandalay. We occupied one of the *dak* bungalows to which I have already referred, run by the government for travelers in towns and cities where there are no hotels. Our rooms contained bed and mattress, wardrobe and chair and a large tub for bathing, nothing else—except a mosquito bar! Our own bedding we carried with us, of necessity. Our own serv-

ant waited upon us at table. At the *dak* bungalow one man is provided. But he cooks, nothing else. Still, we managed fairly well. One soon learns not to expect luxuries in traveling through India and Burma.

The Arakan pagoda at Mandalay is very interesting. It is said to be (after the great pagoda at Rangoon) the most beloved and venerated in Burma. The colossal sitting Buddha (Gautama) is a wonder, and as usual all the worshippers were salaaming and making offerings before it. One form of offering is to buy gold leaf to paste on the image. We always pay a bit toward this as a sort of entrance fee. We watched our bit of gold leaf put on, and we were told that this enormous figure was already plastered five and a half inches deep! These poor fanatics! They certainly give generously!

### *Threatened by Fanatics*

I had in Mandalay an experience which I shall not soon forget. There is usually a little bazaar in front of a pagoda where the natives have things for sale. Two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. W— from our *dak* bungalow were with us, and we wandered along while they were buying some things. Continuing through the bazaar I was attracted by a pretty young woman, her good-looking husband, and their baby about two years old. They were seated, or squatted, rather, on a mat in front of their wares, eating rice. The rice bowls were in front of them,

and they were eating the rice with their fingers. The baby, following the example of his elders, was dipping his hand in also, eating as they were. He was a cunning thing and I stopped to look at him. He remained in that position, not moving his hand. The man and woman smiled at me and continued eating, but the baby remained immovable. Suddenly I realized that he was frightened. He let out a yell and burst into sobs. The mother, still laughing, picked him up. I apologized, said I was sorry (which she probably did not understand) and moved away. The child continued to cry.

My husband said "I will call our friends. Wait for me here." As I turned I saw two Buddhist priests looking at me. They were not six feet away, and if ever I saw hostile glances they gave them. I called to my better half "Look at these men!" He did look. "You cannot remain here alone," he said. "We will find our friends." The priests began talking excitedly. The child continued to cry. At last we saw our friends approaching. The child's parents seemed not to mind, but these priests—there was no doubt that they were furious and were discussing me.

Our guide took in the situation, hastened up to them and after a few moments' conversation the priests turned sullenly away. He said they were very angry, said that I had frightened the child by means of the evil eye! But they calmed down when he assured them that we were

American and not English. Had we been English I am confident that my time would have been up. I did not know then what my husband had seen printed in the *dak* bungalow—a warning to be careful in all temples, as the priests were hostile and likely to make trouble for the slightest offense. Nor had I then heard the story of a young Englishman who, a few weeks previous, was walking quietly through one of the temples when a native praying sprang to his feet with a long knife (which they all carry) and cut off his nose. It is the priests who are making all the trouble in Burma, and it is my belief that there will be much more of it before there is less.

*The Story of "September Morn"*

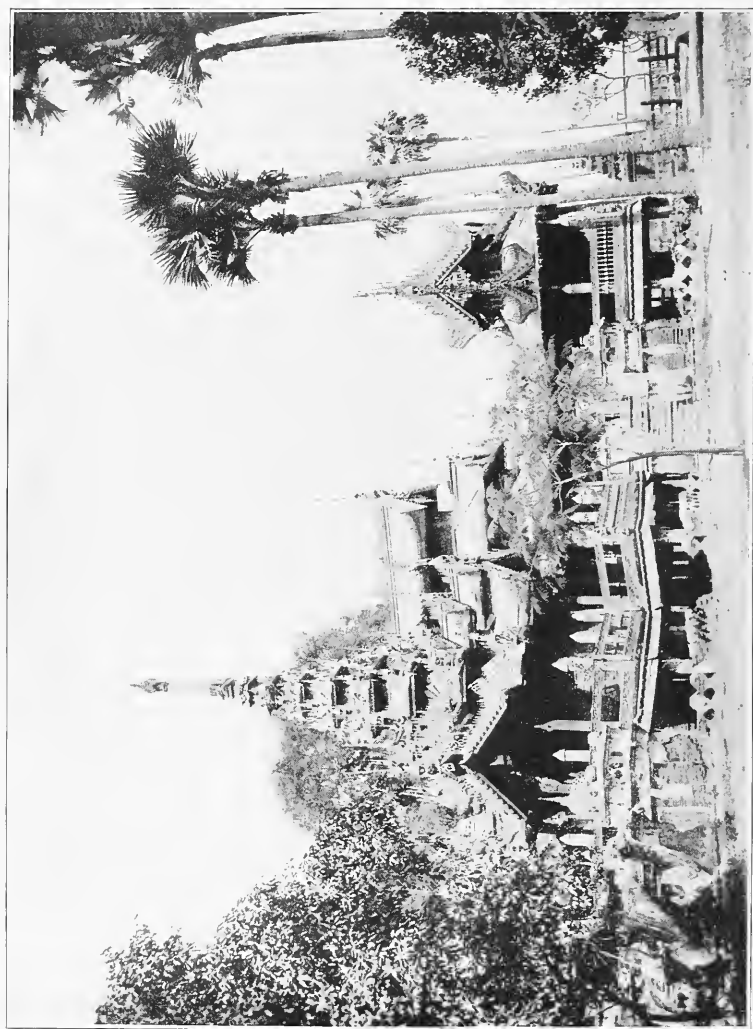
We were glad to leave Mandalay. During the twenty-four hours of our stay there were forty-eight deaths from bubonic plague—two for every hour. In the short time that we stayed we managed to crowd a good deal of experience. After the Arakan Pagoda and the bazaar we went to the Ma Kim's for purchases. She was lady-in-waiting to the queen, Supaya Lat, and her husband was high commissioner to the king, Theebaw. Ma Kim was elderly now, and was selling her possessions—all the jewels which the queen had given her and various other treasures, that she, now a widow, might retire to a nunnery. We had made an appointment to visit her shop, but we were detained and she had decided that we were



Entrance to the Queen's Golden  
Monastery, Mandalay

Detail, Queen's Golden Mon-  
astery, Mandalay

Queen's Golden Monastery, Mandalay



A monastery, Mandalay

not coming. So she had begun her bath, preparatory to eating. This bath was in the fountain in the center of the yard in the rear, and she was perfectly visible from the store when we entered. This yellowish-tinted lady, with gray hair streaming, was a perfect September Morn! Embarrassed? Not that one could notice. We were the ones who were fussed, that is, *I* was. I turned away. But my husband, I am sorry to relate, asked the guide to ascertain if she would permit him to photograph her. I was horrified. Ma Kim was not. She consented at once. So the former Mayor of Chicago brought back with him the picture of a second September Morn—a little darker of tint than the much-talked-of original but very attractive.

Ma Kim was a very interesting old lady. After she dressed and came into the shop she showed us the beauties it contained, and they were many. We bought all that our purse would permit, amber beads and silver ornaments which the queen herself had often worn. As we returned I saw a man and woman chained together, going under guard to prison. It looked awful. They seemed just like two poor beasts. They were accused of murder and probably deserved what they were getting. But I was on the alert for all in this country which concerns women. And I had never before seen a woman chained!

As we were driving through the streets of Mandalay one morning on the way from one bazaar to another, our

Moslem guide who was cocked up beside the driver (looking for all the world like a bearded monkey!) brought the *gharry* to a sudden halt. Sweet strains of minstrelsy were floating from an upper window. He proceeded to investigate. In a few moments he brought word that a Burmese wedding was in progress and that we might take a peek if we so desired. As we entered the lower floor (a shop which had been given over to the festivities of the day) the guide announced us as Americans. At once a young, well-dressed Burmese stepped forward to greet us. With a smile and a wave of the hand toward the stairway he invited us in good English to ascend to the upper floor, where the real festivities were in progress, assuring us of a hearty welcome at the wedding of his sister.

At the head of the stairs we met the father and mother of the bride to whom we were presented, and then passed into a rear room where the bride was squatting in the center of a group of four girls, all gowned in the finest of Burmese brocaded silks of the brightest and richest hues. The wedding bed, hung with silks as draperies and decked with silken coverings (even the pillow cases were gorgeous), presented all the hues of the rainbow. At the front of the upper floor was a large room where the main guests foregathered. At this hour of the day—it was about noon—there were only women present, but we were told that at about four o'clock the men would follow the



groom and then the real ceremony would take place.

*A Scene of Beauty*

There were six lines of women, young and old, in this room and I counted sixteen in each line. A few scattered (not in line) brought the number to about a hundred. The color here was a marvel, for these were the rich people of Mandalay and they were dressed in the finest silks for which that district is famous. Mandalay is in the very heart of the Burmese silk-weaving industry. Every color was represented, from the most delicate to the most garish, from the softest of pinks, yellows, blues and violets to rich magentas, scarlets, and greens that almost hurt the eyes. No sunset that I ever saw could match the combination for sheer beauty of contrast in tones. Not only were the women wearing their finest apparel. They wore also all the jewelry allowed by the laws and ordinances of the province. Arms and wrists were fairly weighted down with golden armlets and bracelets. Fingers were decked with all fashions of rings. Around their necks were all manner of bejeweled gee-gaws, in their ears rings containing the most glittering stones. There were diamonds as large as birds' eggs which, in spite of their outlandish cutting, flashed with a splendor truly oriental.

In front of each woman stood a small table of teak-wood with embossed silver trays and dishes filled with

sweets, candied fruits, tidbits and fanciful dainties. At the door leading into this room sat three attractive girls each with a large, heavily-embossed silver bowl on her lap. One was filled with pink roses, a second with fans, and the third held cheroots made in cigarette fashion but too huge to pass by that name. They were at least eight inches long and close to an inch in diameter. Each woman as she entered was handed a rose, a fan and a cheroot. And she promptly made use of all of them!

### *Some Memorable Music*

This second floor of the house was divided into three sections, though there were no permanent partitions. Perhaps in ordinary times each room was separated from its neighbor by movable partitions, in Japanese fashion. Between the rear room, where sat the bride and her attendants, and the large front room where Mandalay's high society had foregathered in a very riot of kaleidoscopic color was a central chamber, a sort of reception room where stood the parents of the bride to welcome each new arrival, to show them first the room where they might congratulate the happy maiden, then to the room where they might gossip with acquaintances while filling their tummies with sweets and their lungs with the fumes of cheroots. At the front sat the three girls who doled out the roses, fans, and cheroots. On one side were placed four chairs which we occupied as chief guests. On the

far side sat the musicians of whom there were four. A tiny piano-like instrument was played by an artist who tapped the keys apparently as the spirit moved him. Perhaps he followed some line of oriental harmonies, but to a tyro in musical matters like myself he seemed to play a game of musical hit or miss, utterly regardless of consequences.

It was oftener miss than hit. What he did to the muse of music was a crime! Another artist played an accordeon of the octagonal-ended species (not the oblong-ended breed) in an equally happy-go-lucky spirit. A third coaxed dulcet harmonies from a flute, and *his* efforts really approached what we benighted Caucasians are inclined to regard as real music. The fourth musician was a serious-minded Burmese over whose head sixty odd summer and winters had flitted without his being rendered permanently *hors de combat* by cholera, enteric, smallpox or bubonic. His was the star performance. In front of him he had laid a small section of the giant bamboo, perhaps a quarter of the entire trunk cut out of the log between knots, leaving the ends open. It lay on the floor with the hollow underneath. In his left hand he held a short hardwood stick, probably a piece of *pyingado*, said to be harder than railroad iron. On the thumb and forefinger of the right hand were two tiny, silver, bell-shaped affairs. From time to time he lifted his voice in song. A Burmese crow rather than a Caruso had been taken as

a model for his vocal accomplishments. Singing the equivalent of three or four lines of an English poem he would pause to give the bamboo stick a resounding whack. Then with a most coquettish, coy, kittenish, mincing manner he would tinkle the silver bells, the notes of which, as might be expected, being quite lost, drowned out by piano, accordeon and flute—a fact which bothered him not a whit. Evidently, to his way of thinking the tinkle-tinkle of those bells was the most important part of the entire musical program.

This wedding had made us forget for a brief time the distressing things which constantly confronted us. One of these is the nightly processions begging the gods for mercy and protection from the cholera, the smallpox, and the plague, all of which were raging. They kill a goat and sprinkle its blood in the infected districts. While in Rangoon we were only two blocks from one of these districts. We have seen the processions. They jangle bells, play music on their queer flutes, sing and carry banners. We knew the risks when we came and so did not worry. But I was glad when the time came to sail!

## CHAPTER XII

MALAYSIA, PENANG, THE SNAKE TEMPLE, EAST AND FAR EAST,  
SINGAPORE

FREE from the deadening effect of caste and seclusion the Burmese are a merry, if indolent, people. One leaves their country with pleasant memories, that is, if one can forget the disease and filth. The people themselves are pleasant to remember, not like those of India where often little girls of three or four are put in *purdah*, and made to cover their faces which are never unveiled again as long as they live. In comparison with these the joyous Burmese were a delight. Also, the richness of their soil, even the sleekness of their cattle, made us feel that in leaving them we were not departing from an oppressed and down-trodden country.

But we must be up and away! So a few days later, on a very comfortable English steamer we sailed down the coast, passing many pretty islands and other interesting sights. The weather was hot, interspersed with showers every now and then. After a voyage of five uneventful days we reached Georgetown, Malaysia, a beautiful city on the island of Penang. Here we stopped.

### *Front Door of the Far East*

Penang is doubly remarkable. For one thing, one realizes when he has reached it that he has come to a

dividing line of the earth. He is turning his back upon what is known simply as the East and has arrived at the front door, so to speak, of the great *Far East* wherein the Chinese, the Malaysians and the Japanese swarm in uncounted millions. Second, Penang is the greatest tin port in the world. Fully two-thirds of all the tin used in the world starts from Penang and the nearby ports in the Malacca Straits. The island (Penang) lies at the northern end of these straits. It is about forty miles, or slightly more, in circumference and is a colony of England. Its population, an admixture of Chinese, Malays, Indians and, of course, a few Europeans and English, is very interesting. Its waterfalls and botanical gardens are lovely, and a mountain over two thousand feet high in the center of the island gives many beautiful vistas of the island scenery.

After lunch, while we waited for the motor (the Willard Morses of New York were with us here) we sat and watched a most unusual sight on the water. The day was hot and showery. But between showers there was a beautiful rainbow light on both land and sea. It was incomparable.

Never have I seen a cleaner, more beautifully kept city than Georgetown. About noon the day settled, and was followed by a perfect afternoon. We motored all afternoon, encircling the island, seeing some of the most attractive and wonderfully-kept residences of the wealthy

Chinese. We passed also many villages, banana forests and other such things, saw a lot of wild monkeys and finally landed at a Snake Temple!

*Surrounded by Snakes*

As was the case in ancient Egypt, serpent worship is common in this country. Therefore the Snake Temple is one of the most important. Had I known the truth before I entered, I doubt whether I could have persuaded myself to do so, but it was a case where ignorance was bliss. There were snakes everywhere! They were coiled about the candlesticks, vases and other ornaments. They lay on the jamb of the doors. They covered the floors. I went up to inspect one, fervently believing, of course, that it was stuffed! Imagine my horror when it lifted its hideous head and began to uncoil! I cried out in terror and breathlessly leaned against the column for support—only to find another the head of which was not two inches from mine! I could not stay in the place another minute. I fled to the outer air. The more courageous member of my family, however, remained and when he returned he brought this information. It was **given** him by the priests. At his suggestion that of course the fangs of the deadly-poisonous things were drawn he was told that this was not so, but that the reptiles were kept so heavily fed that they were sluggish, too inactive to strike or bite. Small boys and the priests move about

among them, absolutely unafraid. But I would take no chances. For the snakes in this temple are the most deadly poisonous varieties known to man.

### *Sampans*

We visited the bazaar which was the usual colorful affair, and after a little further sight-seeing took a *sampan* (river boat) to go out to the boat which lay in the harbor. It was night. The sea was a bit rough and I felt somewhat nervous in this shell-like arrangement. I was told, however, that here they are absolutely safe. In Rangoon we knew that no white people ever used them. There they were death-traps, due to the swift and cross currents of the Irrawaddy river. Here in the Straits Settlements despite the frailness of the craft there are few accidents because the waters are calmer. Nevertheless, in spite of the assertions as to their safety I was glad when I found myself out of that pitch-dark *sampan* and once more aboard the steamer. No sooner had we started than the fog horn began to blow—always a dreadful sound at sea—and we knew we were skirting a dangerous coast. The next days were gray and dark. At last we reached Singapore where we were caught in a perfect downpour, and as usual, every hotel in the place was packed and jammed. Everywhere that we had stopped in our travels this had been so, although we always wired ahead for accommodations, sometimes several days ahead.





Docks at Singapore



The Carabao (water buffalo) is the horse of the Philippines

*An Impressive Fleet*

Singapore, likewise an island, is one of the prettiest cities that we saw. It guards the south entrance into the China Sea and, naturally, is one of the great turnstiles of commerce. The thing which impressed me most here was the shipping. I could never have believed that there were so many ships in the world as lay in the harbor at Singapore. I had always known, of course, that this is the greatest shipping port in the world, but the statement had not meant much to me until I saw the ships. The immensity of the shipping industry is something which one must see at Singapore in order to comprehend.

After the usual argument over hotel and rooms we were at last made comfortable. It stands to reason that in fourteen months consumed in going around the world there would be many things which cannot be recorded, so many little side excursions of a day or two of which no mention can be made for lack of time and space. But one thing is indelibly stamped upon my memory. This is the continuous procession of strange hotels at which I stopped. In fact, I got so that if my husband permitted me to remain in the same hotel for more than two days I regarded it as an old family residence!

Singapore is but seventy miles from the Equator, and like all tropical countries, the moment the sun goes down the darkness descends immediately. It is either day or it is night. It is never twilight. But the dawn, strange

to say, is much longer coming. One may rise by daylight, but he will have to wait half an hour for the sun to rise. The mornings here are very beautiful. It is at an early hour that the people rise, take their exercise, the half-naked Malay groom being very much in evidence, leading the horses of the rich. At the hour of sunrise their masters appear, mount and ride away. There are also numbers of quaint carts drawn by hump-backed oxen. Singapore, however, with its wealthy citizens, its apparent cleanliness, its beautiful botanical gardens and other spots of loveliness, is one of the most unhealthy places on the face of the earth. I have been told that it has the highest death-rate of any city in the world.

### *Bad News Causes Changes in Plans*

In spite of the interest I found in Singapore my stay there is connected in my memory with a very painful personal incident. We received word here that our oldest grandchild in Chicago was desperately ill. All our plans were immediately changed. We gave up Java, whither we had intended going, and took passage at once for Hong-kong, from which place, unless we received better news on our arrival, we should set sail immediately for home. Fortunately for her and for us, when we reached that city we were informed she was much improved, and we were urged not to abandon our trip. Upon our return we found her completely recovered, but because of the news

of her illness we took the first boat sailing from Singapore.

Perhaps the experience which followed helped me to forget my anxiety over my little granddaughter. So eager were we to be gone that we forgot to look at the boat until after we were aboard of her! She was a Dutch ship, very small, and, contrary to most things Dutch (which are scrupulously clean) she was surely the filthiest thing I ever set eyes upon! In addition to ourselves there were five white people aboard, one of whom was Dr. Gurd, a very gifted woman from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Otherwise the boat was packed with Chinese passengers. And they were the dirtiest Chinese! True, they were wealthy, but their odor did not indicate it! It was unspeakable. And they were piled into the first cabin with us. We had very little deck room. All were violently seasick, and the smell from their bedrooms was simply indescribable. Not only this — we were told that the trip would consume four days. It took six. The only thing I can say for the boat is that it was fairly steady. But the powerful northeast monsoon was blowing. The waves were mountain high. The food was horrible. *There were thirteen of us at the captain's table*, which because of my Irish ancestry did not tend to brighten the situation! Well, I — further words fail me! I shall never forget my experience on this dreadful boat. And on the beautiful China Sea!

*A Night to Be Remembered*

On this stormy voyage, however, we were granted one superb sight. The stiff wind of the monsoon always increases in volume at night. It blew the clouds away, and although the waves of spray seemed like mountains, the boat rode steadily, resting on the water as lightly as a bird. Overhead the moon shone, and despite this fact the stars were amazingly bright. The astral triangle, like a diamond kite, was glowing above that glittering constellation of which I so often think and speak — the Southern Cross — with its brilliant pointers. On this night it was a thing of wondrous splendor. The sky was sapphire. The other constellations — Orion, Taurus, and Sirius, like a sun — holding our admiration. It was a night long to be remembered in spite of seasick Chinamen and the roughness of the China Sea!

## CHAPTER XIII

### MANILA; THE PHILIPPINES

SIX days brought us to Hongkong, and a more beautiful city it would be hard to imagine. Its series of wonderful harbors, its picturesque hills around them, reminded us of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, which we think the most beautiful in the world. From the top of the highest peak the city is a glorious sight. Small bays and harbors lie below, and one of the most charming hotels, a celebrated summer resort, is situated half way around the island. A closer approach reveals the parks, streets, perfectly wonderful stores and shops, full of fine shawls and linen, all the things which prove such a delight to the traveler. Eighty per cent of the population of Hongkong is Chinese. Yet it is an English city.

The *comprador* and *taipan* costumes are of the finest silks—a striking contrast to that of the poor coolies who wear coarse blue nankeen made into short trousers, always very dirty. The tall Indian policemen, the Sikhs, dressed in white, yellow and black, make a brilliant bit of color. Every nationality seems to be here. The fine buildings, the motley crowd, the splendid shops (almost the finest in the world) are wonderful, and never had I dreamed of such embroidered shawls, silks and linens,

to say naught of the fine laces, as are shown in Hongkong.

*Off for Manila Immediately*

As I have already said, however, Hongkong is much more an English than a Chinese city. Therefore we felt that we had not really gotten into China until after our trip to Manila, which we made almost immediately, returning afterwards to Hongkong. We went from here to Canton, which city is perhaps more strictly Chinese than any other in the whole country.

How fine it was to board once more a boat which belonged to our own good United States! The wonderful comfort it gave us was certainly a contrast to the last one! On this boat we received our long-desired vaccination for smallpox, keeping this time the certificates to prove it. All along the way we had been hearing of people who had entered China without being inoculated and had died there. For this reason the Chinese officials had become very exacting in their demands, and one could not enter the country without having this formality attended to.

*Lizards in the Shoes*

So much has been said and written of Manila and the Philippines that I shall not dwell upon the islands at length. We found the weather warm, but the hotel was comfortable and we enjoyed every moment of our



twenty-one days there—with one exception. Our rooms overlooking the bay were beautiful, but one night I was terrified by the most dreadful squeaking sounds. It was in the middle of the night, and so vociferous were they that I thought surely a lion or tiger had gotten into my room. With the aid of my husband, however, I went investigating only to find that they were tiny lizards, of which there were dozens running about the walls and on the ceiling! Their favorite haunt, I discovered later, was the clothes closet, among your dresses, or in your shoes! They certainly are noisy little pests and it was some time before I could be persuaded that they were harmless.

We did all the stunts which travelers usually do, going to Pagsangan by motor, shooting the rapids while a number of little wild monkeys pitched stones at us. The ride to Pagsangan was as tropical as anything we saw in Ceylon—most luxuriant foliage and the brightest of scarlet flowers. Palms and cocoanuts, of course, abounded. We stopped en route to see a beautiful little lake the name of which I have now forgotten, also at Los Banos, where the hot water, possessing wonderful curative properties, gushes right out of the earth. These waters are celebrated and a charming little sanatorium has been established here. With us at this place were two charming Quaker ladies, the Misses T—, of Philadelphia. We returned through the mountain gorge, again

shooting the rapids — a wonderful and unique drive.

*Dinner with General Wood*

There was a delightful colony of Americans here, most of whom we knew. We listened to many hot discussions as to whether the Philippines are ready for self-government or not. We had dinner with General and Mrs. Wood, the lieutenant-governor, his wife, and several other charming and distinguished guests, among whom was Dr. Heiser, an authority on sanitation in the islands. The palace looked lovely. It has large, comfortable rooms and a beautiful outlook over the river. In a gathering such as this it was but natural that many interesting questions should be discussed, and it was as an oasis must be to the traveler lost in the desert to thus spend a week-end, as it were, in America on our way to China. At the dinner table I had observed a (to me) curious thing. There were small lights beneath the table. It was lighted more brilliantly underneath than above. When I sought an explanation, I found that it was to protect our feet from the mosquitoes should there be any stray ones inclined to visit us. If there is anything about the mosquito which they of the Philippines, Cuba, and Panama have not discovered I should like to know what it is. They have even learned that they are terrorized by brilliant lights. Hence these under the dining table.

Other friends entertained us while we were here, and we enjoyed to the fullest this prelude to the days of hard traveling which were to follow in China and Japan. The weather was terribly hot, and as there was to be a wait of three weeks for the steamer we spent one of them at that charming resort, Baguio, up in the mountains. It gets very cold up there. The elevation is about five thousand feet. Here we found a dear friend, Mrs. Calhoun, of Chicago, widow of our former minister to China. She was spending a year in the Orient, and with a young friend had run over from China for a short stay at Baguio. Though we missed seeing her in China we had a delightful visit here. Other friends from Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, had accompanied us to Baguio, as had also Dr. Heiser, of whom I have spoken, a member of the Rockefeller Foundation, the man who had done so much to promote sanitation in Manila and the Far East. After twenty years he had returned to America only to be recalled by General Wood for service in the Philippines. It was a privilege to be with him and to see the perfection of his work in Manila.

#### *An Expert on Typhoons*

I have never come in touch with a more interesting story than that of Father Algue, a Catholic priest, a Jesuit, who lives in Baguio. Just outside the city, he has built a fine observatory, on a hill. Dr. Heiser took us

to visit it and while there introduced us to Father Alguez. A Spaniard, a man highly educated, cultured, picturesque in appearance because of snow-white hair and beard, Father Alguez has for years made a study of the hurricanes and typhoons which are so deadly an enemy to life in the tropics. Many wonderful instruments have been invented and perfected by him with which reckonings are made. So exhaustive has been his research, so perfect is his knowledge of the subject that his word is unhesitatingly accepted by everybody on earth whose dwelling place is in the locality where those dangerous storms are common. In the Philippines when the typhoon comes they draw down the coverings above the houses, and sometimes sit for hours waiting for the typhoon either to come or to pass them by. All the ships that are equipped with wireless and with the instruments devised by Father Alguez have now no excuse in the world for being lost in hurricane or typhoon. They are always warned in time. I asked whether Father Alguez's warning was ever disregarded and I was told that now it was not—that once a few years ago someone, who thought he knew more than the Father, did not heed him and the result was that ten thousand Chinamen were lost at sea in a storm. Now, from the greatest ship to the smallest *sampan* all vessels look in the daily papers for the report and fly to cover when warned.

At a very typical home in Manila where Mr. W—,

a former New Orleans resident, and his agreeable daughter gave us a beautiful dinner, we were shown the manner in which coverings were lowered to protect buildings. It is done much like the way in which the canvas is put down at sea to protect the decks.

### *Igorrotes' Dog Market*

Baguio is celebrated for its market of Igorrotes which is held every Sunday. It is called the dog market. People come from the hills and everywhere around to buy a dog. These they fatten and eat. I felt very sorry for the poor skinny dogs which were sold the day we were there. The Igorrotes present a most picturesque appearance and they bring their wares from all parts of the country. Some of them are very handsome and they made us think of the natives of La Paz, Bolivia, where we one day saw a similar market. In Baguio I saw something which I have never either seen or heard of elsewhere. After a charming lunch at the country club one afternoon, we rode out (enjoying many pretty views as we went) to a hospital. It stands, or sits, right on the edge of a large slide, a hole in the ground fully half a mile square. Dr. Heiser says that this slide is puzzling scientists throughout the world. From no apparent cause it began about ten years ago to sink. It goes down about two feet a month. They can find no reason for it, but—a hospital on this rugged edge seemed to me a mighty poor place

in which to house sick people, especially since, as I was informed, the rest house for the nurses toppled over the edge a few years ago. The authorities know and admit that the hospital is dangerously placed, but say that they have not enough money to move it!

In this charming Baguio, for the first time we broke the rule which we had so strictly kept ever since leaving home in regard to uncooked food and unboiled water. Baguio is in charge of the government. The gardens are perfectly kept, and are not fertilized in the same manner as are those of the rest of the Orient. Here we ate luscious strawberries and other uncooked things, and fearlessly drank the unboiled water.

### *A Dangerous Motor Trip*

Baguio is progressive as to education. Here are schools where young men are taught farming, the girls bead- and bag-work and other handicraft of the island. One cannot be in the Philippines without feeling very proud of one's country—that is if one's country chances to be the United States! We have done much for these far-away islands. They have much to thank us for.

It is cool in Baguio. One can live there comfortably, practice his trade or profession and really get on in life, forgetful of the heat of Manila. There could be nothing more beautiful than the motor trip between these two places—a wonderful panorama of winding roads, glori-

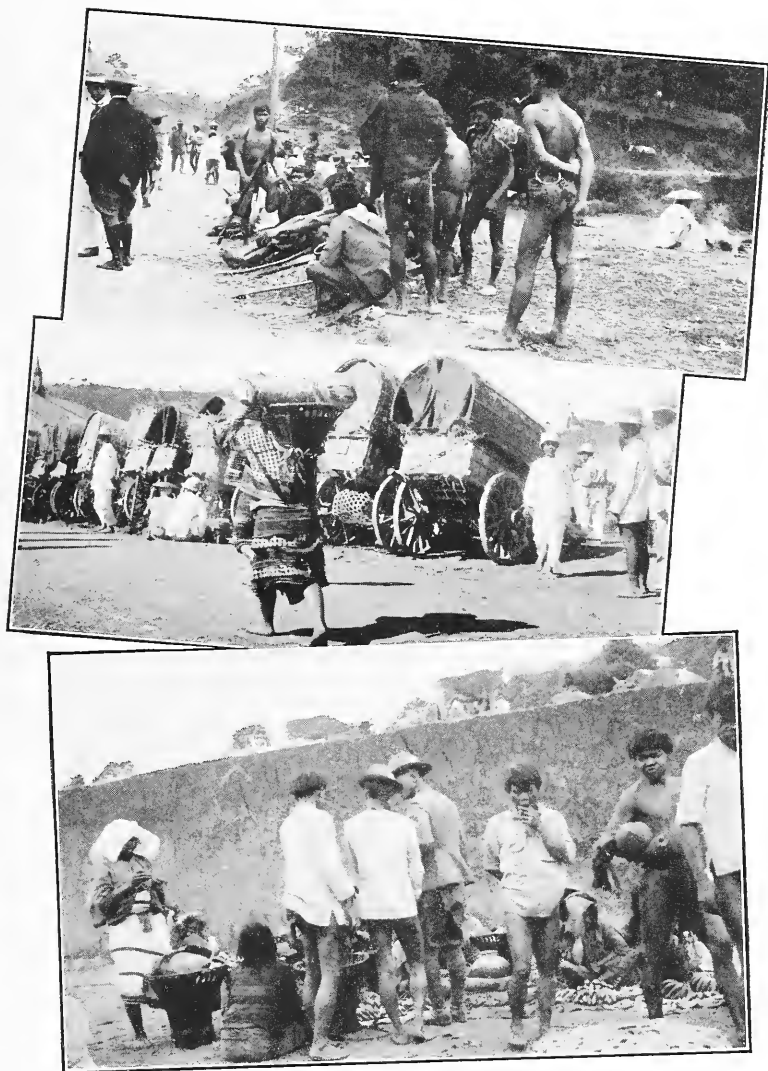
ous gorges, white rushing cataracts against dark granite backgrounds, masses of brilliant flowers and green trees, all forming a perfect conglomeration of beauty, especially if seen in the cool of the sunset. But—it is a dangerous ride, because of which fact they have established an excellent block system with gates through which no machine is permitted to pass until the way is clear ahead. The system covers the dangerous part of the road. After this one flies over smooth white roads through seemingly endless villages.

On the day that we were leaving, just before taking our train back to Manila, being the first motor out we waited, according to arrangement, for the following one at the station. It was due in twenty minutes but did not arrive for more than an hour and when it did come the occupants had a grewsome tale to tell. They had been stopped on the way by the body of a murdered man lying across the road. He had been killed between the time that we passed and the time that they came along. They were held at the gate until the authorities could be summoned, and we all nearly lost our train in consequence. The authorities were greatly disturbed over this occurrence (as they had every reason to be) and the papers were filled with it. Some of our party were fearful of being detained as witnesses, but fortunately this did not happen. We should have lost the steame in that event.

*The Murder of Mrs. Snyder*

The morning of our return to Manila was a day we shall always remember. Announcement was flashed over the whole world of the tragic death by assassination of a lovely American woman, wife of William J. Snyder, a wealthy banker and coal operator of Brazil, Indiana. Like ourselves the Snyders were making a trip around the world. The tenseness of feeling between Korea and Japan put it into the heads of three Koreans to attempt the assassination of the Japanese minister who was to be in Hongkong. Although we did not know Mr. and Mrs. Snyder personally they had been with us in Manila, and had gone back to Hongkong on the same boat which had brought us to the Philippines. As they were descending the gangplank at Hongkong the assassins fired three shots, all of which took effect in Mrs. Snyder's body. Death followed in a few moments. This event, aside from the fact that we had travelled with her, interested us personally for another reason. Only a few years ago, our brother, Mr. William Preston Harrison, and his wife, were also travelling in the Orient. While in Korea a similar occurrence took place. The city was in gala dress for the approaching visit of the Japanese minister, and desirous of witnessing the ceremonies Mr. and Mrs. Harrison joined the throng. A bomb was thrown. Mr. Harrison was so badly stunned that it was thought at first he had been killed. Recovering shortly,

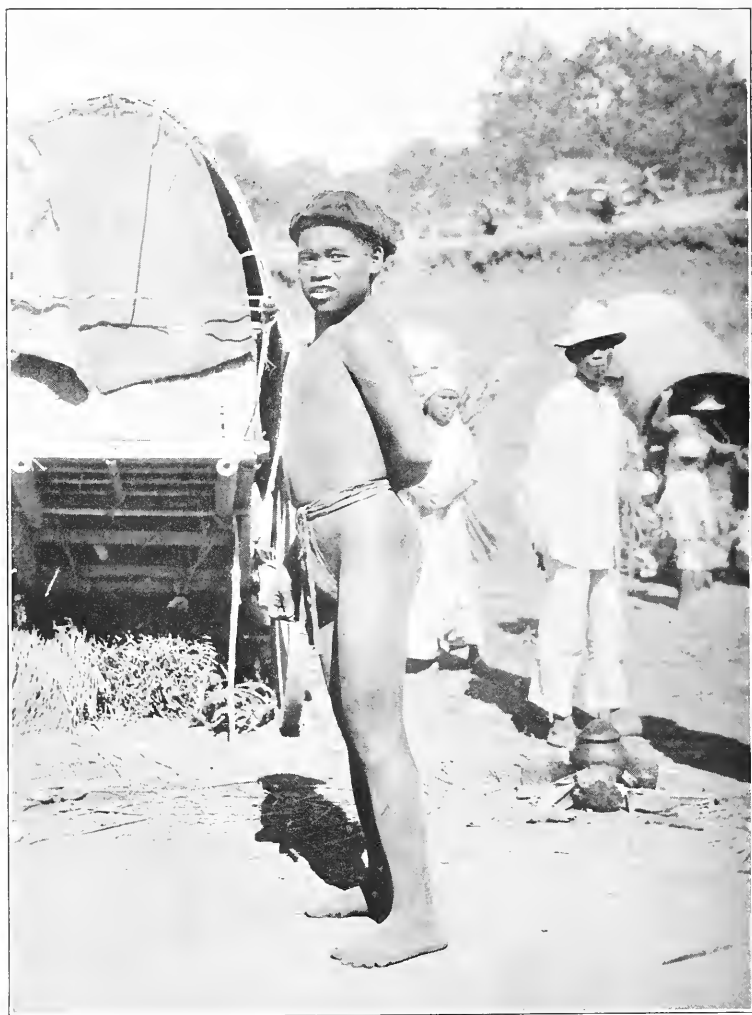




Market, Baguio

People come from the hills to the Baguio market

Igorrotes at the Baguio market



An Igorrote youth

however, he found his wife severely wounded, four wounds having been given her, one of which was serious. The event further interested us because had we reached Manila five days earlier we should have been among the passengers alighting at Hongkong ourselves, and undoubtedly witnesses of the tragedy.

Having escaped a tragedy, however, we had the pleasure of bringing with us a happy romance instead. A very charming young lady had gone out to Manila to visit friends. Meeting there the son of General Wood, after a brief courtship she had been married to him. They were taking their honeymoon trip to China and Japan on our steamer.

## CHAPTER XIV

### ENGLISH HONGKONG AND CHINESE CANTON

THE voyage from Manila to Hongkong was lovely. All writers and travelers unite in crying out about the unspeakable filth of Chinese cities. But we saw none of it in beautiful, well-kept, up-to-date, English Hongkong.

When we went to Canton, however, it was different. We realized the truth of their statements. As our vessel was to remain for two days at Hongkong we found that by taking a night boat we could spend a day in Canton, which we did. Ever since leaving Marseilles there was one subject of conversation in which we had to indulge frequently, and when we reached China we found a second of equally absorbing interest. We had purposely left Europe late to avoid the tour of the Prince of Wales who was about to set forth on a visit to his dominions. We thought (and in this we were not mistaken) that the enormous and lavish preparations for his reception everywhere he went would disturb the ordinary appearance of the country, which was what we were there to see. Although at any other time we should have enjoyed this episode greatly, we longed for a whole year in India and found ourselves able to spend but two months there. So we sought to escape this royal visit. But it was not

possible. Everywhere preparations were being made. Thousands and thousands of dollars were being spent, and not infrequently a temporary platform, or some such thing, would interfere, sometimes completely destroy the perspective of a temple or public building which we had come thousands of miles to see.

### *Hongkong Waits for Prince of Wales*

In spite of the marring of the view however, we afterwards regretted that we could not linger for the royal festivities. The magnificent garden parties, the jewels of the maharajahs, the value of which ran into the billions, the royal elephants, the opportunity to witness the native games—all this and much more we had to forego for lack of time. Also, as I have already mentioned, there was a great unrest, due to the discontent fomented by Ghandi and his following, and this made it imperative that the Prince should be guarded every hour and everywhere he went—a precaution which proved a great strain upon the young man, a strain which was quite visible in his countenance. We had delayed our own journey sufficiently to give him three months ahead of us. On our arrival at Hongkong we learned that he was due there the next night! The red carpet was spread and the whole city festooned for his reception.

The second event which had kept us at boiling point all along the journey was, of course, the war cloud which

was just then spread over China. Everywhere we went we learned that daily it loomed heavier and heavier. It had now assumed such proportions that the tourists were warned against visiting China, and many who intended doing so had left, unwilling to take the risk. We felt, however, that we had come too far and had endured altogether too many discomforts in order to see this ancient country, to be willing to just lightly give it up. So we decided that wherever a train or a boat would go and the authorities would permit, we would take a chance on them.

*Provided with Reliable Guides*

We were told that few people ever go to Canton without first receiving satisfactory reports that no immediate outbreaks are expected. The well-known hatred which the Cantonese have for the foreigner was not absent when we were there. In fact, it was greatly accentuated by some recent action of the English. They had killed five Cantonese, and after long litigation the government had allowed a very small sum of money for these deaths. In consequence the people were feeling ugly, and many tourists, advised not to venture, did not go. But we went. We took every precaution, however. In addition to our usual guide to Canton, an English-speaking Chinaman, we wired for three others who should meet us here. These are supplied upon request by Cook, and those provided for us proved most reliable. Friends urged us not to go.



In Canton's Roof Garden  
Sampan Colony, Canton



Taking a siesta in a Canton pagoda



But we decided to do so, determining, however, to be on the alert and to take no unnecessary chances.

It is well-known that not many of the white residents of Canton live in the city. They reside upon an island—the consuls, missionaries and foreign merchants—always protected by a guard. The gate to this island is kept locked. One is permitted to enter by passport only. It is encircled by barbed wire, and is well patrolled, day and night. A dwelling place for the white man is not to be desired in Canton. From all that one reads (and sees) in Canton, one wonders just how long a white man would be ashore without having his throat cut! All yellow humanity seems to threaten him.

### *Fire that Smolders*

But the Chinese have a wholesome respect for the white man's power, and this is the strongest check against them that there is. We learned while at Canton, however, that the consuls of the United States and England have banded together, and keep in the harbor a warship large enough to take them all aboard in case of trouble—a very significant fact! Should the war cloud now so dense around Peking and Hanchow extend to Canton, the Cantonese are not likely to forget their five slain countrymen and England's meager remuneration. There would be little hope for the white people there should the flame flare out in Canton, and of course,

they do not distinguish between English and American. They include the latter (through ignorance, of course) in their intense hatred toward England.

It is said that the Cantonese are the most strictly Chinese of all the people of that vast country, also that they are progressive as to education. As to this latter statement I cannot say. One sees little evidence of it as he goes among the people. But they do have, once in three years, a gathering of the learned, where a difficult competitive examination is held for membership in the Han Lun College. Those who win this great honor are revered throughout the empire. There was once a leper colony near here and all the native craft had to pay the head leper for a pass to the city. If payment was refused the lepers would surround the boat, which, of course, always brought forth payment in short order!

### *Running the Gauntlet*

The night trip on a wretched little boat which ran between Hongkong and Canton was about as miserable and uncomfortable as one could imagine. Our two Chicago friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, the guide, and ourselves spent some very unhappy hours between dusk and dawn. The boat was heavily guarded, not because of the war, but because the river ran through that celebrated pirate country which has so long existed and is such a menace. Only ten days before we came, one of these little steamers

had been attacked and looted and one or two people killed. Our small boat was practically encased in barbed wire and the decks patrolled by armed men.

Brigandage is a phase of Chinese life which nobody, seemingly, makes any effort to check. People are so accustomed to it that they think little or nothing if a wealthy man is captured and held for ransom. These brigands lie in ambush for those whom they have selected and when they have seized them, hide in the hills, demanding often a huge sum for their release. The Chinese government is apparently afraid to clean up the districts where this is extensively practiced, and so the nefarious business just goes on. If a brigand is captured he is promptly shot, but they are so seldom caught that this fate does not intimidate them. A protest from the American Legation has recently stirred the Chinese government to action, and it is said that measures a little more stringent are under way. A threat from one of our ministers also had effect. Some Americans were promptly delivered, and without ransom, too. Since then the Chinese government has shown a little less fear in dealing with the brigands.

However, in going up the river we had no unusual experiences. We went through safely and reached Canton by daylight. Of all the Chinese the people of Canton are said to be the least friendly. They are very proud, and among the educated they hold themselves aloof from contact with all other races. Once or twice on our travels

we met some educated Cantonese, brought up in England. They were most agreeable. One girl, especially, I remember. Her father was an Englishman, she herself married to one, and she was as charming and attractive as any woman I have ever seen. But the lower class, both like and unlike those of whom I speak, have that same aloofness which is almost aggressiveness and they lack, of course, the education which makes the upper class Cantonese know how to use it.

### *The Sampan Colony*

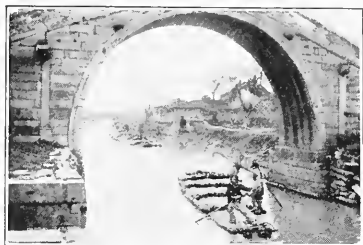
One of the striking sights on the arrival of the boat at Canton is that of the vast floating population. Over a hundred thousand small *sampans* cover the water, all manned by women. Whole families are born, live, and die in these boats, wretched and filthy, all housed in the tiny space of a few feet. Here they cook, wash, eat, and sleep, and the dirty water from the river which they drink is little else than thin mud. Standing with long oars attached to the back of the boat, the women maneuvered them skillfully, and this they do with babies tied to their backs. It is a pitiful sight. The poor baby flops about and falls from side to side as the mother moves vigorously, and never a whimper from the little one. These people who live on the *sampans* are the very lowest class in China. They never marry with the land people. The men fish and sit around—I never saw any



Incense Burner, Suchow

Oldest Pagoda, Suchow

Tiger Hill Pagoda, Suchow



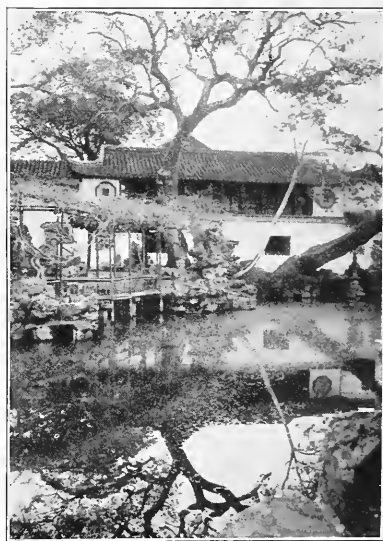
A picturesque bridge,  
Suchow



In front of City Temple,  
Suchow



A barber, Suchow



A garden, Suchow

of them working — and they have the usual characteristics of the oriental. Even this class will not permit their women to sit with them. The wives and women members of the family must sit elsewhere. The men are served on one part of the boat by the women who, after they have attended to the wants of these lords of creation, sit down humbly with each other and eat.

*IT MADE MY BLOOD BOIL! I'M FOR SUFFRAGE IN CHINA!*

We had an experience in one of the temples in Canton which, had it not been for our guide, might have had an ugly outcome. We were warned to be careful as the Cantonese are a sensitive lot and it was Ancestral Day. Every one was worshiping and making offerings to their ancestors. We were standing quietly, just watching the worshipers, when suddenly our guide said, "Come quickly! We have been asked to leave!" "But —" I ventured, "we have not yet seen the temple. Won't they permit us to visit it?" "No, no!" was his reply. "Come at once. You may be shot!" So out we went. In other temples, however, they treated us, if not with respect, at least with indifference.

## CHAPTER XV

ACROSS CHINA; SHANGHAI, CANTON, SUCHOW, NANKING,  
PEKING

**D**ESPITE the power of individual rulers and periods of remarkable strength on the part of the nation, China, under the influence of Confucius, has been looking backward rather than forward for the last twenty-four hundred years. Today, however, the old Chinese civilization seems doomed, anchored as it is solely in the past. One of China's weaknesses is, of course, her isolation. She seems geographically set apart from the rest of the world. With the great shipping interests of the present day, however, that weakness must rapidly disappear with the establishment and control of transportation. China is bound to reach, in time, that civilization to which all the world feels that she is entitled. The true ambassadors to China are, after all, our merchant adventurers of the western nations, bearing their goods, revealing their skill in engineering and making use of diplomacy when advisable. I heard one of our diplomats speak glowingly of the splendid effect that the carrying of petroleum into China has accomplished. To them something which could light a lamp and thereby prolong their day was little short of a miracle. For, since time immemorial the Chinese have risen at dawn and retired at dark. They had no artificial light.



*A Light in the Darkness*

I had always been keen for a larger knowledge of this wonderful country. To me, during the trip which encircled the globe, it had always seemed the objective point. Its literature has ennobling standards and lofty ideals. Its people certainly display common sense in the belief that experience is the mother of custom. Still, the rest of the world deplores the fact that the Chinese are so cautious of experiment, so wary when it comes to accepting new ideas. Custom and past experience have always been enough for them. Because their ancestors did things, they, too, must do them! They are long in realizing that not to accept new ideas is not to advance. But they are beginning to see the light. Already there is a distinct advancement along many lines.

The tendency to do away with the queue was the first step toward newer ideas. The second was the building of railroads, even across ancestral graves. In fact, it would not be possible to build a road of any kind which would not cross these ancestral resting-places. There are millions of them. China is one huge cemetery. This is almost the first impression which the traveler gets when he enters the country. And there is no system about burying people in China. Graves are planted anywhere and everywhere. They clutter up everything, rows and rows of them, regular and irregular. They are to be found in both flower and vegetable gardens, and not infre-

quently some ancestor is buried right in front of the house. And no matter where they bury an ancestor the spot is most sacred, always respected and well cared for.

### *The Widows' Monuments*

Ancestor worship certainly must keep one pretty busy in China. Every now and then as we went from place to place we would see such a pretty four-pillared effect with a cross-beam on top. When we inquired what these were, we were told that they were "widow monuments." And we saw hundreds of them. If a widow was devout, if she either burned herself to death, or shaved her head, blackened her teeth, mutilated her face or performed some other nice little stunt which would render her unattractive to other men (in this way proving her devotion to the dear departed) her friends would erect for her a widow's monument. Or, if they were too poor, the government would sometimes do it for them, thus encouraging all the poor deluded females to be faithful to the deceased — these privileged individuals who during their lives had several legal wives and all the concubines they could support, and who would not be faithful to the memory of any one woman for five minutes! The monuments are imposing and attractive, but I felt incensed every time I looked at one of them. One cannot help admiring them — when one realizes what a woman has gone through in order to get one.



Holy Way to the Ming Tombs, Nanking



Professional beggars seen at the Ming Tombs, Nanking

There is another thing in China which makes a great impression upon one. This is the seeming *permanency* of her cities. For how many centuries have they been just as they are now — Peking, Shanghai, Suchow, Hong-kong (modernized because of her geographical situation), Nanking. In what mysterious way have all these survived destruction? That they have seen wars, sieges, pestilence and famine, disastrous floods which sometimes destroy whole populations in a day, all the world knows. China's ancient cities are cities still. Babylon, Ninevah, and Tyre—where are they? One cannot help being inspired by the dignified old age of China.

On account of the fighting we were forced to miss Hanchow, as well as several other interesting places. But we were possessed of a do-or-die determination to at least have a look-in on that most interesting of all Chinese cities, Peking. On the way we found much of interest to all the party, while I, as a Catholic, was more than pleased to see what the church is doing in the Orient. One finds much to interest and entertain him in Shanghai, and here the Catholics may well be proud of their work. The convent established there for Chinese girls is a model. The lace they turn out is so exquisite that it is something to dream about. The Jesuit College is equally efficient. Here the boys make superb furniture, the carvings on which are considered wonderful even for Chinese carvings. Every tourist, no matter what his faith, should

visit these two places. Otherwise he will miss something well worth seeing.

The picturesque bridges of Suchow are just as exquisite as are all the pictures we see of the city. So many American artists have delighted to paint it, that the average traveler is prepared for its beauty, certain portions of it being distinctly recognizable from paintings which one has seen before coming. Had it not been for the usual filth and the ill-smelling bazaars, we should have adored it. As one approaches Suchow the first sight which greets him is, of course, the pagodas. There are five inside the city and three on the hills outside. The Great Pagoda, as it is called, seen on entering the city, is one of the most famous in China. It was built about 1131 A. D. It is nine stories high and a marvel in proportion. It is sixty feet at the base, forty-five at the top, and each story is proportionally narrower and smaller. In spite of its massiveness it is exquisitely built and is simply glorious to look upon. The leaning pagoda at Tiger Hill is also wonderful. I do not recall whether it is eleven or thirteen stories, but it is extremely picturesque. It is the first one to be seen on entering the city and the last one seen when leaving it. Its peculiar slant, like that of the leaning tower of Pisa, gives it an air of enchantment, mystery, and charm, and like it, it seems as if it could not have been built at that peculiar angle by human hands.

*Harrowing Scenes at Nanking*

Of course we went to Nanking because one of the finest of all the Ming tombs is there. In all of China there is really no finer. From Nanking we motored to it and found it magnificent. The great slab—colossal in size, with the history of the king written on slab towers—stands on the back of a huge tortoise. The approach to the tomb, The Holy Way, is lined on either side with crouching and standing stone figures of priests, warriors, elephants, lions, horses, and other animals. It is very effective and dignified. At Nanking, as in fact throughout China, the terrible sight of maimed and blind took away much of the pleasure of looking at objects of interest. Even the beautiful view from the top of the wall of the Pagoda of the War God I saw through blinding tears. Although I tried to become inured to the sight of the professional beggar as one sees him in the Orient, I could not succeed. I did get so that I could shut my eyes to it in men and women. But the sight of a handsome boy *professionally* maimed, with bleeding sores caused by some hideous disease, was the culmination here of all that I had to witness in the Far East. Absolutely no precaution, so far as I am able to learn, is taken by the authorities or any one else to protect and safeguard the health of these children. The sight of them is most harrowing. But—as beggars they are valuable! They are pushed forward by their parents to beg the living

for both of them. I cannot remember seeing a child of the poorer class in all China, however young or small, who was not the victim of some terrible and loathsome skin disease. Sometimes in tiny children it is slight. But it is *always* there and seems to be taken for granted by the natives.

The professional beggars are so numerous that the railroad has been compelled to build a fence to protect the passengers. Back of the fence, when the train comes in, they congregate while sympathizing passengers throw money to them from the windows. The most terrible sight I have ever witnessed in my whole life occurred at one of these stations. I dislike to dwell upon its hideousness, but to omit the recital would be to leave out something which is a part of Chinese life. We drew up at the station. Back of the fence was the usual array of beggars. They are not permitted to come out from behind the fence, but one poor woman, becoming importunate, came too near the train. She was a terrible creature to look at — almost half of her head eaten away by a huge sore. When she broke the rule a policeman began to beat her. From the train the passengers had to sit helpless and watch the performance. She screamed with pain, cursing and reviling him at the same time. Her terrified children clung to her skirts. Each time she fell to the ground her little boy of six would help her to her feet. Her cries ring in my ears to this hour. The episode is typical of





Drum Tower, Nanking



Bell Tower, Nanking



Pagoda of the War God, Nanking

two of the things which go to make up the country, the filth, poverty, and beggary of the people, and the inhuman cruelty of the police.

Our train for Peking went out under guard because of the robbers who had been rendered bold by the war which was then going on pretty vigorously in certain sections of China. Only a week before they had held up a train, looted it, taking all the money from the passengers, and one man was killed. All trains were now guarded, and we got through all right. It was a lovely country through which we passed. Wild cherry, apple, and peach blossoms and the glorious yellow of the Chinese cabbage made beautiful the landscape. The last-named flower, which the English call the rape and the Chinese know as Chinese cabbage, is like our mustard bloom in color and is beautiful from a distance. Enormous fields of it, side by side with meadows of red clover, looked like huge paintings from the windows of the train.

The Peking dust has not been exaggerated. And we reached Peking in the dusty month of April. It was something terrible. Actually, when clouds of it arose it was like a dense fog. One could see only a few feet ahead. Of course, not being acclimated, we all paid tribute to it in colds and throat infections. Each of us in turn lay in bed for a few days suffering from the effects. And no one had the least sympathy for us. Each said indifferently, "Oh, that is nothing! Just the Peking dust!" But,

with streaming eyes, sore throats, and awful coughs, we thought our friends decidedly unfriendly. We survived, however, and managed to thoroughly enjoy our two weeks' stay.

Oh, the fascination of Peking! Words cannot describe it. China lays great stress on externals. Her display, I presume, is caused by her old love of imperialism. All of her public ceremonials are colored with great brilliancy. In Peking she seems to have gathered the most striking and the most gorgeous of all her priceless possessions. Her temples are exquisite in form and superbly carved. Her museum is said to be the most costly in the world. Her treasures and trappings—but it is useless to enumerate further. One could *never* speak of them all.

When the Manchus captured Peking in 1644 they made the Tartar City their residence. Outside the Tartar City lies the Chinese City, surrounded by a wall thirty feet high and twenty-five feet wide. Lying within the Tartar City is the Imperial City, and lying within the Imperial City is the Forbidden City, which for so many centuries was a mystery to the world outside. Until the Boxer rebellion in 1900 no foreigner was permitted to enter it. Within it lived the royal family with their hundreds of servants. However, those days have passed into history. The Forbidden City is now open to the public. But no one is permitted to enter that part where lives the little lad who would have been emperor had China continued a

monarchy. With the establishment of the republic, additional parts of the City have been opened to the traveler.

*A Background of Mountains*

Peking is situated in a flat plain, but ten miles away the western hills rise abruptly out of the flat sands to a height of about seven thousand feet, making a picturesque background for the city. These hills possess some wonderful tombs which we longed to visit but dared not. The war cloud was assuming large proportions when we entered Peking and we could not tell how long or how brief our stay there would be.

When one enters this old city he passes through the Chinese City with its massive walls and lofty towers, solemn and mysterious, strong-looking as the mountains. They separated themselves well from their ancient enemies, the Manchus, whom they hated. The great grievance of the Chinese, underlying all else, the most prime factor in all the recent revolutions, is the fact that for three hundred years their country has been ruled, not by the Chinese, but by these alien Manchus. The wall which here separates the Chinese and the Tartar cities is a hundred feet high by eighty wide. From the Tartar City one enters the third one, the Imperial City. Two temples are on either side of the gate, one dedicated to the God of War. Through this gate one looks straight up a broad avenue to the stately buildings of the Imperial

Palace. A large square lies outside the Forbidden City and it forms the main approach to the Imperial City. Colossal pillars and huge stone lions guard the entrance to these wonderfully fine palaces and buildings. It is a most dignified approach to what was formerly the seat of power of a mighty nation. One is quite awed by it, and it is not difficult to understand the stupendous effect it would have upon the visiting emissaries of other and more democratic nations.

### *Bridal and Funeral Ceremonies*

In Peking the street life is fascinating beyond description. The springless Pekingese carts, drawn by mules or ponies, are resplendent with varnished sides, silver-trimmed harness, and silken hangings. In former days these carts, with their brilliant trappings, and the Sedan chairs were the only means of conveyance for the rich. Now, however, in Peking as elsewhere the automobile is omnipresent. China is the country of gorgeous funerals. In Peking they are famous. The richer the family the more magnificent the funeral. Even the poor will spend the savings of years to bury their dead. There are dozens of bands of music (making the awfulest, most excruciating sounds), hired mourners who run ahead and shriek at certain intervals; priests in splendid robes are as numerous as the purse of the family will allow. To one unused to the sight there was always a question in the



A large square outside the Forbidden City, Peking



A part of the Forbidden City, Peking



Grand Peace Palace, Forbidden City, Peking



Camels from the Western hills



mind—was it a wedding or a funeral? Much the same ceremony attends each. All the poor occidental can do is to stick around until either the corpse or the bride comes into view if he wishes to satisfy his curiosity.

Almost every one agrees that of the sights of Peking the Temple of Heaven is the finest. This is saying much when one begins mentally to enumerate them, the Yellow Temple, the Lama Temple, the Summer Palace, the Ming tombs (not far away from the city), last of all, the Great Wall, these glories are but a twentieth of those which might be named in a very short time. But the Temple of Heaven, in the lower part of the Chinese City, surrounded by its three-and-a-half-mile wall, is in architecture, location, dignity, and sheer beauty a worthy second to the Taj Mahal. Its grounds are filled with gnarled old cypresses, firs, and pines. This was the most sacred of all the temples of China, and here the ceremonies were once magnificent. Here once a year came the emperor to worship at the shrine of his ancestors, who in this case were not the members of his own family, but all the emperors who had reigned before him. Accompanied by thousands of his highest officials, they, in turn, attended by their personal retinues, clad in the costliest gowns that the empire afforded, made a pageant well worth seeing. The trouble was that no one saw it. The procession formed at the Forbidden City before the emperor's palace. All the houses along the route had to be

closed until they had passed. What a pity! So splendid a spectacle and nobody to see it! The emperor was called The Son of Heaven, and here in the Temple he went to worship alone. He spent the night in fasting and prayer. Then in the morning, joined by his followers, the open ceremony was held. This custom was many centuries old, but, like most customs, passed with the Empire.

### *How the Emperors Prayed*

Nothing could be more beautiful than the white marble altars of the Temple of Heaven. They are right out in the open and consist of three circular terraces with balustrades and triple staircases at the four cardinal points. By means of these one ascends to the upper terrace, which is ninety feet wide, the base being two hundred and ten feet across. The platform is laid with marble stones in nine concentric circles, and everything is arranged in multiples of the number nine. Prostrate on the ground before these white altars, surrounded first by the terraces and then by the horizon, the emperor at prayer seemed to be the center of the universe. He acknowledged himself inferior to heaven, but to heaven alone. Around him on the pavement the nine circles widened into each successive multiple until eighty-one was reached. The square of nine is the favorite number in numerical philosophy.

There was a seat on the terrace where The Son of Heaven, his own prayer at an end, sat to watch the rest of the ceremony. But no foreigner ever was permitted to see anything in connection with it. No priests officiated, only royalty and its following, and the latter were in training many months in advance. In one corner of the temple near the altar are some green tiles on which the sacred bullock was slaughtered. The calf must be without blemish and of uniform color. Eight metal braziers encircle the altar and these were used for burnt offerings of silk, written prayers (after they had been read), and other sacred things. With the passing of the Chinese empire and the doing away with royalty, these picturesque and ancient ceremonies came to an end. No more now does a Son of Heaven worship his ancestors in this beautiful temple.

### *Oregon Pine in One Temple*

Not far from here is another edifice known as the Temple of the Happy New Year. It was struck by lightning in 1889 and pretty badly damaged. I was interested to learn that when it came to restoring it they could produce in China no beams sufficiently massive to support the roof. They looked the world over and finally used our own Oregon pine. The pine which was sent to rebuild it was shipped from Portland.

Every conqueror of China tried to take unto himself

the privilege of worshipping at the Temple of Heaven. But when Yuan Shih K'ai assumed the dictatorship, and sought to take advantage of the imperial privilege, it was so distasteful to the Chinese that he never tried it but once.

The Lama Temple is really a monastery. The monks in their orange and yellow costumes, carrying a bunch of peacock feathers which they wave as a signal for the ceremonies to begin, are quite unusual and very interesting to watch. They have both cymbals and drums, but the most curious of their musical instruments is the conch shell, which they blow. We had hoped to see the Lama dance, said to be both hideous and terrible, the costumes being death masks. They whip and scourge themselves, yell, and act more like demons than human beings. But they rarely give the dance now and none was held while we were there.

#### *Winning a Breakfast*

I had an interesting experience at the entrance of the temple of Confucius. We observed that a gambling game was going on, straws being drawn to decide the winner. Quite a crowd had gathered and everybody was taking part in the game. We joined it, paid our money, and took our chance with the rest. Everybody lost but me. I had won twelve delicious dishes to eat, so my guide told me, pointing out the delectable (?) things which were mine. I gazed upon my winnings with consternation.



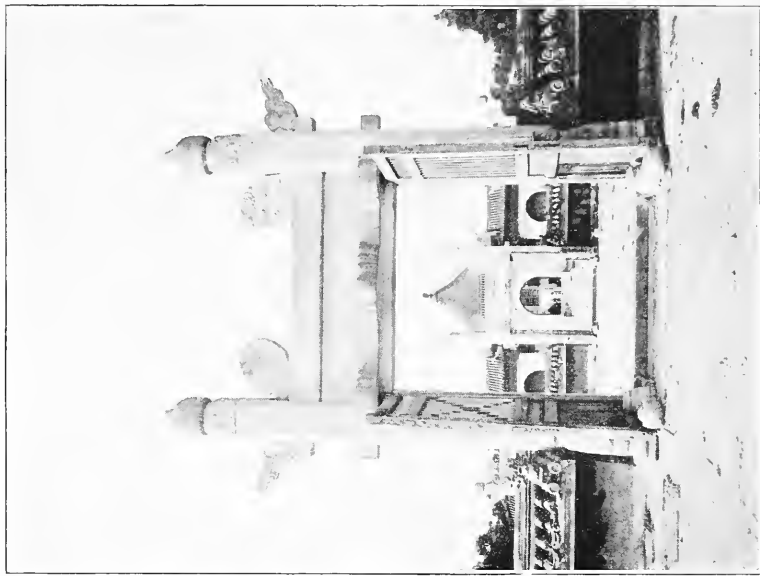
Lama Temple, Peking

Temple of Heaven, Peking

An outer gate to the Temple of Heaven, Peking



Entrance to the Temple of Heaven, Peking



A gate to the Temple of Heaven, Peking

Nothing on the face of the earth could have induced me to even taste a mouthful of these dishes, prepared by the poorer class of Chinese and exposed for hours in the open to all the germs which China has to offer. But the crowd was watching me and I feared to give offense. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Turning to the guide, I asked him to explain that I had just breakfasted and was not a bit hungry. I begged that the crowd would be my guests. The way they fell upon those twelve dishes and devoured them! And the way the priests laughed and thanked me! What an immense relief to me! For a few minutes it had been a close call.

The chief attraction in the temple of Confucius here is ten chiseled boulders inscribed with a description of a great hunting expedition which the emperor, Shan, undertook three thousand years ago. The stones are known as the "stone drums of the Chow dynasty." They were discovered in the seventh century.

### *A Palace for a Navy*

The morning we spent in the Summer Palace was like a trip to fairyland. The grounds are exquisitely kept. The loveliest white marble bridge spans the most charming little lake in the enclosure. It was this palace which eventually cost the old Empress Dowager her crown, for she built it with the money which had been appropriated for the purpose of strengthening the Chinese Navy.

When war came the navy crumpled up and was lost. But the Summer Palace is a dream, and in one of the rooms there still hangs a portrait (in oils) of this remarkable woman. She has little of the look of the concubine. First and last she has the look of sovereignty in her countenance. Her long, thin face; her calm, shrewd eyes; her intellectual forehead give evidence of the power she wielded for more than half a century. People in China regarded the old empress as the wisest living creature, and although they recognize that she once showed a woman's weakness in that she built a palace instead of strengthening her navy, with a snarling world around her, she still holds her place as one of the Great.



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE QUADRUPLE-WALLED CITY OF PEKING; ONWARD TO

#### MANCHURIA

AS I look back over the years of my husband's public service, I find that very charming memories come of the occasions when we had the privilege and the pleasure of entertaining princes and nobles, and many of the world's distinguished. During his father's public life and his own it was our pleasant fortune to have as guests four presidents of the United States, one of whom (President Harrison) was a relative. The others were Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Taft. In speaking of these, however, I do not mean to belittle any of the distinguished foreigners whom we also received; and although we never thought at the time of the far-distant day when we should be world-travelers, we found the truth of the biblical saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to you after many days." Many places that we went, ourselves having forgotten them, we found that these courtesies were remembered and either returned or, as was the case of the invitation to tea with the royal family of Spain, an attempt was made to return them. In most instances, because of restricted time, we declined these invitations. We had gone on our tour not for the social events which might be offered us, but to see the wonders

and note the customs of the countries we were to visit.

*Acquaintance with Prince Imperial*

In China, however, we made an exception. The late Empress Dowager sent as her personal representative to the World's Fair at St. Louis, His Excellency, Pu Lun, Prince Imperial of China. He was entertained at the White House, and we were asked by the government to make his stay in Chicago just as pleasant as possible. My husband appointed a committee to care for him, we ourselves gave a dinner for him, followed by an evening at the theater. I gathered together a few ladies, and with the members of his suite we filled several boxes. Prince Pu Lun proved a delightful acquaintance. A thorough man of the world, highly educated, he charmed everybody. As the representative of the Imperial Family and as a general in the Chinese army, this dignified gentleman was showered with honors wherever he went.

When we reached Peking we asked Mr. Peck, secretary of the American Legation, if he would not try to arrange for us to have an interview with Prince Pu Lun. Through his own and Mrs. Peck's kindness we had a delightful afternoon at tea with him. The Prince always has an interpreter. Whether he speaks English or not I do not know, but even if he does, etiquette requires the interpreter. In his handsome Chinese dress he made an impressive figure as he talked, and almost his first words



Near the Lama Temple, Peking

Near the Central Gate,  
Forbidden City, Peking

Yellow Temple, Peking



Grounds of the Temple of Heaven, Peking



An entrance to the Temple of Heaven, Peking

on greeting us were: "It is to me a source of the most profound regret that the Imperial Family of China is no longer in a position to show you the courtesies which you once extended to me." He lives in the Forbidden City, but because of the illness of his wife he could not ask us to his home. (I wondered *which* wife!)

### *His Remarkable Memory*

I discovered that, as is usual with the Chinese, he has an excellent memory. One of his first questions was, "How is the lady who asked why I removed my cap?" On the night that I had taken them all to the theater in Chicago—remember that it was now twenty years ago—all the members of his party had worn skull caps. One of my feminine guests, eagerly watching every movement of the royal visitor to find in each little gesture some significance, had put this question to the interpreter. The latter replied, "Because he is warm, I think!" How we all laughed, none more heartily than the Prince himself. I thought his recollection of the incident remarkable.

Paul Reinsch, an American Minister to China, says of him: "Pu Lun was one of the most delightful men in all China," and in one paragraph of his book he thus describes him: "At the reception of President Yuan Shih K'ai, which was held in the residence of the Dowager Empress in 1914, all the diplomatic corps were present. Every official was in splendid uniform. From a side room

whither we had withdrawn we looked into the main hall and saw that its floor had been entirely cleared. A moment later, a solitary figure in the uniform of a general proceeded across the floor toward Yuan Shih K'ai. It was the Prince Pu Lun. Walking alone and unattended, the representative of the Chinese Imperial Family had come to bring its felicitations to the President of the new Republic! For the first time since the abdication, the Imperial Family was taking notice of him who had replaced them in power."

*Every Inch a Prince*

There is unquestionably something in being born to the purple. Pu Lun has the air of a prince. Everything about him bespeaks royalty. One would never mistake him for just an ordinary citizen. Yet personally he is the most modest of men. When Mr. Harrison said to him that we had heard with regret of the old Empress' decision to make the present young Prince Imperial her heir, and that we had often talked of him and of what the years might bring to China could he himself have control, he replied: "I have no regrets. China is far better as a republic. I fear that I should never have had the power even as ruler to execute my desires for China (he is a progressive), so, what might my *régime* have brought to her? No. The loss of any possible power or honor which I might have had has never caused me the least

regret." This answer, spoken with the simple dignity of the real aristocrat, is characteristic of the man.

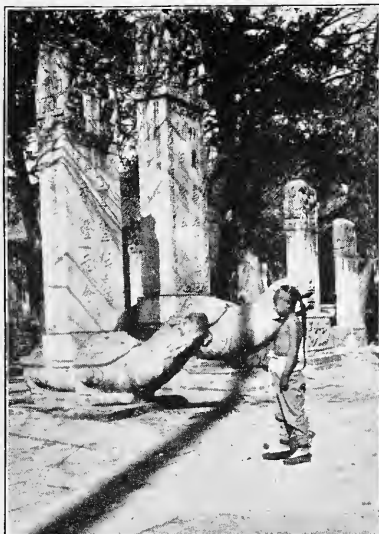
Mr. Harrison told him that he still had the decoration which the Empress had bestowed upon him, the Order of the Dragon, the highest honor which she could bestow upon a foreigner. He seemed pleased with this bit of information. My husband did not think it necessary, however, to explain that the only reason he had it was that it did not arrive until he had left public life and became once more a private citizen. While in office he had refused all decorations. The one which I have always felt hurt him most to refuse was that of the Legion of Honor, tendered him by an official on behalf of the French government. Americans in office have made it the unwritten law to refuse all such honors, and although some do accept, *he* always declined. For this same reason he refused to accept the German Emperor's offer (a high honor) of the Red Eagle. But this gorgeous Chinese dragon did not arrive until he had been out of office for more than a month. So far as I am able to recall, the only good it has ever done him was to impress a very high-class Chinese cook which we had one winter in California. At first this man was very haughty both in appearance and manner. But the awe on his face when he saw that decoration was sublime. We were ever afterward treated by the pigtailed gentleman with the most profound respect.

*Off for the Ming Tombs*

We arose one morning at the usual unearthly hour to take a six o'clock start for the Ming tombs. Rumors of war were becoming stronger, fighting getting closer every day. Many of the timid had already left China without making any attempt to see these wonderful tombs. But it had been disappointment enough to us to miss seeing that of Confucius, and we determined that we were not going to miss these. On this especial morning it was raining pretty hard. Undeterred, we donned rain-coats over our heavy wraps, for it was biting cold. We reached Nankow at about twelve. Half an hour later, wrapped in waterproofs (it was still raining), we set off for the tombs. Our chairs had canvas covers, and there were four bearers for each of them. As the canvas covered only the top, it was little protection, and although we had fur rugs we were nearly frozen. The wind was high. The rain blew in from the sides. All of us had sore throats from the Peking dust. But we all decided that it was Christian Science day for us. We were going to the Ming tombs, colds or no colds.

The eleven miles of country which we crossed were for the most part desert, but the mountains fringing the sands were superb, seen through the mist. Occasionally we passed a small village, but we were too wet and uncomfortable to take much interest in it. After a few hours' ride we arrived at the *pailow*, and when we got





Grounds of the Temple of the  
Universe, Peking

Marble Pagoda near the Jade  
Fountain, Peking

Entrance to the Temple of the  
Green Clouds, Peking

Grounds of the Temple of the  
Green Clouds, Peking



Temple of Prayer, Peking



Entrance to the Lama Temple, Peking

out of our chairs to examine it we promptly forgot our discomfort and stood in admiration. Its arches are superbly carved, the figures of lions and dragons splendidly done, all in stone, of course. What a fine conception of the artistic and beautiful had that old Ming emperor who designed this entrance to the tombs! The Mings, by the way, were the last native Chinese emperors. And the great grievance of China, underlying all her agitation and unrest, is really the fact that for three centuries their country has been ruled, not by the Chinese themselves but by the alien Manchus. What a story of oppression and wrong it is! Dr. Sun Yat Sen, more courageous than the rest of his people, gave it out a few years later in a perfect flood of literature which reached the uttermost parts of the earth, and prepared the minds not only of China but of the friends of China all over the world for the death of the oldest empire in existence and the birth of a young republic.

*"A Kingly Setting for Royalty"*

On one side of the *pailow* a broad, open roadway stretches away for miles and miles, straight to the city of Peking. On the other side, equally straight, is a road of three miles leading to the thirteen tombs of the Ming dynasty. Back of that semi-circle of tombs the mountains lift themselves as a background. What a kingly setting for royalty, even, to lie in! This approach to

the tombs is called the Holy Way. It is most impressive. One enters a wonderful avenue of beasts and men—colossal lions, horses, elephants, and other animals; equally colossal figures of warriors and priests, perfectly carved of granite and stone. Each of the tombs is on the side of a mountain, therefore conspicuous before it is reached.

The finest of the tombs is that of Yung Lo, who died in 1424. As it is practically impossible for one to visit all the tombs (they are a mile or two apart), it is this one which is usually inspected. Both the gateway and the tomb itself are splendid pieces of work, but I am told that the greatest of the Mings was really buried under the huge mound back of the palace, that all his furniture and personal belongings are walled up in the palace and have never been opened since his death. One feels how limited is one's vocabulary when standing before such edifices as these. Magnificent, impressive, imposing—how tame the words sound when viewing some architectural wonder which one has come across the whole world to see! All the way back to the hotel we could think of no adjectives sufficiently descriptive to express what we had that day seen. We arrived after dark, half-frozen and weary, but happy—after a stiff Kentucky toddy which my husband made us and which warmed us up nicely. In spite of the hard beds we certainly slept the sleep of the just that night and were nicely rested

by morning and ready for the road once more.

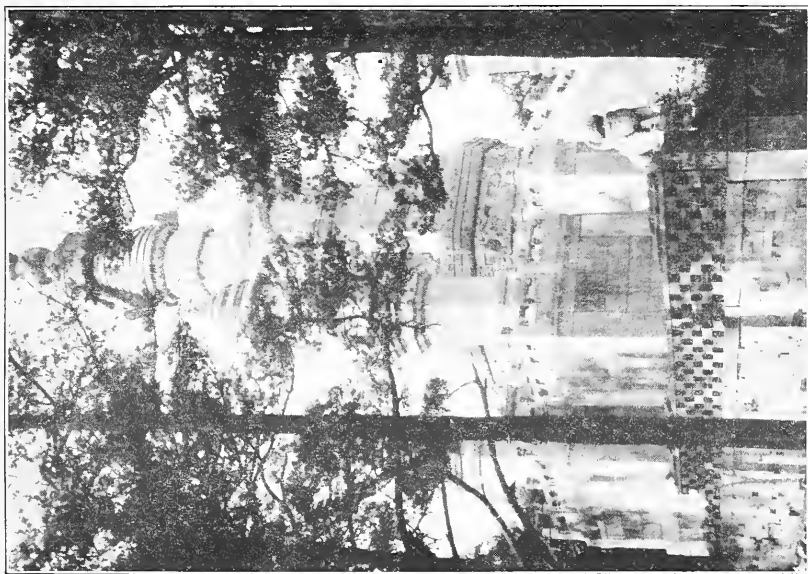
*A View of the Great Wall*

The next day was bright and sunny. It was my husband's birthday, and we decided to celebrate by going to the Great Wall. We felt in fine feather and made an early start. We took the train from Nankow to Chin-lungchiao. This is a station for the Wall. We found the city filled with hundreds and thousands of visitors, all of whom had come to see the unveiling of a statue. We also saw the unveiling of that statue. It was unique. It was the first time I had ever seen a man carved in stone *wearing evening dress!*

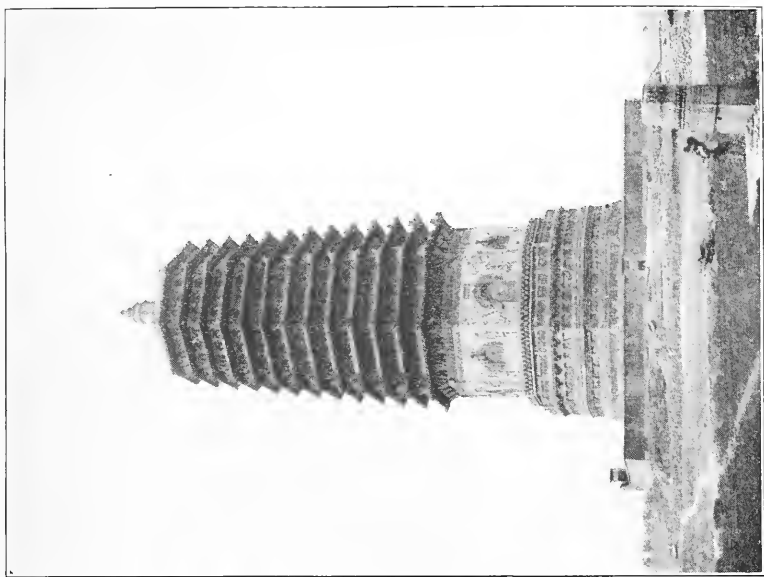
The Great Wall, as everybody knows, is one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It begins at Shan-hai-Quan, by the sea, runs across the northern boundary of China proper, crosses the Desert of Gobi, just south of Thibet. One can but pause once more, and wonder at the civilization which must once have existed in China when he looks at this marvelous structure. Think what it meant to build this Wall. It took a million men ten years to build it, and an army of a hundred thousand to protect them while they worked. The outer pavings are of sun-dried brick, and the Wall was built two hundred years before Jesus of Nazareth was born. It is fifteen hundred miles long now, fifty feet wide and thirty-five feet high. Formerly it was seventeen hundred miles

long, but that portion of it which ran from Peking to the sea has been destroyed. Even the most hardened traveler, who has seen the sights of interest of the whole world, is thrilled when he stands before this architectural marvel. One must remember, in connection with it, that it was conceived and carried out without the aid of any foreign country. The Chinese themselves successfully planned and built those steep grades and sharp curves, solving themselves all the difficult problems always to be met in such an undertaking. Who can stand unmoved before it? Chinese history says little about this wonderful Wall. All we know is that it was constructed to keep out the Tartars. We of the present day stand before it in admiration and awe, feeling that it must have been built for more than one thing. It stands today an everlasting monument to the once-brilliant civilization of the five-thousand-year-old empire of China.

One of our great disappointments was that we could not make satisfactory arrangements to visit the tomb of Confucius. This country, which is absolutely dominated by the teachings and the influence of the great philosopher, is seemingly indifferent as to his tomb. One would naturally expect that it would be one of the show places of the land and that it would be made easy of access. But not so. It is an extremely hard trip to the Sacred Mountain, Tai Shan, in Shantung; and Chufou, also, the home of Confucius, is just as difficult to reach. With the



Marble Pagoda, Peking



Pagoda of Thirteen Layers, Peking



Winter Palace. Peking



A scene at the Winter Palace, Peking



war closing in around us, anxious to utilize our every moment, we reluctantly gave it up. Timid friends were daily leaving us, turning their faces homeward, and when some of the trains were turned back, they, aghast at our indifference, got away by motor. But we had dined with our American minister, his charming family, his able assistant, Mr. R—, the first secretary. As long as they were willing for Americans to remain we decided to stay.

*Exploring the Attractions*

This beautiful state dinner, by the way, is one of the most delightful memories we carried away from China with us. In the midst of a profusion of spring flowers, in a gathering of notables, we sat down to a wonderful dinner. Mrs. Wood, wife of the governor-general of the Philippines, was a guest of Mrs. Schurman and was visiting at the Legation, a fact which added much to our pleasure. The next day the wife of the first secretary gave a charming luncheon at which we met more interesting people, both American and Chinese, living in Peking. With these delightful gaieties, together with our sight-seeing, we forgot the war clouds and gave ourselves up to enjoyment. We calmly and thoroughly explored the shops, bazaars, temples, palaces, gardens, artificial lakes, and all the other beauties of Peking. True, we were constantly warned of the ominous quiet which preceded the Boxer outburst, and were reminded more than once that

that tragedy might have been averted had the Legation been a little more alert. We replied that China was now a republic and that that old she-devil, Tsze Hsi, the Empress Dowager, was no longer alive to instill into the minds of her people hatred toward foreigners.

What a wonderful creature that wicked woman was! What a mind, what an intellect, what a memory was hers. What determination she displayed! She was one of the emperor's beautiful concubines, but after she became the mother of his only son he put her in a position second only to the empress. So great was the power she wielded over him, and so marked was her ability that she was really the empress for twelve years after his death. In fact, she was the real ruler of China from 1861 to 1908, nearly half a century, and no matter how one views her, her ability must be acknowledged. True, she was a devil, a fiend. She murdered, killed, and swept out of her way those who interfered with her schemes and ambitions. She was accused even of the murder of the emperor who gave her all power, and of that of her only child, the heir apparent. She spared no one except the reputed lover of her youth, Jung Lyn. To him she was always faithful. She made his grandson emperor, sweeping aside all the other rightful heirs to the throne. Standing in her wonderful and gorgeous palaces, examining her many priceless treasures, we tried our best to visualize this royal vixen as she really was.

I heard a good story of this royal lady while in Peking. She was mad, it seems, to have a ride in a motor. She had seen and admired the swift, quiet motion of the cars and had bought many, but she died within sight of the promised land. The government was still struggling with the problem of how to teach the chauffeur to drive on his knees (of course he could not sit down in the royal presence!) when she departed this life.

*Ancestors and Coffins*

They say that anybody can be happy in Peking. So many and so varied are the interests there. To those who love the temples the pagodas are, of course, a wealth of pleasure. Many of them are falling into decay, but they are still beautiful. Like the pagodas of India, these also are erected as a sort of propitiatory offering to the gods, for the purpose of bringing good luck to the builders. The strangest thing to me in the ancestor worship of China is this. Their ancestors, seemingly, are a series of demons. Their every sacrifice is for the purpose of propitiating them, to prevent, as it were, their return to do them evil! It seems never to occur to them that if they can really return and harm them they might also return and *help* them. This view, however, they never recognize.

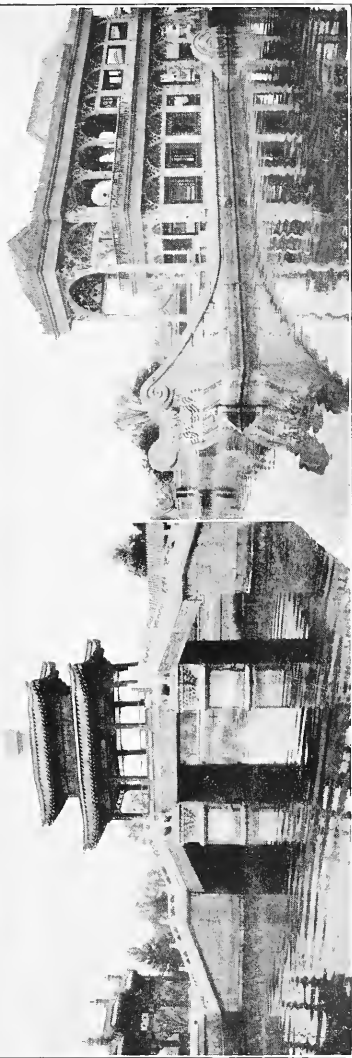
So far as my observation went, the principal piece of furniture in China is a coffin. These are scooped out of logs and are kept many years before death. After death

the body is left exposed (sometimes, by the poorer class, for months) until the time shall be propitious for burial. They study the elements, the stars, etc., to ascertain when this shall be. The rich rent a room in which the body is kept, and often priests are paid as high as ten dollars a day to ascertain by the means mentioned just when the propitious hour for burial shall be. We saw one of these coffins which had been kept for twenty-five years, the priests receiving daily their stipulated sum, unable (no doubt because of the good income) to find the proper time.

The idea is being promulgated that the binding of the women's feet is passing. We saw much evidence that it still exists. The sight of babies screaming with pain, and otherwise pretty women hobbling about was quite common. Other and older women, rich and fat, come to the temples, either hobbling on their crippled feet or being carried on the backs of their coolies. Of all customs this is certainly the silliest. It is said to have originated from the fact that one of the emperor's favorite concubines was club-footed, and to honor her the other women of the court had their feet crippled.

### *Where Man Is Lord Supreme*

Although there is no caste in China the lot of the Chinese woman is scarcely less enviable than that of the Indian woman. The small-footed real wife is often neg-



Grounds of the Summer Palace, Peking  
 Bridge near the Marble Boat, Peking

Summer Palace, Peking  
 Marble Boat, Summer Palace, Peking



Drum Temple, Peking



Grounds of the Summer Palace, Peking

lected for the large-footed concubine whom her husband chooses. Though he cannot put away his legal wife, as can the Indian man, usually he neglects her, traveling about openly with the one he prefers. The wife has no redress whatever. Public opinion permits the Chinese man to conduct himself as he chooses. He is monarch of all he surveys. In these days of enlightenment it seems a sad thing that the lot of the Chinese woman does not improve. Often she is beautiful, educated, and refined. Her whole life is to please her husband, no matter how dissolute, unfaithful, or unkind he may be.

There is no woman movement in China. That this is so makes every other woman who visits the country fighting mad. Should the Chinese women ever demand their rights, what a debt the men of the country would have to pay! The oriental view is that woman is much happier under their system—that she is to bear the children, keep the house and be contented with what little is allotted her. But the sordid life she is forced to lead fills me with indignation. When the thought of a nation is that the more wives and the more children a man has the more he shall be respected, what argument can possibly be brought forth in behalf of woman? The boy is the whole thing in China. To have a male child is the greatest honor in the land. Though the slaughter of infant girls is not so universal as formerly, there is still plenty of it going on. The “girl towers,” as they were called, are

still in existence. An object, however small, dropped into one of these towers could never be gotten out, and into them the superfluous girl babies were once placed by the thousands. Think of it! The practice is now forbidden, but the towers are still there.

*Advised to Leave City*

Our weeks in Peking were flying. So rapidly did the time pass that we began to realize that we must really say good-bye to the city's fascinations if we wished to catch our steamer for America. We still had friends to see, but we knew now that we ought to get out of China. The two fighting generals, Wu-pei-Fu and Chang-Tso-Ling, were still struggling for control. They were tearing up railroad tracks daily, turning back trains, and at last we were advised to leave.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the great reformer, is very quiet. Neither he nor the President of China, Hsu Chi Chiang, seemingly, had anything to say. The papers rarely mentioned either of them. But the two fighting generals were greatly in evidence.

. Most reluctantly we bade adieu to our friends and to this wonderful old city. We could not afford to miss the boat and thus disappoint our children in Chicago. Our last day was spent with Mr. and Mrs. A—, of the Legation, in the home they loved best, an old temple which they had fixed up a bit so that it could be occupied for



week-ends and short holidays. Mr. A— had just been ordered back to Washington, so they were spending the last of their stay in China in this delightful old place. It was some ten miles out of Peking, and, though small, was exquisite in detail. It had an adorable setting in pretty grounds, amidst lovely trees, and the usual mounds—ancestral graves—were there, of course. Beyond, far in the distance, was the outline of the western hills. It was a charming picture that we brought away with us of these young people resting here in their vacation hours, devoting themselves to outdoor life before saying good-bye to China.

*Beauties of the Great River*

I cannot leave this country without speaking of the Yang-tse-kiang, the Great River. It runs westward through China to the Himalayas, dividing the country into North and South China. Its channels are fifteen fathoms deep. It is fed by numberless small creeks. It is three thousand miles long, navigable for eight hundred. It is one of the most majestic of streams. The grandest river gorges in the world are on the Yang-tse. We crossed it a few times, but to our regret we could not travel on it to any extent because of the fighting. Passengers were not taken on the river while we were in China. The Chinese will not rescue a drowning person from the Yang-tse. The superstition is that the Spirit of the Yang-tse is claiming a soul, and that interference would cause the

Spirit great offense. The current of the river is very swift, therefore one who falls in the stream is always lost.

Despite the criticism (which is omnipresent), China seems to be prospering and the republic with her. At least the people are beginning to acquire confidence in themselves, something they have never had before. The World War helped China to prosper, and for this the republic gets the credit. The number of those who yearly died of starvation has been greatly reduced, and even this seems to them like prosperity. Though, from our standpoint, China is still terribly poor, she is constantly improving, and as luck is with the republic it will surely stand. When Dr. Sun started in on his work of building an ideal republic he was farsighted, as any one who has watched his progress must admit. There are those Chinese who still hold that the young emperor will yet be returned to the throne. But few believe them. Even if he should be returned he would not last long. He would be put out of the way very speedily. The people want the republic. And the republic they will have!

### *Disease the Bane of China*

But physical stamina is dependent upon mental reaction, and poor China, with its tornado of disease, is in a deplorable state, just like the rest of the Orient. There are many splendid types in China, but very few old men. People rarely live beyond seventy. Someone has dilated



Hall of Classics, Peking



Gateway to the Hall of Classics, Peking



Holy Way to the Ming Tombs, Peking



An elephant figure, Holy Way, Peking

at length on strengthening the Chinese army. It will never be accomplished without a general house-cleaning, the wiping out of disease, and general sanitation. Dysentery is the monster of this country. In terror of it, every white man wears a flannel band over his stomach at night. Often they laugh about it, saying that they do not believe it necessary. But they wear it just the same. Smallpox is everywhere. The Chinese call it the Heavenly Flower! They will not vaccinate themselves, but require vaccination of all foreigners. Typhoid claims many. Cancer, leprosy, eye trouble flood the country, and nearly everybody has intestinal bacteria. Hookworm in the Far East is universal. One drawback to improved sanitation in China is that the people have no sense of proportion. They will sit down to eat their food amidst the most filthy surroundings. They can spread their table above a cess-pool, and seemingly it does not disturb them in the least. The Rockefeller hospital in Peking, said to be the finest institution in the world, is working wonders for China's health. Here our friend, Dr. D— of Chicago, deserted us. He is a noted surgeon, nationally famous, and is giving his splendid talent and experience for one year, teaching and demonstrating in this wonderful hospital.

Whether China will ever become modernized is a question. But after sleeping for forty centuries, she *is* aroused. The great difference between the Occident and

the Orient is a mental difference. It is too tremendous for any change to be other than slow. To change oriental thought into occidental reason is a task almost too colossal to contemplate. In time it may be possible, but it will take time, and a long time at that.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MANCHURIA, HER RELATION TO CHINA; KOREA, HER UNREST AND HOSTILITY TO JAPAN

OFF for Mukden and the beautiful scenery of Manchuria! The story of the relation of Manchuria to China is most interesting, the rise of the Manchu dynasty more like romance than fact. There was no Manchu Empire in the sixteenth century. The people were just wild, uncultured barbarians, living in caves and constantly at war with the other tribes. But about 1616 one of these rulers of a barbaric tribe collected an army of men, built himself a palace and really started on the road to civilization. His name was Nurhachu. He was given the title of Ying Ming and was the Great Ancestor. He made Mukden his capital and was the founder of the Manchu dynasty. From him came the powerful Manchu family which for so long ruled over China.

#### *Reason for Walled Cities*

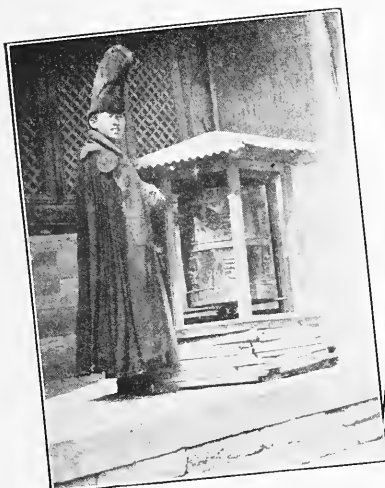
Even after they conquered China, or rather after they had captured the capital, Peking (to this day they have never really conquered the Chinese people!), they were still just a horde of savages, and, although for centuries they imposed their yoke upon the Chinese, the latter, to

a man, hated them cordially — a hatred which continues to this day. Finally, with the lapse of time, the Manchus grew weaker in their own country. They knew that the Chinese hated them, and this accounts for the fact that almost every Manchu city is a walled city, especially if it lies within a Chinese city, as often happens. Wherever they have congregated in any appreciable numbers they have always walled themselves in. But in time their power in China became absolute and they furnished her with that wonderful and wicked old Empress, Tsze Hsi, the last of the imperial reign.

One thing is interesting to note. The Manchus imposed their dress completely upon the Chinese. After three centuries, the Manchu women still wear the picturesque headdress of their own country, and a heel in the middle of their shoes. They are easily distinguishable from the Chinese women, although it is now difficult to tell a Manchu man from a Chinaman. One of the symbols of degradation imposed upon the Chinaman by the Manchus was the wearing of the queue. Now, however, both Manchu and Chinaman cut it, and they look very much alike.

I am told that the women are quite progressive in Mukden, that they take active interest in the hospital established there by the missionaries, an institution which has prospered and been helped by both Chinese and Japanese.





A young Lama priest, Peking

In summer attire, Peking

On a country road



The Great Wall of China  
Another view of the Great Wall

*Train Ride a Nightmare*

When we took train for Mukden we were told that we should be at our destination the next evening at eight o'clock. Alas, we little dreamed of the horrors before us! The train was packed. Sixty Americans were said to be on board, although I do not know whether this number is correct. There certainly were many. Like ourselves, they, too, had been told that it was time when we should all be asked to leave China. The day after we departed, our American minister, Mr. Schurman, issued the proclamation asking all Americans who were not obliged to remain to leave Peking. So, in consequence, the train was packed. Well-to-do Chinese were fleeing with their treasures in the attempt to save them in case of war. The dining car was filled with men, sleeping and coughing. One entrance was enough. We did not go near it again. We purchased some fruit, and we had learned to carry crackers and cheese and some wine in case of necessity. Our small compartment was most uncomfortable. From the American standpoint, the Chinese trains are the worst ever, and as hygiene and cleanliness play absolutely no part in their lives, we suffered intolerably. One dressing room on each car (which must be shared by both men and women) made it impossible for any American woman to enter it.

But the scenery was beautiful. We crept up the mountain, twisting and turning as we climbed, finding new

beauties at every height. The mountain sides were covered with a glorious pink bloom. It was late in April and the spring flowers were many and gorgeous; a superb carpet of deep rose seemed to dominate the color scheme, as had the yellow Chinese cabbage that of the country we had just left.

*Not Easily Converted*

Chosen is a country abounding in gold. It has also excellent coal beds and other minerals. As these resources have scarcely been touched, there is much talk of a day when things will boom here. Chosen is also the sixth largest cotton-producing country in the world. The people are diligent and peaceful and it seems that a bright future is before them. The missionaries, however, report that theirs has not been an easy task in Chosen. The natives do not easily accept the gospel of Christ, and the Catholic priests have often been martyrs in their endeavor to teach them the truth. One old French priest told me that his life here had been full of misery. A similar story was told me in Japan. A Belgian priest said that the Japanese were the most difficult of any people to Christianize. "They will be nice to you, even friendly and courteous," he said, "but no amount of kindness or gratitude for it will bring them to you to be baptized. To receive the faith they must be convinced. Once convinced, they are the finest Christians on earth; but oh," he sighed, "the work is so slow, so slow. I get terribly discouraged!"

We were told of a curious disease which visited Manchuria in 1910 and 1911. It was called *pneumonic plague*, and it became a deadly epidemic. Forty-four thousand cases were reported, and there were forty-four thousand deaths. Not a single recovery was recorded! The Chinese authorities in Mukden, together with the missionary doctors, worked hard and with gratifying success to prevent the spread of the disease. A national conference was held later in Mukden to investigate the nature of the disease and to devise methods to prevent a recurrence.

### *Another Ghastly Night*

We did not reach Mukden at eight the next night, as we had been informed that we should. Instead, we got there at five A. M.—after two nights on the road. It was a rough night experience. We could not even obtain a pillow. All during the day on the train we were told constantly we would reach Mukden at eight that evening, but we soon saw that it was impossible. We were getting later and later, being constantly held up while the troop trains passed. At last we asked to have the berths made up so that we could lie down and rest. There was no linen, nothing, in fact, to make them up with. All the bedding had been taken from the train. So we sat bolt upright until five o'clock the next morning when, the last troop train having passed, we were permitted to enter Mukden. That ghastly trip out of China! We shall never

forget it. At Mukden we had just two hours to change all baggage, trunks, etc., and get a train before eight for Chosen. To add to the discomfort of the train trip, we were all fighting colds and headaches. By the time we reached Korea we were nearly dead.

"All things come to him who waits!" Finally we reached Seoul and stopped at its splendid hotel. It seemed as if we had reached heaven! It is charmingly situated and has a wondrous view of the mountains. The Korean men are a curious sight. They wear long white linen dusters and tall stove-pipe hats. Linger in these comfortable quarters, we relaxed and tried to regain our poise and cheerfulness, both of which had abandoned us during that mad flight from China. Wise hotel man, this proprietor, who chose this spot on which to build. One of the most exquisite of the temples in the whole of Korea is right on the hotel grounds. No matter how weary one is, he cannot but rest here.

### *Color Notes in Seoul*

Seoul is a beautiful city. It is encircled by lofty hills of granite the color of which changes at different hours of the day. Sometimes they are pure gold, sometimes the deepest blue. These high mountains about the city give the impression of a walled town. Seoul is a mass of color. The women dress most picturesquely, wearing brilliant coats of lettuce or apple green with scarlet



A gateway, Seoul



A street scene, Seoul



White Buddha, Seoul



streamers. These coats fall from their heads to their knees, and they wear a small white cap. This queer get-up, it is said, was intended originally as a garment for men. It is now universally worn by the women, however, while the men stick to their white linen dusters and small, black, stove-pipe hats. We saw a few women in short white coats and baggy trousers, but the striking note in the Korean bazaar is the scarlet streamer and the coat of apple green.

There is not much to be seen in Seoul. It has a museum, a zoo, and a palace. We had the feeling while we remained here that we were really in Japan. And we were! Although Japan denies it, she really has annexed Korea. The best Japanese friend the Koreans had was Prince Ito, yet it was a Korean who murdered him. The criminal was taken to Japan for trial. He faced the death sentence calmly, but he was engaged in writing a poem when sentence was passed upon him. The Japanese government kindly gave him time to finish it.

The hatred of the Koreans for Japan is deep-seated and not without reason. They cannot forgive the cruel, inhuman killing in 1895 of their beloved empress, Min. When she was dragged from the palace into the streets by the Japanese soldiery, their intention was to pour oil upon her and burn her to death. Many still believe this to have been the manner of her end. Her ladies, in the attempt to save her, closed in around her, each declaring

herself to be the empress, and many of them meeting death in this horrible manner. It is claimed by many that the empress died also in this way, although others tell that she escaped to the apartments of the emperor, whither they followed her and, although it was the middle of the night, put her to the sword. Whatever the manner of her death, it certainly took place at the hands of the soldiers of Japan.

*Attending a Korean Wedding*

We made a trip many miles out into the country, passing beautiful scenes on the way, to see the White Buddha, a curious and enormous figure of the god painted on a rock. The mountains here are magnificent. We made the trip partly by motor and partly by 'ricksha. As we were returning, attracted by the festive appearance of a little village, we stopped. The people were very friendly. They told us that there was to be a wedding and invited us to accompany them. We did so, and that Korean wedding proved a joy to our eyes in its riot of color and its curious ceremony. In the central room of the house stood a charming young girl, the bride. She faced an older woman, her mother. The guests, arrayed in every color of the rainbow, with gifts in their hands, lined the walls. The bride was in the native costume, a combination of red, black, and yellow. She wore a very high headdress, with combs and jeweled pins. Her arms were laden with jewels, bracelets, etc. In the center of

the room, in an open space, was a small altar. Soft music began. The girl started slowly dancing, the mother clapping her hands in time to the soft music and singing a low chant. As the girl danced around the altar the mother kept close to her. The guests now came slowly forward, placing their gifts upon the altar. Really, it was a beautiful sight, and, although everybody was pressing forward to see, they put us ahead, showing us plainly that we were welcome. The groom, by the way, was nowhere in sight. I believe he was to arrive later, but we could not wait to see him.

*Off to Catch the Steamer*

The journey from Seoul to Fusan is through lovely cultivated country, everywhere varied by hill scenery. Wheat, rice, barley, beans, millet, and other cereals grow here in profusion, and mingling with them was the exquisite green of the mountains and the delicate pink of the azaleas. It is a twenty-hour ride, but we had a compartment to ourselves and were comfortable. Everybody on earth, it seems to me, smokes except ourselves! And that compartment, tiny as it was, was most agreeable. We could close the door and open the windows and be happy. Outside, clouds of smoke everywhere, and every window closed.

Fusan is really a beautiful spot, an ideal situation for a harbor. The bay itself is surrounded with high hills, showing splendid cultivation of fruit trees and gardens.

The harbor contains an island which has a channel on either side, permitting boats to pass each way. Fusan has many Shinto shrines. The constant ringing of bells reminded us that the worshipers were being summoned to their deities, but we had no time for further sight-seeing. It was already late in the afternoon, dark was approaching, and we were to sail at eight sharp. We had quite enough to keep us busy gathering up our belongings (of which, alas, we had as much as the ordinary tourist, eight or ten pieces, not to mention a typewriter and a medicine chest), so we were forced to close our eyes to the beauties of Fusan and think of practical necessities.

## CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S COUNTRY — LOVELY JAPAN

WE WERE waiting for the three-thousand-ton Japanese ship which was to take us across to Shimonoseki, but before we boarded her we were to have a somewhat exciting experience. It was after seven o'clock at night. The boat was to sail in half an hour. Mrs. H—, a very pretty little widow from Milwaukee, in her early twenties, came up to us crying, and in great excitement told us that her companion and friend had disappeared with their guide, with whom they had been having trouble. They had been gone more than an hour and she was terribly alarmed.

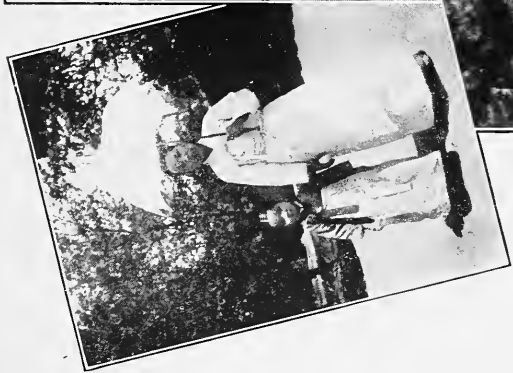
Her friend, like herself, a pretty young woman and from the same city, had gone with the man to change some money with which to pay and dismiss him. The guide had been engaged by them for the six weeks travel in Japan, but during the few days that they had had him he had robbed them right and left, and they had decided to dismiss him. American girls cannot be browbeaten in any country. This man, highly recommended by the hotel, had been most impertinent and had shown a distinctly ugly fight, telling them that they had no right to discharge him. Things in the Orient are quite different from those at home. Two older women might have done this same thing, but doubtless they would have managed more diplomatically. They *had* engaged him for the six

weeks and their method of getting rid of him *was* a bit high-handed. In this country it is not at all unusual for a woman to disappear. It pays to be cautious and not to quarrel.

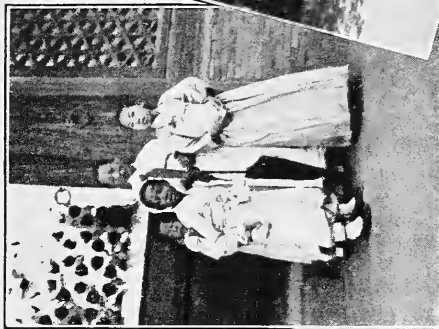
*Search for the Missing Woman*

While recognizing the force of the argument of this pretty little woman in her despair over her friend, and the justice of her appeal to my husband's sympathetic instincts, I was filled with consternation at the thought of his abandoning me on this ship, in a strange land the language of which I do not speak; yet my higher nature kept me from remonstrating. They went together to look for her. As they disappeared I became sufficiently collected to appeal to the Japanese English-speaking captain, although with little hope that he would do anything for me. To my surprise, however, he was very much concerned, saying that for a young woman to have gone alone with such a man and on such an errand was a *terrible* thing, that grave responsibilities lay in her act. He said he would hold the boat as long as he dared and in the meantime he would send a messenger to one or two places where he thought there might be a possibility of locating them.

The messenger had scarcely disappeared when back came the young woman and the guide in smiling conversation. They had gone miles before they had been able to change the money, which accounted for the long delay.



The women of Seoul dress  
picturesquely



Seoul children



The men of Seoul are a curious  
sight



A park scene, Seoul



Museum, Seoul



Entrance to the Museum, Seoul



A handsome tip at the moment of dismissal had appeased the guide's wrath and he had courteously escorted her back to the boat. Then—it was my turn to be terrified. What had become of my husband and the young widow? Would they get back before the boat sailed? I was almost distracted, and just as the young lady and I had decided to get off the boat bag and baggage and await their return they came in sight, very much disturbed that the young woman had not been found. I will pass over the meeting between the latter and the pretty widow. Frightened as she had been for the last hour, I did not blame her for the hysterical outburst against her friend.

*At the Itsuku Shrine*

We had a frightfully rough passage. Almost everybody was seasick, but we are good sailors and, although not altogether comfortable, we did not succumb. The next morning, at Shimonoseki, we took a train to Miyajima, one of the three show places of Japan. The Itsuku shrine is a marvel of beauty. The island is sacred. No vehicles, not even a 'ricksha, are permitted upon it, and no one is allowed to die on it—the sick are removed. Only the people who are there for the upkeep of the island, a few little stores, and one or two hotels are upon it. One of the finest things in Japan is the *Torii*,<sup>1</sup> and perhaps

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<sup>1</sup>A gateway of light skeleton-like post-and-lintel construction, built at the approach to sacred places.

the most beautiful one in the whole country, is in front of the temple here. These *Torii* are before the gates to the temples, and this one is more often photographed perhaps than any other in the land. At high tide it is half submerged in water. Thousands of Japanese stone lanterns are all over the island, and it is said that at festival time it is the most beautiful spot in the world.

We saw here many quaint Japanese houses reminding us of those in the opera, *Madame Butterfly*. The women are diminutive. They sit about on the floor, and everything is so clean and inviting. Cleanliness, by the way, is typical of Japan. As we went through one of the temples a priest had some girls come out and give us a wonderfully beautiful and graceful dance. These girls are fourteen or fifteen years old and wear their hair tied down their backs. They use the fan gracefully and are dressed in silk, with red skirts, over which a white kimono, lined with pink and embroidered with gold butterflies is worn. They are a beautiful sight. As one walks about this sacred island, which we did for several days, sees the charming landscape and the wonderful Buddhas (for which this country is famous), he really gets into the spirit of Japan.

### *Exploring in Kioto*

Our next stop was Kioto. By the time we reached it we were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these very busy little people, certainly the most industrious on the

face of the earth. Dainty, exquisite, and always courteous as they are, however, the foreigner goes about with a feeling of distinct uneasiness. Even in the hotels which are not Japanese (we stayed but once in a strictly Japanese hostelry and it was really a monastery) the partitions are naught but little screens. No matter where we stayed we could hear them sliding softly in the night, and we were never without the feeling of being gazed upon. A friend told me that there was no question that we were looked upon far oftener than we were aware of — that as she one day stood ready to take a bath, arrayed just as she had come into this world, she was looking into the water into which she was about to plunge, when a voice from *somewhere* said: "Lady, that water is not meant to get into, but to be poured over you."

We certainly saw beautiful things in Kioto, lacquer work, silks, jewels, Kano screens. These were the things we had dreamed of seeing when we came to Japan, and our dream was coming true. We saw here also two or three brides of the wealthy class. They were always dressed in three kimonos, one white, one red, and the third of some darker color always. These are called ceremonial robes and are as costly as the bride can afford. Unlike our brides, she never keeps her wedding gown. She never wears it but once. Some of these beautiful robes may be purchased occasionally, but they seldom find their way to America.

*Music for the Ancestors*

A description, or an attempt to describe the temples of Japan would really be outside the province of a book of travel. One can but mention them. They would require a volume for each one. Exquisitely carved, richly jeweled, their priests in sumptuous robes, the brass gods—even had one the courage to venture forth upon a recital of their glories he would never get through. I will say here, though, that we were initiated into one of their peculiar superstitions. We were walking through one of those exquisite gardens for which Japan is famous, adjoining one of her large temples. I heard faint music and asked the guide if we might go in and listen. His answer was, “Decidedly not!” We learned then that only the priests can be present when that music is played. They are amusing the ancestors! This provision is one of the regular duties of the priests. On certain days they amuse the ancestors by music and various other entertainments. I thought of the million or more amusements which are yearly provided for the living and was somewhat aghast at the thought of attempting to amuse the dead. What a queer religion!

Here in Kioto we became greatly interested in Kano, his school of painting and the perfection of his screens, and in the Hocksai and Heroshigi pictures. For the first time I appreciated Japanese art. Also we saw here, for the first time, the work of the celebrated left-handed



Miyajima, one of the show places of Japan



Lanterns at Miyajima



A very pretty Japanese girl

sculptor, Hidara-Jingoro, whose work adorned the walls. We afterwards became thoroughly acquainted with some of his most famous pieces, among them the cat at Nikko.

*A Story of Lafcadio Hearn*

We took a beautiful trip through the gorge of the Hodzu river, passing most beautiful gardens. It was here in Kioto that we met Burton Holmes, the well-known traveler and lecturer. With him were two good-looking young men whom he introduced to us as the sons of Lafcadio Hearn. As a girl I had known Mr. Hearn very well. He had been a frequent guest at my mother's house in New Orleans. And it was there that he got the color for *Chita*, a story of an island which once lay in the Gulf of Mexico. In one of those terrific convulsions of nature—a tidal wave—this island was submerged and lost. On it at the time were my grandfather, his wife and children and numberless slaves. It was a summer resort, and all on the island were lost. The only reason that my mother and one brother lived was that both were at college in northern towns. So, perhaps after all, my fear of the sea is an inheritance. All of his readers know that Mr. Hearn married a Japanese woman, was given a Japanese name, and became distinguished in Japan because of his writings.

In Kioto we saw a wonderful Shinto procession. Mr. Nishi, our guide in Japan (and certainly the finest guide

we ever knew), was familiar with every little custom of his country, and as an intellectual man could explain to us the hidden meaning of all the interesting things which we saw and which otherwise we could not have understood. Not the least of these were the five canopies of the Shinto procession, gorgeous, jeweled, flaming with gold, lacquered, each carried by a hundred coolies. All drunk with *Sake*, shrieking, practically naked, with only a small white garment wrapped about them, they shook this heavy canopy until it almost turned upside down. They formed a howling mob and when they saw us they kowtowed to us—a strange, barbaric sight. As these canopies containing the gods passed, all the sightseers did the same. They were very reverential. Behind each canopy rode priests robed in white silk. The patriotic shopkeepers placed *Sake* in the streets and the day was just given over to drunken revelry.

### *Parading the Sacred Carp*

These Shinto processions last for several days. Whenever a feast is going on, the city—the whole country, in fact—is decorated with flags and banners and beautiful things. One of the most conspicuously beautiful of their banners is that of the fish. The carp is sacred in Japan. Its life is held up as a model for the young and they make a lot of ceremony over the sacred carp. Therefore the fish banners



are used in commemoration and to fire the imagination of the young. We first saw and admired these lovely banners in Korea. They range from the tiniest toy size to a monster fish. They form a riot of color, red, green, yellow, blue, purple, pink, and sometimes the combination of all these shades is to be found in the same banner. They are beautiful things to look at as they float in the breeze, and when a whole town is festooned with them it certainly looks gay. We brought some of them home with us and intend decorating with them on our next Fourth of July. The reason the carp is held up as a model to the Japanese youth is that it is a game, fighting fish. It always swims against the current.

We arrived in Japan a little late for the cherry season, but we had seen both the cherry and apricot blossoms in China and certainly nothing could be more beautiful. While we were in Kioto, however, we were told that the last of the cherry dances would be held, so we went one night to see the Geisha girls dance. It was early in May, and the dance was as pretty a thing as we had seen in all our journey.

### *Woman's Status in Japan*

Unlike the other men of the Orient, the Japanese men go about with their women a great deal. At the theater, watching the cherry dance, as we were, sat a very pretty girl whom the guide pointed out to us. She was accom-

panied by a Japanese man and his legal wife and children, and the man had just announced that the following week he would take this beautiful creature for his concubine. The terrible question of the contempt in which the East holds its women was so constantly brought to mind, that I am quite sure if we had not felt so strongly upon the subject the constant flaunting of the thing in our faces would have dulled us. To see a man going about openly with these women, right in the presence of his wife and children! The idea of man being faithful to one woman is a thing a Japanese man cannot understand. Observing our *'ricksha* boys in hot discussion one morning, I asked Mr. Nishi what it was all about. He was very much embarrassed and only after much persuasion could I get him to tell me. No amount of denial from him could convince these men that my husband's sister, Mrs. O—, of Chicago, who had joined us in China and was now traveling with us, was not his legal wife, while I, if you please, was the concubine!

We learned at Kioto that at last the much talked of war was on in earnest in China. The wounded were being carried into Peking, which was shut off from the world because of the tearing up of the railroad tracks by the warring factions. Our friend, Mr. A—, of the Legation, started for Washington, we were told, only to be obliged to turn back. We had no direct communication with friends and could rely only upon the newspaper



A Buddhist temple, Kyoto



An entrance to a Buddhist temple, Kyoto



The most venerated temple is the Kiyomizu-dera



A garden crossing, Kyoto

reports. But we really were on the last train but one out of Peking, and felt that we were in luck to have gotten out when we did, even though we did endure such horror in doing so.

*The Typical Japanese City*

Kioto is by far the most interesting city we saw in Japan. It is called the Rome of the country. Its people are the most thoroughly Japanese of any that we saw. Its temples are superb and there is refinement and art on all sides. As a city it is absorbingly charming. It loves its art and its artists, and fashions in art are said to originate here. The imperial palaces, and the Buddhist temples are of the very highest type, while the metal work, ceramics, fans, dolls, silks, and other stuffs seem finer here than elsewhere. The streets are clean and regular. We reveled in its bazaar. Unlike many Japanese cities, Kioto has lovely suburbs. The imperial palaces are superb, some of the doors costing as much as a hundred and sixty thousand gold dollars each. They are magnificently carved. And the city has a regular treasure house of lacquer work, brasses, bronzes, and fine old brocades.

The most venerated temple here is a Buddhist one called Kiyomizu-dera. It is sacred to the goddess Kwanon, goddess of mercy. The view from the hilltop is worth going miles to see. Two big bronze lions guard the entrance. In the main building innumerable gods and

goddesses guard the eleven-faced, thousand-handed Kwannon (concealed in the central reliquary), shown only once in thirty-three years. The treasures in the museums and the imperial palaces are priceless—swords, embroideries, *kakemonos*, *makimonos*, relics of celebrated men. There are also many illuminated screens and manuscripts, wonderfully wrought, and a great deal of old armor and weapons. But above all things else, we thought the gold lacquer work of Kioto the loveliest. It is indescribably beautiful. One cannot conceive of its beauty by merely seeing a piece of it here and there. He must see it in Kioto.

*Suspicious of Friend Husband*

The trip to Amano-Hashidate, one of the three show places of Japan, was made by my husband alone. For the first and only time during all our journey I gave out physically, and though not really sick I was afraid of that long, dusty trip on the train. Our recent outcoming from China had upset me to the point of fatigue. So I decided to rest quietly in lovely Kioto until his return. I have wished, however, that I had made the effort and accompanied him, for ever since he came back he has made my life miserable by asserting and reasserting that it is the *most* beautiful spot in all Japan. He dwells at length and with much emphasis upon a most curious effect which is obtained by stooping and looking backwards at

the strip of land. Well—I shall go back to Japan if for no other purpose than to look at Amano-Hashidate. I shall never be happy till I test the truth of his words.

The castle of the former Shogun now belongs to the Crown Prince. But it is controlled by the government. It contains superb Kano screens and splendidly carved peacocks by Hidara-Jingoro. The sweet-toned Chinese gongs which one hears everywhere are especially pleasing here. They are lovely in tone and it is a delight to hear them.

*At Nara and Mount Koyo*

To beautiful Nara we went, famous for its temples and its Buddhas, the description of which I leave to the guide books. Almost everybody knows of the huge sitting Buddha here, eleven hundred years old, black, fifty-six feet high, two immense gold Buddhas on either side and eighteen or twenty other and smaller ones surrounding him. He sits on a lotus leaf, is made of bronze, but has thousands of dollars' worth of gold in his admixture. There is here, also, a five-story Pagoda with a wonderful-toned bell. It stands under a pine tree and fills anyone with wonder who goes to see it.

We spent many days here, enjoying the parks, the gardens and sacred animals, and lingered for hours before the Daibutsuden in the Kasuga-jinga temple, founded in 768 A. D. But we feel that the greatest trip we had in Japan was made from Nara. This was to

Mount Koyo, where we spent the night in one of those Koyasan monasteries. Not one tourist in a thousand has this interesting experience, and we owe the pleasure and wonders of the journey there to our guide, Mr. Nishi. He insisted on our taking this arduous trip. So many changes of motors, *'rickshas*, railroad trains must be made, and so intolerable is the stench of many of the spots which we were compelled to pass. These things, of course, deter the ordinary tourist from attempting such experiences.

But in spite of all these drawbacks, how glad I am that we went. This monastery houses one of the most ancient religious orders, a strange aggregation of celibate monks. For many years it was a place of refuge for political prisoners of high rank, and for centuries women were not permitted to come within shouting distance, even, of its sacred precincts. Koyasan is now a sort of miracle-working place. By the faithful it is endowed with a sanctity more profound, perhaps, than any other Buddhist community in the empire. Thousands of pilgrims (of both sexes now) make the ascent annually and the little town consists entirely of temples, monasteries, and a few shops which cater to the wants of the tourists. In addition to fruit and food necessities these little shops sell rosaries, images of saints, etc. The priests sell indulgences against sickness (especially the smallpox) and the devil! They derive one of the largest incomes from





A curious effect is obtained by stooping and looking backwards



Amano-Hashidate, the most beautiful spot in Japan



An entrance to Nara



Horyu-ji Temple, Nara

the sale of a little sand from one of the sacred mountains. After the priest has consecrated it, it is supposed to have the power to make a corpse flexible. A little of it sprinkled upon the dead body, they believe, will keep it from getting stiff. To see so many of these poor pilgrims paying out their hard-earned savings for these special indulgences, and so firmly believing in them, was to me very pathetic.

### *A Marvelous Ascent*

The steep ascent to the monastery is a thing long to be remembered. First, we took the train which later we left for the motor, abandoning the latter for the 'ricksha in the end. We climbed through splendid forests of cryptomerias, bamboos, cedars, giant ferns, and a perfect tangle of semi-tropical vegetation. Beautiful wild wisteria climbs to the top of the highest trees. It flaunts its purple beauty everywhere, and on the lower bushes crimson berries bloom together with pink and yellow flowers, the whole making a color scheme of ravishing beauty. We were constantly passing the pilgrims, climbing at a fair pace. The lame and the blind, of course, had to be helped, sometimes carried. Children plodded along beside their mothers, many of whom carried a baby in their arms. I never saw a man carrying a child. Still, all were good-natured and seemingly happy. Cheerfulness is a characteristic of the Japanese. With the Japanese love of color in their wearing apparel, the sight of

these pedestrian pilgrims was wonderfully attractive. The women wore their brilliant kimonos, every color of the rainbow. Those of the men were scarcely less radiant. They made a picture which was unforgettable.

To reach the top one must ascend nearly three thousand feet. The glory and the wonder of that climb! Up to about forty years ago no woman could go beyond the Black Buddha, which is some miles from the monastery. That this rule has been done away with was evidenced by the thousands of women whom we saw on their way there. The cemeteries adjoining the temples contain the most beautiful trees one can imagine. They resemble our sequoias. Beneath these glorious trees lie all the carved monuments of the dead. Innumerable stone lanterns are here in this Koyasan necropolis and thousands of them are lighted at their festivals. A red mark on any of the tombs indicates that husband or wife is still living but will eventually lie here also. A large line of carved gods mark the approach to the temple where the everlasting fire, lighted eleven hundred years ago, still burns. We saw this fire. What did we *not* see in this beautiful place? Carvings, embroideries, screens, bronzes—it seemed as if all the wealth of Japan must be gathered here to charm the eye. There is such a wealth of material in this little town of Koyo that I longed to linger. If the gods are willing, I shall certainly go back.

*Sleeping Behind Thin Screens*

The old monastery in which we slept was charming. At eight o'clock our beds were made, on the floor, it is true, but made comfortable by soft, heavy coverlets. Our rooms were lovely, with sweet-smelling matting and sliding screens painted by the great Kano himself. We looked out upon a charming garden where twin lakes, small bridges, tiny walks, and pretty statues, trees, and flowers met our eyes. A full moon added enchantment. I was loath to go to bed, not wishing to miss a moment of it. But we were to be called at five in the morning for the ceremonies which take place at that hour. We were served a light supper of rice and bacon, tea and toast. It was delicious and we retired to enjoy (as we supposed) a good sleep. But, alas! Not much sleep for us. The monastery was filled with rich Japanese who talked and prayed all night. With only a paper screen between us, sleep was next to impossible. Moreover, I am quite sure that several times during the night our screens were moved, whether by accident or design, I cannot say. I am sure that there were times during the night when we were all in one large room together. There is no privacy in Japan. Several rooms can easily be made one by merely removing the screens.

However, there are times when one is so weary that he could sleep on a battlefield. We were all sound asleep when they came to arouse us next morning. It was a

bitterly cold day, and it was a memorable sight to see that great gathering kneeling and kowtowing before the Holy of Holies at that early hour. Priests, in superb robes, were present, and one, the head of the monastery, sat enthroned in the center of the room, a sort of railing protecting him from the faithful, who otherwise might have crowded against him. The faithful, by the way, were squatting or kneeling in various positions of humbleness while the priests chanted the prayers and the acolytes burned incense. At intervals the deep tones of a gong were heard. Every now and then the priest would turn, face the pilgrims and call out a name. The person thus called would approach, bow and receive some token from his hand, indicative of the fact that said pilgrim had paid down a sum of money for the honor of thus being called publicly. He thus proclaimed that he was making offerings for and to his ancestors.

*"Tea Money" for the Priests*

Before the altar small brass tablets are placed for a certain length of time, depending, of course, upon the size of the offering, and while they are there all may read that the person mentioned has paid money to the priests for their prayers. It certainly was a remarkable and interesting performance. I tucked my feet under me and sat like the Buddhists till the service was over.

There is no charge asked by the monastery for its



Kasuga-jinga Temple, Nara



We constantly passed pilgrims



A scene in Nara



Entrance to the Horyu-ji Temple, Nara



hospitality, but one is supposed to give "tea money." We gave all we could afford, and it amounted to several times the amount of the steepest hotel bill we had ever had in any country. But I imagine that it was a mere pittance to those spoiled priests. I was told that many of the rich Japanese often give five thousand dollars in gold for a single night's lodging. It seemed unbelievable, but I found that it was true. Every Japanese tries once in his life to go to Koyo, and it is a sacred obligation to give all that his purse can afford for the continuance of the monastery. Even the poor give largely.

A contrast to Koyosan were the Ise Shrines at Yamada. Here the worship is Shinto. A woman is greatest of all the gods and is therefore honored most. She is the Sun Goddess, and, like the proverbial woman, they have invested her with many of the foibles of her sex. For instance, they say she is easily frightened. So they take great pains never to alarm her. She must be always carefully attended and guarded that she may not be needlessly alarmed. One day a leak sprung in the temple and they were afraid she might get wet. So they put up a temporary temple to house her while her own was being repaired. They are great on building new temples. Any old excuse will start them off building one. It is a religious rite and insures salvation to him who builds it.

Instead of repairing the old temple, therefore, it was

decided to build a new one. This would take time, and meanwhile the goddess must be housed in a temporary temple. When they were ready to remove her they made the most elaborate preparations. For days before the great procession took place, a priest, in robes almost royal, squatted on a mat on the ground before the temple, played soft music to soothe and amuse the goddess, told her every few moments not to get nervous, not to be alarmed, that when the time came to remove her every precaution would be taken that she should not be uncomfortable in her new home. This music and these prayers are practically continuous, each priest being relieved in turn by another, and thus the goddess is coached on the coming removal.

### *Early Removal of the Goddess*

We saw the performance. Of course, all the faithful gather also to watch. We had to look over a fence, as no one but the emperor and the empress are permitted within the enclosure of the temple. The procession was to take place at midnight, and the goddess was to be removed, carried to the other temple, the way to which had been covered with a wooden roof. It was several blocks long, gaily decorated with flags and banners. Thousands of people had gathered to witness the ceremonies and we intended to be among the number. When we learned, however, that in order to see it we should

have to take our place in the line at five o'clock and stand until midnight we decided that we could not do it.

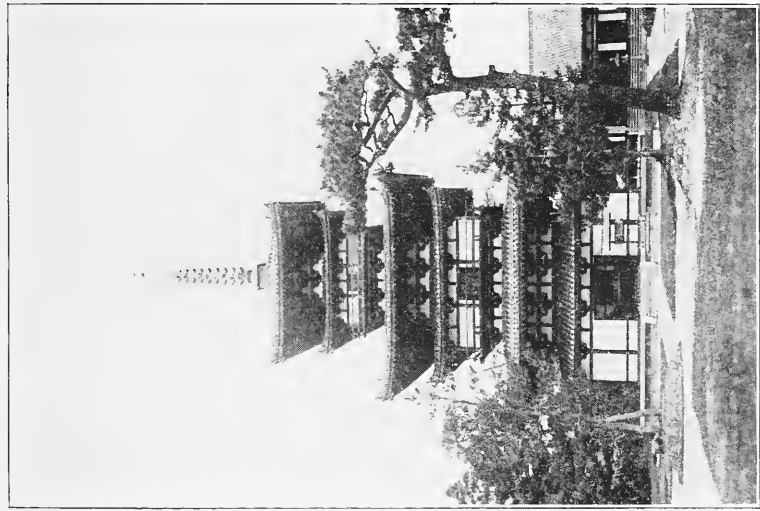
But to see the pilgrims, to watch the supposedly educated priests feeding them with superstitious twaddle, moves one either to mirth or to sadness, according to one's temperament. The ceremony of removing the goddess must always be held at night, and a representative of the emperor (a member of his family), must always be present. We caught a glimpse of this representative. He was at our hotel. No one else except the Shinto priests officiate in the procession. A Buddhist priest never enters this temple. But every Japanese, so our guide told us, whether Christian or Buddhist, must come once to the Ise Shrines. The government requires this, and it has created much feeling among the Christian Japanese, who object to it strongly. The emperor has here a private forest where the timber is grown for the building of temples. In Japan these temples are renewed, or rather a new one is built, every twenty years.

### *Fujiyama Behind Clouds*

We went to Nagoya, from which place we hoped to see beautiful Fujiyama. We climbed five long flights of steps to the arsenal, but Her Majesty's face was hidden in clouds. She would not smile upon us. So we amused ourselves watching the maneuvers of the soldiers in the court, which were very pretty and interesting. Just below

my window at the hotel I could look into a house, and I was appalled at the filthy coverings of the beds, themselves quite as dirty, on the floor. The better class of Japanese are very clean. But the poorer class live like animals. The poor babies, lying around in that terrible filth! The odors from the houses—so unbearable that I had to close my window. And yet—just before I did so I saw one of these poor, overworked mothers leaning over her babies, tucking them into the old rags and talking caressingly to them. Poor and miserable she may have been, but she had in her heart that divine mother-love which is the same the world over. My own yearned over her and her innocent, if untidy, children.

There are lovely grounds around the castle in Nagoya. It contains some beautiful screens, and on top of the building are two gold dolphins, really very gorgeous and placed there for an unique purpose. They are said to contain over three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold, and are kept in public view to let the people know that should the imperial family ever need money it can be obtained here at a moment's notice. A queer sort of bank account, but very pretty! Ever since the Sun Goddess—their greatest deity—produced the first emperor from her left eye the latter has been divine, and on this beautiful temple where he chooses to put part of his wealth to melt down into spending gold if necessary, the people would never commit the sacrilege of theft. They would



Yokushi Pagoda, Nara



A five-storied pagoda with a wonderful bell



Big Bell Tower, Nara



Yokushi Bell Tower, Nara

fear the divine wrath and they are too superstitious to incur it. So the bank is absolutely safe. It cannot fail. Nagoya is certainly a busy spot. No matter at what time we attempted to enter the shopping district, we never failed to find it packed and jammed, so that it was almost impossible to shop. And this is a terrible state of affairs in Japan where everything is so alluring.

### *How the Cormorants Fish*

From Nagoya we went to Gifu to see the cormorants fish. Fishing with these birds had been practiced in China for many years before the Japanese took it up. But here it has been done since about the eighth century. We had a wonderful time, for on that same evening some young Japanese bloods had chosen to take out some Geisha girls in boats for a frolic. Their little boats, gaily lighted with lanterns and decorated with flags, were all about us, and their tinkling guitars made pretty music across the water. These lovely—if not highly moral—young women were picturesque and attractive to a degree.

Floating down the river amid all this splendor, we waited the hour of midnight and the approach of the fishing boats. The swift current and rapids in the river are such that at a certain point all the boats tie up to a sort of rocky island. Here we waited, sometimes walking about the stony island and sometimes lying at full length in our own boats chatting. The night was chilly. We

had heavy steamer rugs about us. Our little craft was as gaily decorated as the others, though we lacked the music. We sat on the floor of the boat to eat our suppers. Suddenly a signal that the boats were approaching thrilled us. We got up at once. It was a great sight to see them coming with their blazing pitch-pine fires in front of each vessel. These flaming lights attract the fish, as the lamp does the moth, and the great birds, with rings about their necks to prevent their swallowing the fish, dart down and gather in the dazed swimmers as they crowd toward the light. Each bird has a cord about its body, and by means of the cord and the ring the head man manipulates the fishing. Each bird catches from one to two hundred fish in an hour, according to the length of his training. When the pouch is full and the neck terribly distended with the fish, the birds stop diving and float helplessly about in the water. Then the master hauls him into the boat, passes his hand swiftly over the pouch. The bird disgorges and flops down into the water to begin again. The sight was as queer as it was interesting. Though it was long after midnight and frosty, we were sorry when it was over.



## CHAPTER XIX

THE NATURE-LOVING JAPANESE; BUDDHISM AND SHINTOISM;  
GIFU; YOKOHAMA

SO ENCHANTED were we with our surroundings that I am sure not one of us remembered that Gifu is the center of many earthquakes. On October 28, 1891, one occurred which killed seven thousand and injured seventeen thousand people. Twenty thousand buildings, many bridges, arches, and miles of railroad track were destroyed. In June of 1896 a tidal wave and earthquake combined killed thirty thousand more. But I am happy to record that while we were there Nature behaved herself very well, and being absorbed in the loveliness about us we forgot all these unpleasant things.

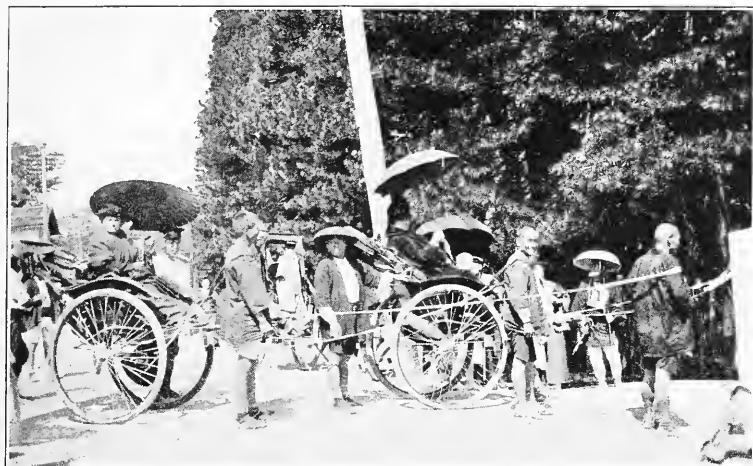
### *Flights of the Fireflies*

The beautiful river with its high surrounding mountains is very impressive. When we expressed our appreciation of the beauty of the boat-covered river, the music and merriment, our guide assured us that although it was attractive nothing could equal in beauty the firefly season in Japan. At this time everybody comes down to see these marvelous little insects, carrying their bright lanterns through the mountains. Millions of them, like diminutive night watchmen, flit through and gleam among the mountains in the early spring, and so beautiful and

unusual is the sight that the whole of Japan, practically, takes a vacation to see them. Parties are formed nightly to come to Gifu and the neighboring spots where these lovely fireflies roam, and spend the long evenings just enjoying the gorgeous sight. The winding stream between the hills, the little sparklers wheeling and circling in the darkness, the dancing and singing on scores of illuminated boats—life here appears so joyous! In reality—is it so? I was told that when the fireflies have assembled in force, myriads of them dart simultaneously from either bank, meet and cling together above the water. They look like a great luminous cloud, or a ball of fire. Sometimes the cloud scatters, sometimes the ball falls into the river. The fallen fireflies drift away with the current, only to be followed instantly by another glittering swarm. Often people stay on the boats all night to watch this curious and beautiful phenomenon.

### *Appreciation of Nature*

With all their reputation for astuteness and diplomacy (undoubtedly deserved), the Japanese are great nature-lovers, and in many ways they are still just simple-minded children. All their great festivals, seemingly, are based upon beautiful themes or legends—the cherry-blossom, the chrysanthemum, the autumn leaf, the firefly. Why are we Americans so indifferent to such really exquisite things? True, we do play at enjoying them.



'Ricksha teams, Koyasan



Pilgrims to Koyasan monasteries



Near the entrance to Koyasan



Kondo or Golden Hall, Koyasan

Individually, we go about gathering the lovely-tinted autumn leaves and talk about the feathered songsters of the spring. But who would ever think of inaugurating days of festivity to celebrate the coming of the first lark in the spring? Or of stopping work to go to the woods and gather flowers? Yet this is common in Japan. It is done all the time. As we were on our way home, riding through the low, bottom lands of the river approaching Kansas City, we thought of Gifu. Never had we seen so many and such large fireflies. For over two hours we watched them, constantly increasing in numbers until when at last we got close to the river, literally swarms of them were before us. I remembered Gifu and thought of the wisdom of the Japanese, who had made a festival of the return of the pretty creatures. I could not help regretting that in our own splendid country we are so indifferent to the beautiful in nature and so prosaic when it comes to indulging in sentiment.

As I look back over my stay in Japan I recall so many of their customs which are queer but interesting. For instance, their manner of saying good-bye is unique. Instead of shaking your hand they shake their own, bowing many times, sometimes making the old-fashioned curtsy. Certainly customs are funny. I presume ours are quite as queer to them. In Nippon the three most sacred things are the mirror in Yamada, the jewel which is in Tokyo, and the sword which is in Nagoya. None of these is

ever looked upon by human eyes, for should they be uncovered disaster would overtake the royal family. These sacred relics are wrapped in the costliest and most gorgeous of embroideries, and when the embroidery begins to wear out they renew it, carefully mending it in such way that the sacred objects covered by it are never exposed.

The religion of Japan is of two kinds — Buddhism and Shintoism. The latter is the old national religion — the worship of the sun and the sun goddess, the originator and creator of all things. This worship includes thousands of gods, monsters of the imagination, inhabitants of horrible caves and high mountains, and, of course, every man's ancestors. All men's ancestors are deified, because after death one's ancestors become his gods. The Shoguns are now worshipped as gods. As soon as a ruler died a splendid monument was erected to him and everybody went to his tomb to worship, believing that his soul still lived in the inner shrine of the tomb. The greater the ruler the finer the temple. The richest temples in the empire are at Nikko — the tombs of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu. These were the founders of the family of the Shoguns two hundred or more years ago.

### *Fujiyama in Full View*

On our way to visit these temples we decided to go to Yokohama. We made the trip from there — a beau-

tiful ride through the country of the famous Inland Sea. Wonderful were the views of the Pacific and its shore line. Paddy-fields and farms under rich cultivation, glorious vistas of mountains and valleys lay all about us, and here at last we caught a glimpse of Fujiyama, the world-famous sacred mountain of Japan. And this time it was a long and beautiful view, for all afternoon that white-crowned, perfectly-shaped cone was in sight. For weeks afterward it continued to be distinctly visible, even after we had departed for home. We had seen it so often in pictures that when it suddenly burst upon our view the sight thrilled us to the tips of our toes. We looked back across the years, recalling Mount Shasta, that kingly peak of snow in California, and El Misti, overtopping Arequipa in Peru. We had seen and loved these mountains. We had watched them at all times — in the glowing dawn, under the golden sun of noontide, at twilight and beneath the glitter of stars. Now as we looked at Fujiyama we felt that the sacred mountain of Japan would forever rank in our minds with the other two.

I observed one peculiar thing about Japan's mountain, however. The snow does not seem to be packed down upon it as is the case with most snow-crowned peaks. It lies soft and white, like a mantle which has slipped down the sides as if it had been blown just a bit. The cone and some feet below it are quite white. But the side is prettily thinned and there are some green spots

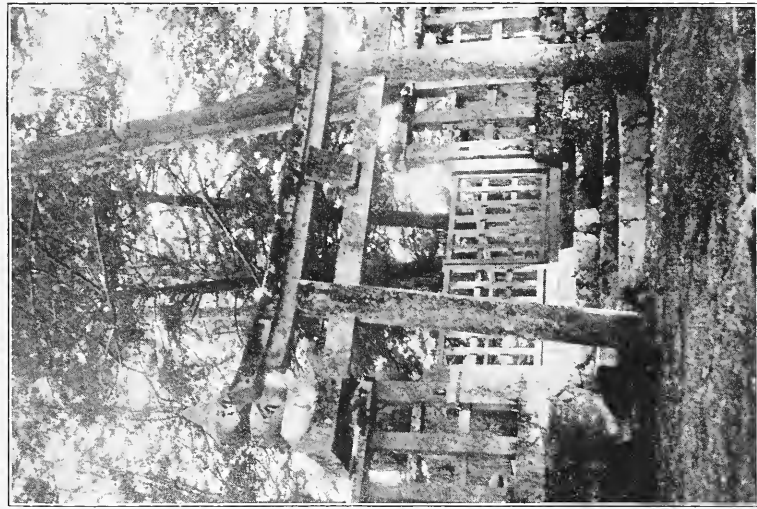
showing. Fujiyama is lovely, perfectly level, just as all the pictures we see represent it.

### *Japan's Principal Cities*

Japan has five great cities—Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Nagoya, and Yokohama. We visited them all and found each interesting in the highest degree. The large hotel had burned in Tokyo, and the new one in progress of erection under the charge of a great architect was far from complete. But we made our headquarters in Tokyo and took our trips from there. The Empress and the Prince Imperial live here. As all the world knows, the Emperor has been very ill for years and takes no part in the government. His malady is mental, and it is pitiful, for physically he is young and vigorous, considerably under fifty, I was told.

The present ambassador and his wife, Hon. and Mrs. Charles B. Warren, are valued friends of ours, and needless to say added much to the pleasure of our stay in Tokyo. We were at the Embassy many times, both formally and informally. It was with a feeling of distinct pride that we heard his administration so highly spoken of throughout Japan, and Mrs. Warren, who speaks French well, is gracious and charming of manner and has contributed largely to their popularity. Mr. Warren is a good mixer as well as a competent man, and together they have managed to make the Embassy brilliant. It is

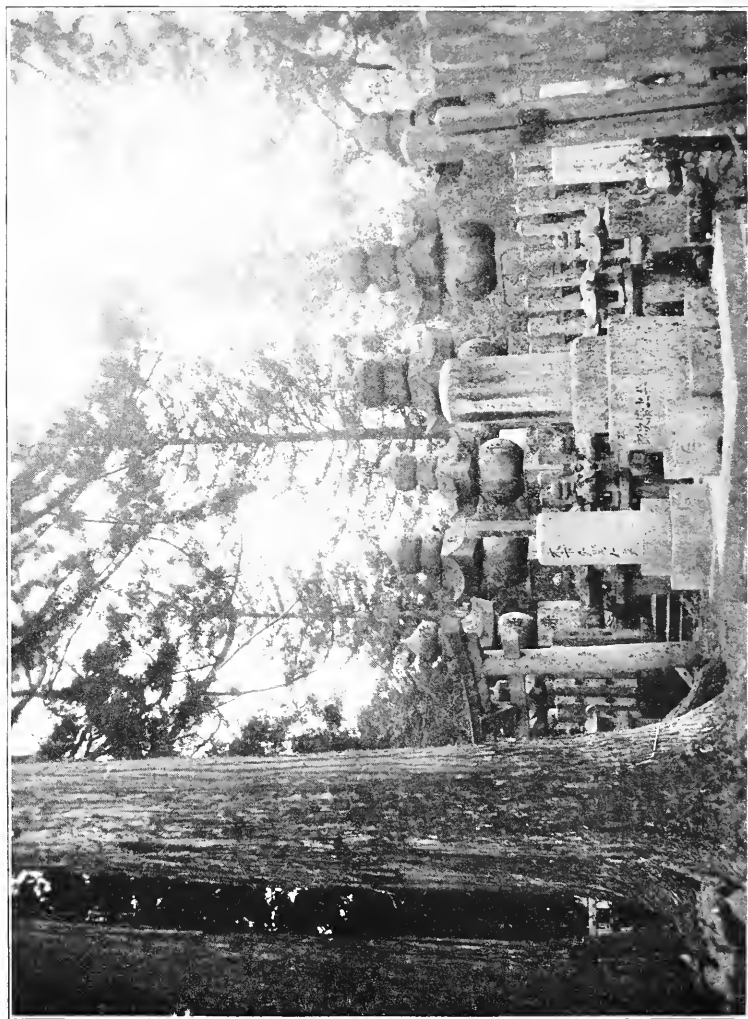




A cemetery, Koyasan



A pagoda, Koyasan



A gate to a cemetery, Koyasan

a spot noted for its lavish hospitality.

At one of the formal dinners we attended there we met many distinguished Japanese, Count Inouye, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Emperor; the Marchioness, his wife; Madame Myeba, Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress; Viscount Vaneke, Privy Counselor to the Emperor; Madame Yamanaka; also the Belgian Ambassador and some delightful Americans, among them our military attaché and his wife, Col. and Mrs. Burnett. The latter is the poet laureate of Japan. She has written some exquisite poems of Old Japan, and the Japanese are devoted to her. They have honored her by making her poet laureate. Madame Yamanaka is the daughter of Count Chinda, who took the Prince Imperial to Europe.

### *The Women of Japan*

The Japanese ladies were delightful. They wore their ceremonial robes, spoke charming English, French, and other languages. They were splendidly educated women, cultured, traveled, quite up-to-date on all subjects of conversation. The Japanese women are far ahead of the other women of the Orient. Such as I met at the Embassy were apparently on equal footing with their lords and masters, acting just as the English and European women did, but it was whispered to me that this was so only when they were in company with the latter. In their own homes when Europeans or Ameri-

cans are present they sit at table and are charming hostesses. But alone in their own family they observe all the rules of Old Japan. Be all this as it may, we certainly found them delightful companions at the Embassy dinner. The Japanese men were in the regulation evening dress of the European, and they were cultivated men of the world. But in appearance the Japanese man does not please the American or European. He is too small of stature and too foppish of appearance. But the Japanese woman, lithe, graceful of figure, with well-turned, chiseled features and massed crown of glossy black hair, always perfectly coiffured, is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The hair of the Japanese woman, by the way, makes a story of itself. It is always very black and has a sort of metallic luster. It is kept soft by means of many washings and much ointment. Camellia oil, I am told, is the favorite tonic, but they also add a gummy mixture which builds the hair up high and stiff into that precise coiffure which one sees always on the head of the Japanese women. As is the case in China, there is a professional hairdresser who goes from house to house. But the better class of Japanese ladies dislike him because he is the gossip and scandalmonger of the empire. But the lower classes always employ him and even the poorest woman, it seems, can scrape up enough money to have her hair dressed by the professional barber when he comes along.

The Japanese coiffure is most elaborate and strange. Yet none can say that it is not attractive. Their really beautiful complexions are often marred by too much white powder. They fairly paint their faces with it till they resemble white masks. There is nothing pretty about this, of course. But the young girls use paint and powder lightly and as a rule are lovely. The Japanese women are devoted mothers, but they nurse their babies too long. It is no uncommon sight to see a child of four running back to its mother for a feeding.

*A Fly in the Ointment*

Tranquil and serene as is the general atmosphere of Japan, gentle and courteous as are its delightful little people, there is the usual friction beneath the surface of life, as elsewhere. Their marriage system is the bugbear, although, to tell the truth, it seems not to bother them as much as one would think it might. The man never selects his own wife (he does pick out his own concubine), and after she is married the Japanese bride is absolutely subservient to her husband's mother. With her it is never a love match. How could she be happy, especially, as is now so often the case, when she has had an European education? This is now a problem confronting the Japanese, just as it has confronted the Chinese, the American Indian, and others.

How *can* an Indian who is a graduate of Yale or

Harvard go back to the reservation and be again an Indian? He can't. Yet this is the proviso when the government gives him an education. Result? After they have returned to their people, all that school and college have taught them proves to be of no value to them there. Consequently in an incredibly short space of time one could never tell that they had had an education. They are once more just members of a tribe. So to the woman of Japan and China, capable and often brilliant, compelled to return and be married to a man steeped in the ancient customs of his country, narrow-minded and unprogressive, life holds much to be desired. Sometimes in Japan, but very seldom in China, one finds the exception. Often while traveling we saw Japanese husbands who were quite attentive, helping the wife, carrying the children, etc. Welcome sight!

In Yokohama we devoted our first day to visiting the great Daibutsu at Kamakura. This great bronze Buddha is one of the wonders of Japan and though not so large, it is more impressive than the one at Nara, owing, possibly, to the fact that it is in the open. The site is elevated and in the midst of splendid cryptomerias; and as one enters the gateway he reads this inscription:

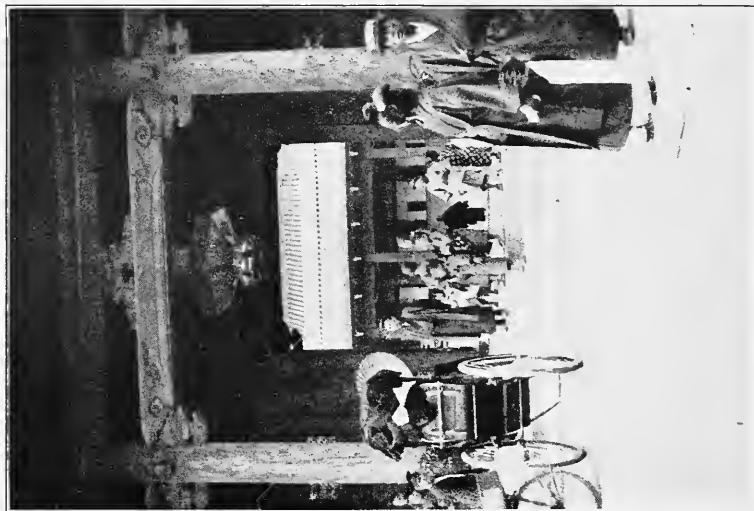
*Stranger, whoever thou art and whatsoever thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages! This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the Eternal! Enter it, therefore, with reverence!*



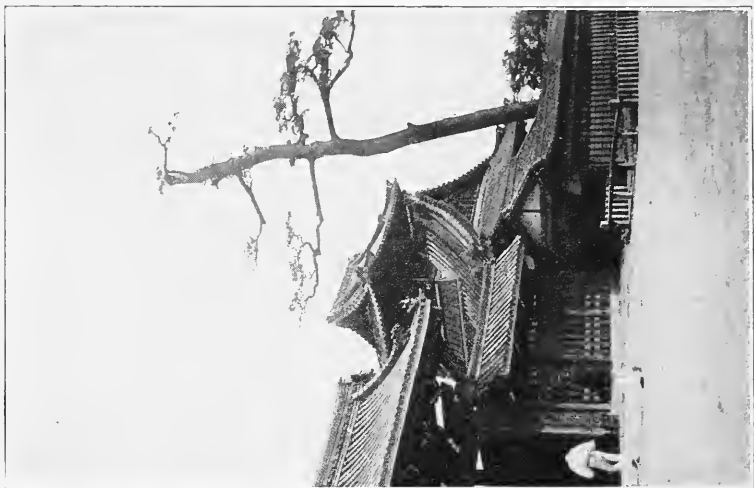
A monastery garden, Koyasan



Burning paper prayers, Koyasan



A scene in Nagoya



Entrance to the Higashi Hongwanji, Nagoya



The face of this giant Buddha, seated upon a lotus leaf, is the most beatific I have ever seen. The statue was cast in 1252 A. D., and is forty-nine feet high. Its eyes are of pure gold. It was once in a building, destroyed by a tidal wave in 1494, and ever since the colossal statue has just sat under the blue sky. This is its chief charm. The serene majesty of this calm Hindu face with its half-closed eyes indicates that their belief in Nirvana means much to them. One would be indeed hardened who could look at this calm Buddha and not love it. The face is so profoundly meditative, the hands rest quietly in the lap, the thumbs touching each other. This statue is quite worthy of all the admiration it has elicited in all the years that the world has been traveling to see it.

### *Glimpses of Tokyo*

There are other temples about the bronze Buddha. They overlook that beautiful sheet of water known as Mississippi Bay. These we saw and admired, but one surfeits with constant description. I merely make mention of them. We had no time for charming Enoshima, that delightful beach resort near Tokyo. Besides, we wish to leave something to visit when we go again to this wonderful land.

Tokyo is a perpetual welding of past and present, of old and new, of stagnation and progress. Palace and museum, Shiba Park, shop and theater, we visited each

in turn. One of the sights of the city is the tomb of the second Shogun. It is a superb thing, Korean lions, fabulous beasts and reptiles overhanging the arches, oriental colors, bewildering to the eye because of their vividness, gold splendor in profusion, huge columns—all these enter into its decorations. Fine lacquer work abounds. The priests' apartments, the carvings by Hidara-Jingoro on the doors, wonderfully painted sliding screens by the greatest artist of Japan, all is overwhelming in its richness.

*Off to Picturesque Nikko*

It was from Yokohama that we made our journey to Nikko, to reach which one travels through what is considered Japan's most picturesque and attractive scenery. Nikko rests right in the heart of the mountains. Its stormy little river (such a rushing, angry, roaring little torrent) cuts right across the town. It is never calm and made us think of the Rimac, in Peru. This little stream at Nikko cascades everywhere and not infrequently, in some man's back yard, is to be seen the prettiest tiny waterfall. Sometimes this tumbling bit of foam is only a couple of yards wide. But it is none the less lovely. When we went to Nikko it had been raining a good deal, but the next day after our arrival, as the weather was superb, we took advantage of it to see Chuzenjhi, the elevated lake lying five thousand feet above the level of the sea and said to be five hundred

and sixty feet deep. It was well that we went, for those who waited had to see it in the rain. Many walk to the height, some use *'rickshas*, but one is well repaid, no matter what the manner of his going. On the day we went the mountains were clear, green, and fresh-looking. Not a cloud obscured the view until just after we returned. Then the mist began to soften everything and the skies prepared for the tremendous downpour that followed on the next day. There was a charming hotel right on the edge of the lake, where they gave us a good luncheon, all the more enjoyable because of the beauty of the view.

The outlet of Chuzenjhi is Kegon Falls. They drop with a tremendous roar two hundred and fifty feet and send up enormous quantities of spray. On either side of it are smaller waterfalls with beautiful rainbow tints hovering about them. We observed here a curious phenomenon. If one watches the center of this bridal veil of water the rocks on either side seem to be receding, the whole bulky mountain moving slowly backward. It was most curious. We had never before noticed such a thing in any other waterfall. What was it? A sort of relativity? I wonder. Like our own Niagara, Kegon Falls is a favorite spot for suicides. It is now closely guarded because of the seeming desire of so many to die within its beauteous waters.

The chill of Nikko! It was May, but it seemed like

December. Although the rain came down in torrents next day, we ventured forth with umbrellas and rain-coats and did not suffer. At the first glimpse of the temples we forgot the cold and the rain. From the red-lacquered bridge to the tomb of the Shogun we had one thrill after another. The old hackneyed expression, "See Nikko before you say Kekko!" (See Nikko before you say splendid!) was well said. Nothing could be more satisfying. Many of the Shinto shrines were quite ornate because they once had been Buddhist shrines and the combination still remains. The wise priests of the simpler Shinto temples decided when they took the Buddhist temples to keep the glorious things they found in them. Every one knows, of course, that the Emperor and Empress were always Shinto worshipers. They are themselves regarded as divine, therefore higher than Buddha. So, of course, they could not accept Buddhism for their religion. Occasionally some member of the imperial family is a backslider and becomes a Buddhist. But neither the Emperor nor Empress could. To do so would be to acknowledge that they are not divine. This, naturally, they would not concede.

## CHAPTER XX

BEAUTIFUL NIKKO; JAPANESE RED CROSS; JU-JITSU; HCME-  
WARD BOUND

NATURE has been kind to Nikko. She is elaborately and superbly set. Even without her temples she would be one of the show places of her country. Add, therefore, to her natural beauties the glories of her art, her wonderful places of worship, with their carved screens, gold canopies, lacquer, ornamental drums, *kake-monos*, *makimonos* — what does she lack? The Kanos in Nikko are unusually fine, and here on the outside of one of the buildings I was much interested to see the original of that familiar little group of the three wise monkeys whose attitudes express the excellent admonition, "Speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil!" The great left-handed sculptor, Hidara-Jingoro, has carved here the figures of some animals which have become famous — an elephant, a bull, and, last of all, the sleeping cat. The latter is cut upon the entrance or gate of Iyeyasu's tomb. She sleeps eternally, right behind the Holy of Holies. Ornaments of brass, like huge plates, hang in the temples. Fine old brocades and silks, the carved phoenix, other birds, the pagodas, the bell tower, the twelve signs of the zodiac — all are grouped together in my mind whenever I attempt to revisualize Nikko.

*Sweet Confusion of Memories*

All travelers to this country have heard of the Hundred Steps at Nikko. They lead up to the tomb of Iyeyasu. We climbed them, wearily I must admit, and as we were plodding along an elderly man passed us lightly. He smiled and bowed and we commented upon his agility. The Hall of the Three Buddhas, the sweet tones of the bronze bell which calls the hours between dawn and dusk, the abbots' garden, the museum, with the cherished relics—all these are a conglomerate in my memory. Yet it is surely a pleasing conglomerate, even if indistinct it is unforgettable. The richness of the beauty of Nikko will always remain. The gold gods and goddesses, the panel pictures of the second of June processions, the bronze fountains, censers, lanterns, rock crystals, the six bronze bells of the museum, the squatting priests either counting money or watching pilgrims, the sing-song of other priests instructing the sightseers—these pictures, if jumbles, are indelible.

Nikko must be seen to be known. It is impossible to describe her. The first and the third of the Shoguns are buried here and their tombs are well worth exploring. Before the shrines in the Shinto temples were many offerings made of gold leaf paper. We saw some exquisite things here, one of them being a carved cherry tree of brass, every blossom of which was perfect in detail. In the temples we saw some long, graceful grass, appar-



Front view of Buddha, Kamakura



A splendid cryptomeria grove, Nikko



ently gold, with rice. On closer examination we found that it was bamboo gilded. But the effect in the temple was lovely. The entrance to the tomb of the third Shogun, grandson of the first, is most impressive. The superb gates of gold are world-renowned, and on either side is a large white panel carved in white flowers. When we had mounted the three long flights of steps necessary to reach it and had come upon the splendid cryptomeria grove in which the tombs and temples were, we thought that the view quite repaid us. But when we saw these matchless gates we were almost speechless. Accustomed as we were by this time to beautiful things they set for us a new standard of beauty. Nothing is quite so beautiful that some artist cannot exceed it in beauty. Thus it seemed to us as we stood there. The columns are unusually graceful. The whole length of the building revealed only a line of loveliness.

### *The Red Bridge and General Grant*

The sacred Red Bridge of Nikko is another of her treasures which the whole world knows. It is made of the finest lacquer and is perhaps the most striking feature of Nikko. Its graceful, sweeping arch spans the gorge over that leaping, foaming river. It shines lustrously, and no one except the Emperor and Empress are ever permitted to walk across its sacred span. The Japanese will never forget the courtesy of General Grant when he

was making his tour of the world. Wishing to show the greatest honor possible to the great American General, they offered him the privilege of crossing the sacred bridge. With that innate sense of the fitness of things for which he was famous, the General declined, saying that their beautiful bridge was far too sacred to be polluted by his footsteps. A few months ago the young Prince of Wales had the good taste to follow his example. Knowing that General Grant had declined to accept this courtesy, he also declined it when offered. The bridge is adorned with black metal clamps and gilded washers and makes a fine bit of color against the green of the cryptomerias. Two monolithic *Torii*-shaped pillars of gray granite support it at either end. These *Torii* gates of Japan are certainly magnificent. One meets them everywhere he goes and cannot help admiring their curious form.

### *Woman in Japan*

There is an old saying that Japan had invented nothing, but has improved on everything that everybody else has invented. This is well illustrated daily and in many ways. Of course, all her best ideas—everything that she has, in fact, that is of value, her language, her literature, her art—she got from China. But she has greatly improved and refined them all to such a degree that her ancient neighbor would scarcely recognize them. The

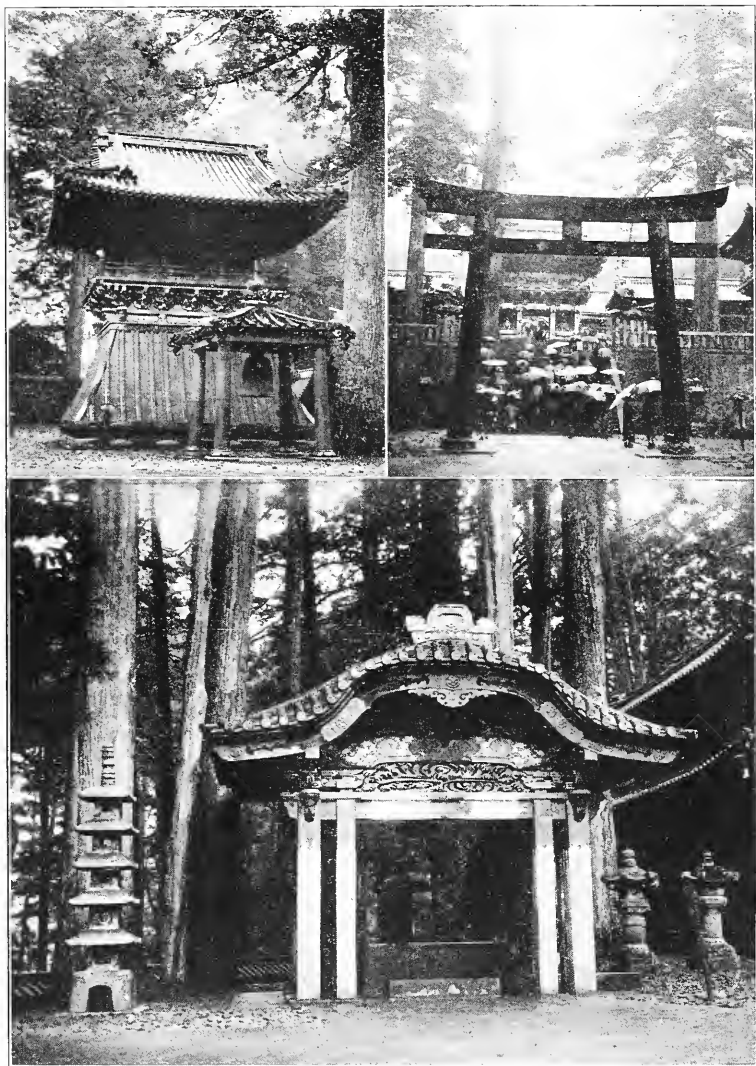
explanation is not difficult. China still adheres to her old beliefs, is extremely tenacious of them, in fact, and is slow to change. Japan, on the other hand, is eager to learn, favorable to every new idea she receives. For hundreds of years, just like China, she closed herself to foreign invasion and trade. But once admitted she made the foreigner teach her all that he knows. She then proceeded to improve upon his ideas. Formerly most of her laws were based upon those of China. Now they are almost wholly European.

In regard to Japanese art there is no doubt that their command of pencil and brush (a command which is universally acknowledged) is the result of close study and frequent use of the difficult Chinese characters. The finest schools of painting in Japan are attributed to Chinese teaching.

Although the status of woman in Japan is improving, there is still much to be desired. The passivity and practical extinction of the wife is of course a proverb in all oriental countries. Even today the Japanese man, far in advance of the other orientals in enlightenment, still depends upon the Geisha girl for the pleasures of feminine society. These girls are taught accomplishments, the art of entertaining; and while the wife, who has the legal right to her husband's companionship, sits alone and lonely at home minding his babies, he seeks his diversion and entertainment elsewhere. It never occurs to

him, seemingly, that his wife might entertain him occasionally if he would but give her the opportunity. This phase of Japanese life, however, is improving. Perhaps when they realize the disgust which it breeds in the people of the western world to see them dragging about their wives and children in company with their concubines, showing them equal attention, they may recognize what a handicap to real progress is any phase of life which has to them the appearance of openly flaunting immorality in their faces.

The social evil will never be completely controlled, much less wiped out, in any country on the face of the earth until the day comes when each man and woman in it shall pray, individually and collectively, that a beneficent Providence shall create in them a clean heart. Vice, especially when commercialized, is like the barnacle which attaches itself to the hull of a ship. It is a disease which has fastened itself upon society at large. It can be cured only by means of spiritual regeneration. But the occidental world recognizes that it is wise to keep it out of sight, especially out of the sight of their growing families. There will be neither moral health nor progress in the Orient until the system of concubinage shall have been done away with. No really great men have been born in the Orient for hundreds of years. Why? The answer is easy. It takes an intelligent mother to rear a great man. So long as the impressionable years of youth



Tomb of Iyeyasu, Nikko

Torii before the Tomb of Iyeyasu,  
Nikko

The superb gates are world-renowned



Through the gorge of the Hodzu River

are spent in the companionship of a narrow-minded, ignorant mother, just so long will there be a dearth of statesmen and scholars, teachers and liberators in that country. That the Orient could but be made to realize all this! But so long as it is perfectly legitimate and honorable to have the concubine, so long as it adds to the social status of man to keep as many as he can afford to support, just that long will the life of the women of the oriental countries continue to be a life of degradation.

### *What Oriental Women Can Do*

To an American or European woman there could be no clearer battle-cry than that which has for its foundation the release of one's sisters from bondage. We have fought it out along a great many lines, and what we have done the oriental woman can do also. Why do they not take up the banner and fight for public opinion as the women of other countries have done and are still doing? In Japan they *are* making the effort. The seed is being planted. There are whisperings in the air that women are really human beings and have certain inalienable rights and privileges. Propaganda is being scattered. *The first meeting in the interest of suffrage in Japan was held while we were there.* True, it broke up in a riot. But so did similar meetings in England—in America. Some casualties were reported. But the seed was planted. Finally the case was taken into court, and after hot fight-

ing and bitter discussion, the women won. They are to be permitted (under certain restrictions) to speak in public and to plead their cause. Take heart, women of Japan! And, oh, you women of the other oriental countries, *take notice!*

I must speak here of the Red Cross Society of Japan. It is different from ours. We make charity, care of the sick, the wounded, and the needy our first and great objective. But the Japanese Red Cross Society, under direction of the Empress, makes *patriotism* its basis; loyalty to the Emperor, love for the soldiery of the country. It does all that it can to make the latter comfortable. The insignia of the Society is worn in public and it is considered a great honor to be able to wear it. It is the only society in the whole empire, so far as I am able to learn, which is perfectly organized. They often have lectures, with lantern slides illustrating the work of the Red Cross. Because of the insular position of the country they keep many hospital ships for the patients, and they are models of comfort. The Imperial Princesses do much, and of course their example is one which the other women strive to emulate. Women are eligible to service in the Red Cross Society from the ages of seventeen to thirty. At fifty-five physicians are retired as incapable of further service. At forty-five the attendants and stretcher-bearers are retired.

No work of the Red Cross of Japan has been more



valuable, however, than the stamping out of that terrible disease (prevalent in all rice-bearing countries) called *beri-beri*. It is most dangerous and has caused much havoc among the soldiery of India. It is caused by eating rice exclusively, especially cold rice. It causes, first, swelling, then paralysis in the legs and finally death from heart failure. Also, it is recurrent. If a man has had it once he is all the more likely to have it again. Dr. Heiser, of Manila, who has made a special study of it, is trying to induce the government to compel the natives to buy rice and eat it in the husk. This would do away with the bad effects of the white rice. The next best thing, he thinks, would be to cook with it a pound of millet.

### *Athletics in Japan*

Japan is famed for its athletics, especially the much-talked-of *ju-jitsu*. This, seemingly, is a matter of skill, not strength, and one well versed and practiced in it is able to defeat the best boxer in the world. The best known and most wonderful feat is the somersault-throwing of a man over the head. The important point of the training is therefore the development of wrist power, and this is the first thing taught and practiced. Nearly every feature of this mysterious art, however, is defensive rather than offensive. In ordinary wrestling the man of greater strength is almost sure to win, although skill and agility are of much help to him. But in *ju-jitsu* the greatest

stress is laid upon the study of the scientific principles by which one's opponent may be rendered powerless to resist attack. The watchword seems to be "Destroy your adversary's equilibrium!" It was certainly interesting to watch these well-trained men, bouncing like rubber balls about the floor, and it was extremely difficult to tell which was winning.

Of the two religions of Japan, Buddhist and Shinto, the latter is the favorite. Nirvana, the doctrine of dreamy renunciation, the annihilation of self, is not what the active, aggressive little Jap is looking for. He is a warrior at heart. He adores his sword. A man who dies for his Emperor is to him a great man, the man whose life and example he would follow. The Buddhist cult, therefore, which appeals so strongly to the Chinese, the Japanese refuses. The sturdy people of Japan are ambitious to see their country among the great nations of the world. It seemed to me that they have a foundation for their hope. We are prone to refer to our Japanese neighbors as the "little people," forgetful that sometimes those who are small of stature are large of intellectuality. It is this latter characteristic which will place them in the front.

#### *Future of the Nation*

The sons of Japan are ambitious. They will create opportunities. They would make Nippon the seat of a mighty commercial empire. With Chosen and Manchuria

welded into commercial colonies—what may she not be able to accomplish? She is seeking a big tonnage on the sea. There is nothing visionary in this. She is already attaining it. Shipping is to be fostered by the nation until it becomes a great industry. Of late years hundreds of bright young Japanese have served apprenticeships in the great shipyards of America, England, Germany, and France, with the result that today there is no secret of naval architecture unknown to them. There are scores of naval architects in Japan, and they are the equals of those of any other country in the world.

Also, the Japanese are athirst for knowledge along other lines. They acquire languages with the utmost ease. With their ambition and grit they are surely launched upon a brilliant career both in commerce and intellectual attainments. The future of Japan cannot be other than great. Her history and conduct during the last ten years have proved a surprise to the world. The Japanese have openly asserted themselves. They have taken their position among the nations. And this position they will hold. Though they impressed us as being a suspicious people—we constantly had the feeling of being watched—they seem a loyal people. The peep-holes cut squarely in every hotel room—ostensibly for ventilation—could well serve as a system of espionage, and I have not the slightest doubt that they do. It has been said that “East is East and West is West, and never

the twain shall meet." But ambition carries men and nations far. Japan has sounded the clarion note of progress. In sanitation she is, like the other countries of the Orient, far behind. But in education she is far ahead. She is wise in that she permits the counsel of her sober-minded statesmen to prevail, basing her actions on their wisdom and experience. By cooperation with America and other enlightened nations she will in the future acquire the light of true civilization.

Yokohama is absolutely as much American, or English, as any city of either of these countries. Certainly it does not seem Japanese. Its beautiful harbor spread out before our eyes from the windows of our rooms at the hotel. We looked at it lingeringly, somewhat longingly, magnificent by day, with hundreds of twinkling lights by night, and then, one Sunday afternoon we steamed out on one of our own beautiful ships formerly known as *The Empire State*, but afterward rechristened in honor of President Wilson. What a joy it was to travel in it! Lovely cabins, private baths, lounging rooms, perfect service. What more could one ask at sea?

Beautiful, snow-crowned Fujiyama was in sight for hours after sailing. All those who were equal to it sat and watched the mountain out of sight, but I am sorry to say that in that notoriously rough and choppy sea surrounding Yokohama, I, who am usually a perfect sailor, lay most forlornly for two hours in my steamer chair.

Nearly all the feminine persuasion were abed by this time, and many of the masculine element were mysteriously missing. But my vigorous husband never felt a qualm, and he declares to this day that our entire passage was a rather smooth one. Good gracious! Has he forgotten, I wonder, the day after, when, fully recovered, I sat with him at the table enjoying a good meal and suddenly a huge wave swept through the port-hole, drenching us to the skin and soaking all the food on the table? Anybody may call that a smooth passage who wants to. I call it distinctly *rough*!

*All the World Abroad*

However, though we had stiff winds all the way and the waves were huge, the captain reported each day "fine sailing!" Our boat was filled. Not a single vacant berth. Indeed, this had been our experience throughout our journey, with very rare exceptions. Wherever we went all steamers, trains and hotels were packed. It seemed as if all the world must be traveling. We had procured our cabin only a month before, although we had paid our passage money six months before that, at which time we were told that *should one be vacant* we might have it. Otherwise we should have to wait another month. It was only May, yet bookings were already being made for 1923.

We had a delightful passenger list, some distinguished people, many of whom were coming home from China for

a vacation. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. S—, of Ann Arbor, charming people. Mr. S— had been head of the *consortium* in Peking. They had done their work well, for everywhere we had heard of it and of them.

*The "Child of the Wind"*

American missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, were aboard, and among the latter were a couple who had been doing missionary work in China, in the mountains, for a number of years. They had two children, a boy and a girl, and it was the girl who attracted me. She was about twelve years old, had been born and lived ever since in China. She was extremely pretty, but it was with an unearthly sort of beauty. She had deep blue eyes, amber colored hair and skin as white as milk. She was a curious little creature, and I observed her first standing one morning at the bow of the boat where the wind was so strong that if two people stood side by side they could not hear each other's voice. It seemed impossible for so delicate a thing as this little girl to stand there. But in the thinnest of dresses, eerie-like, her fair hair floating in the wind, there she stood, oblivious to her surroundings. To steady herself she had encircled a post with her arm, and there she remained, unconscious of all that was going on about her. It was very cold. Every one else was wrapped in furs and shivering. In the attempt to take my daily exercise, buffeting the wind and scarcely

able to breast it, I passed her several times.

On one of my rounds I saw that she had loosed her embrace of the post and was dancing, running back and forth, throwing her hands above her head, at times leaping into the air like a faun, all the while murmuring to herself; the performance was so remarkable that I stopped to watch her. She took not the slightest notice of me. For days this steady wind blew. And for days my husband and I would see this little girl dancing or running on the windy side of the vessel, always talking to herself, utterly unconscious that anyone was looking at her. Beneath a full moon at night, or under a tranquil sky by day, she would lift her little white arms and in a seeming ecstasy of bliss, with flying skirts, she would pursue her wild dance. Improvising one difficult step after another she would speed and whirl, until from sheer exhaustion she would fall to the deck. But — only for a moment would she rest.

My husband and I christened her "The Child of the Wind." One day I thought I would question her. When I first spoke to her she seemed dazed, but gathering herself together she answered me. She certainly was not a normal child. The story she told me was afterward corroborated by her mother. Always she had loved the wind. It was never too strong, too rough for her. Even when the typhoon came, those awful storms when everybody flies to cover, she, just a baby, would crawl out

under the awnings which had been drawn down to protect the house. Her distracted parents, although they tried to watch her closely, would often find that she had eluded them and, frantic with fear for her safety, would seek her in that awful wind, finding her either clinging to the branches of some well-rooted bush or else practicing her weird dance in the driving storm.

*A Sprite of the Air*

As she grew older, no amount of reasoning had any weight. She continued her curious love for the wind. She told me that the feeling when it blew through her thin dress and covered her body was delicious, exhilarating, fine! She could not explain her love for it, but without it, she said, she would die. Her little elfin face, with its curious and mysterious beauty, haunts me yet. I can see her now as she thus described her feelings to me, light-hearted, free, leaping and agile, dancing on the deck. Whether the skies above were blue or whether they were overcast with the blackest of clouds mattered not at all to her—if only the wind blew. The harder it blew the happier, the more exhilarated she was. What was there in the wind which so hypnotized this little white maiden from China?

The fourteen-day voyage across the Pacific becomes always a fifteen-day sail, and alas, this year we had two Fridays! Even as a strict Catholic, however, I declined



to keep both of them. I felt privileged to eat meat on the second day. A day is lost when sailing westward across the Pacific, but in coming eastward a day is found. It seems funny. Honolulu, the beautiful, was our only stop between Yokohama and 'Frisco. We spent the day there and it was glorious. We motored out to see the Pali, the old Punch Bowl, the pearl harbor, the palace, and all that we could in one day. We called on old friends, sat for a while on the pier and watched the surf riders. We loved its tropical charm, its magnificent plantations where the pineapples grow—the kind that literally melt in one's mouth. But I was a bit sad here. The last time I visited Honolulu I had a dear friend here who had planned all our pleasures for us, and who now has gone over the Great Divide. My thoughts were of him. I could not get him out of my mind, nor could I throw off a feeling of depression which overcame me in this exquisitely lovely spot.

*America — and Home*

Seven days later we saw the coast of California in the distance. The joy of a home-coming! No matter what splendors the rest of the world has to offer *home* is the finest and best place. Even the customs house officials seemed nice—and that is saying a good deal! Two days with our brother, his wife and baby, in Los Angeles, then back to our children, and our grandchildren, and our very

own Chicago. What a joy to see the little ones, and to note the change in them since we had seen them last. And CHICAGO! Our city of beautiful dreams! Of lofty ideals! You possess an hypnotic charm! What can you and what have you not demonstrated to the world? Your high buildings and busy streets are famous now the world over, and the future still holds much. So, whether you be garbed in winter snows, or whether you wear your summer dress of emerald green, we stand beside your sparkling blue waters and openly declare our love! Long may you live! And may you be always what for so long you have been and still are—OUR HOME.

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